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A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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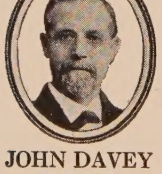

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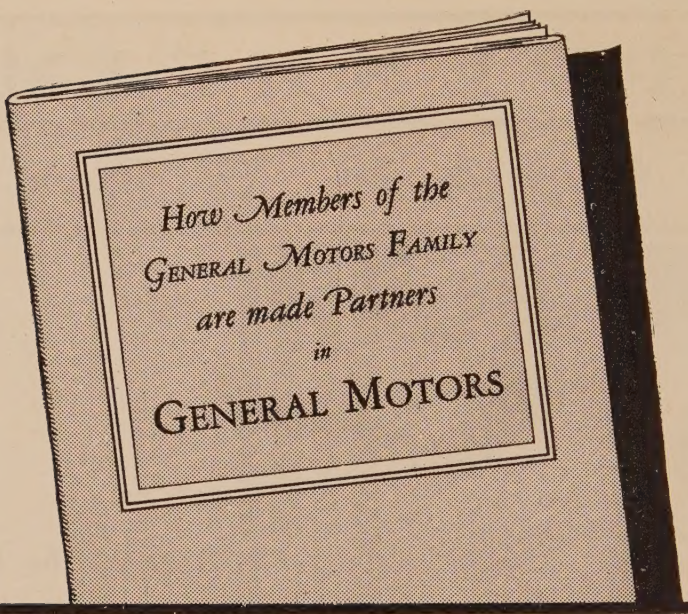

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

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RELIGION

THE MIND OF THE SAVAGE.
By Raoul Allier. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.75 8⅝ x 5⅜; 301 pp. *New York*

M. Allier is *doyen* of the Protestant Faculty of Theology at Paris, and has been interested for years in Christian missions. His "Psychologie de la Conversion chez les Peuples Non-Civilisés" is a well-known work. In the present book he considers the question whether the mind of the savage differs in its fundamental processes from that of civilized man, and after reviewing at length the views of M. Lévy-Bruhl and other upholders of the affirmative, he concludes that it does not. Nevertheless, the concrete savage does not think precisely as we do, and so the missionary, before undertaking to make a Christian theologian of him, must teach him the kind of logic that seems to support the Christian faith. This is naturally a hard job, and it is not helped by denouncing the savage as immoral. M. Allier is obviously no anthropologist, but he has had wide contact with missionaries, and out of their experience he presents some interesting examples of savage thinking, especially in the field of magic. He shows, however, that precisely similar imbecilities have many adherents in so-called civilized countries. The book is translated by Fred Rothwell. It appears in the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method.

THE GENESIS OF THE SOCIAL GOSPEL.
By Chester Charlton McCown. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3 8 x 5¼; 411 pp. *New York*

Dr. McCown, who is director of the American School of Oriental Research at Jerusalem, here attempts to get at the springs of Jesus's social ideas by going to the history of the Jews and the general state of the world just before the beginning of the Christian era. Those ideas, he says, had their origin in a revulsion against the predatory philosophy of the Great Powers of antiquity; they represented a return to "the values of primary group life," which are not to be confused with the values preached by social reformers today. "Jesus was neither a Communist, Bolshevist or Socialist. He nowhere attempts to lay down a constitution for a perfect democracy. Yet He was a revolutionary, and it was because He was a revolutionary that He was put to death. . . . Like the prophets, He rebelled against those who were determined to regiment opinion." Dr. McCown believes that it is still possible to give His ideas a living reality. "The process," he says, "will be a long one, for the task is gigantic. But with God all things are possible." The author is very learned, but sometimes dull. His book would be the better if it were shorter. At the end of it he presents an elaborate bibliography and a good index.

IF I COULD PREACH JUST ONCE.
Harper & Brothers
$2.50 8⅝ x 5½; 255 pp. *New York*

In this volume thirteen authors offer their private remedies for the sorrows of the world. Sir Philip Gibbs says that "no civilization has yet survived after the downfall of its gods," and that "somehow we must believe in God or go to the Devil;" G. K. Chesterton says that what is needed is the specifically Roman Catholic kind of faith; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle argues that spiritualism is better; Lord Hugh Cecil believes that "what is required is the adoption of a high and rigorous standard of Christian morals," and says that "above all, the Lord's Prayer should be used;" and the Hon. Bertrand Russell contents himself with talking against fear, which he says is greatly promoted by Christianity. All of the authors, save only Mr. Russell, believe that some sort of faith is necessary to the well-being of mankind. "Man's spirit," says Dr. Joseph Collins, "needs religion as his body needs bread and oxygen," and Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith pleads for "sermons delivered, not haphazard but in orderly series, as many lectures are delivered now." The general tone of the symposium is one of great solemnity, but it has many unconscious humors. The contributors, aside from those already mentioned, are John Drinkwater, Ludwig Lewisohn, Dr. Henry N. MacCracken, Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, Professor J. Arthur Thomson, and Thomas Horder. The book lacks an index.

THE STORY OF RELIGION.
By Charles Francis Potter. *Simon & Schuster*
$5 9¼ x 6; 627 pp. *New York*

Dr. Potter, who was until recently pastor of a Universalist church in New York, here attempts to trace the evolution of religious thought in historical times by describing the lives and doctrines of salient prophets. "Every religion," he says, "begins as some man's personal religious experience, interpreted to and reproduced in others." He begins with the great Egyptian reformer, Akhenaten (better known as Amenhotep IV), and then proceeds to Moses, Zoroaster, Jeremiah, Buddha, Confucius, Jesus, Paul, Augustine, Mohammed, Thomas Aquinas, Luther

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and Wesley. At the end there is a chapter on the minor prophets who have arisen in America, and another on the leaderless religions. The book shows a wide range of reading, and is instructive and interesting. The author, theologically speaking, is a Liberal of the most advanced wing. He prints a brief but useful bibliography and a good index.

HISTORY

THE WAY OF THE GREEKS.
By F. R. Earp. *The Oxford University Press*
$3 8⅝ x 5⅝; 223 pp. *New York*

This is an excellent book. Indeed, it is difficult to think of any other elementary study of the life of ancient Greece that is as comprehensive and as maturely and effectively written. Mr. Earp has achieved a model of popular historical writing. Some of the chapter titles will give a good idea of the scope of his book: "The Tribal Nature of Greek Morality," "Religion," "Sin," "The Relation of Greece to the Savage," "Language," and "Emotion in Art and Literature." Unfortunately, an index is lacking.

A HISTORY OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.
By P. M. Ashburn. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$5 9 x 5⅞; 448 pp. *Boston*

The Army Medical Corps began with the Revolution, in which 1200 surgeons saw service, only 100 of whom had medical degrees. There was a great deal of sickness in the Continental Army, and the surgeons in the field frequently differed about the treatment of it, so that there were public rows, and Congress had to take a hand. Of the four Directors General between 1775 and 1783,one was tried and two others dismissed. Between the end of the Revolution and the War of 1812 the Medical Corps ceased to exist, and even during the latter war it attained to little dignity. As it stands today it goes back to 1818, when Congress created the office of Surgeon General. Its history since has done it high credit. Not only have its members served with diligence and sacrifice in the field; they have also managed to get through a great deal of laboratory work. The recent history of medicine, indeed, is brilliant with the names of Army surgeons—Reed, Gorgas, Billings, and many another. Col. Ashburn tells the story in detail, and has made a very interesting book. He does not overlook amusing oddities: for example, the fact that, in the Army, it was for long believed that the Surgeon General's Office was a close Catholic corporation! His volume is well documented and has a good index. It is the first attempt to write a history of the Army Medical Corps since 1873.

FINLAND. *The Republic Farthest North.*
By Eugene Van Cleef. *The Ohio State University Press*
$2.50 8¾ x 5½; 220 pp. *Columbus, O.*

This is a rapid, but heavily documented and interestingly written survey of the geography, history and culture of one of the richest countries of Europe. It became an independent democratic state only in 1917, with the fall of Czar Nicholas II. In discussing the culture of the land Dr. Cleef, who is professor of geography at the Ohio State University, is guided by the principle that "the literature, music, and art harmonize with nature's northern moods and point to the power of the physical environment to endow the temperament of the people." Toward the end of the book there is an excellent chapter on the Finns in America. Before the enactment of the Immigration Law nearly 90% of Finnish immigration was to this country, but now the tide has turned to Canada. The Finns in the United States usually settle down in those sections where the climate most closely resembles that of the home land. Most of them are thus to be found in Michigan and Minnesota, with a few in Massachusetts and New York. According to the Census of 1920 there were nearly 275,000 of them in the United States, including native and foreign born. The Finns detest the city, and have a passion for being independent farmers. They are, on the whole, an industrious and cleanly people, but have a strange fear of fresh air. The bath is their cure-all. They firmly believe that "disease is not communicable and that it is incurable unless the steam bath is effective in combating it." They are "omnivorous readers" and "one may count twenty-nine periodical publications [among them], including four year books. . . . Nearly 25% of the Finns in America belong to the Socialist party." There is an excellent map, and also a good index and a brief bibliography.

A CHILD'S STORY OF CIVILIZATION.
By Stephen King-Hall. *William Morrow & Company*
$3 8¼ x 5½; 348 pp. *New York*

This is sort of Wells' "Outline of History" simplified so as to be comprehensible to children of about the age of twelve. Unfortunately, there the analogy between the two books stops. Mr. King-Hall is extremely reckless with his facts. Here, for example, are three statements picked at random: (*a*) "He [Jesus] was killed at Jerusalem by some Jews who hated him;" (*b*) "The British government [in the Summer of 1914] tried to make all the governments talk things over quickly, . . . and no one would listen to [it];" (*c*) "They [the British] died to prevent the Germans conquering the British Empire and becoming the masters of all the world."

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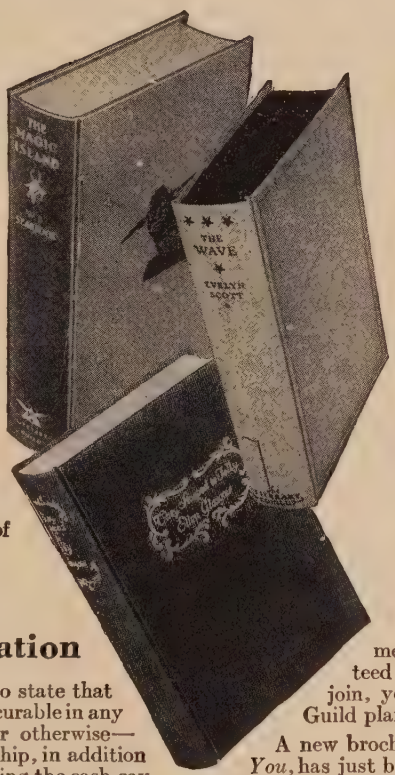

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VERSAILLES.
By Karl Friedrich Nowak. *Payson & Clarke*
$5 9⅛ x 5¾; 287 pp. *New York*

Herr Nowak here tells the story of the Versailles peace conference from the German standpoint, and with the help of German records hitherto unpublished. It is a tale not without its humors, despite the high seriousness of the questions at stake. All the chief mountebanks are depicted vividly, and the author is keenly sensitive to every dramatic value. The curtain finally falls upon the self-betrayal, defeat and collapse of Woodrow Wilson, the most tragic of all the tragi-comedians of the play. The book is well written and is worth reading. It is not documented, but there is a good index. The name of the translator is not given.

THE MEXICAN AGRARIAN REVOLUTION.
By Frank Tannenbaum. *The Macmillan Company*
$2.50 7¼ x 4¾; 543 pp. *New York*

Dr. Tannenbaum first surveys the general situation of the rural Mexican, and describes at length the organization of the free village and of the large estate, or *hacienda*. He then shows how the populace was oppressed in the days of Diaz, and examines the projects for its liberation that came in with the Madero revolution. There are still many gross abuses, and the small Mexican farmer is still very poor, but "the changes which imply the abolition of servitude have been permanently established" and so there is hope for the future. Dr. Tannenbaum, who has spent much time in Mexico, made the present study for the Brookings Institution. It is heavily documented, and has a good index.

TEXT-BOOKS

LEARNING TO WRITE: *A Guide for Adult Students.*
By Merle M. Hoover and Henry Fisk Carlton.
The Ronald Press Company
$2 7⅜ x 4¾; 214 pp. *New York*

Mr. Hoover is an instructor in English at Columbia, and Mr. Carlton once held a like post there. Their book is designed for adults who desire to attain to a certain fluency in writing, but are without literary ambitions. The advice they have to offer is sensible and practicable, and they present it simply and interestingly.

A GUIDE TO BERNARD SHAW.
By Edward Wagenknecht. *D. Appleton & Company*
$1.50 7⅛ x 4¾; 127 pp. *New York*

Dr. Wagenknecht, who is professor of English literature at the University of Washington, has achieved a fair job of exposition. He analyzes Shaw's plays and general ideas clearly and fully, and his bibliographies are adequate. His critical opinions, however, are humorless, and, at times, even stupid. He thinks that "from the literary point of view" Shaw's greatest plays are "Saint Joan" and "Androcles and the Lion." But even they are "almost entirely innocent of strong, objective characterization." Shaw, he says, is really not much of an artist. "He lacks the objective reality of Galsworthy, [and] he has no creative power at all in the sense in which Barrie has creative power." The "suggestive questions" at the end of the book, fortunately, occupy only three pages.

THE MIDDLE AGES.
By Edward Maslin Hulme. *Henry Holt & Company*
$5.50 8¾ x 5½; 851 pp. *New York*

This is unquestionably the best text-book on the Middle Ages in the English language. It covers every phase of medieval life, it is ably written, and it takes into account the latest researches. There are eleven good maps, extensive bibliographies at the ends of all the chapters, and a good index. Dr. Hulme is professor of history at Stanford. The book belongs to the excellent American Historical Series, under the general editorship of Professor Charles Homer Haskins, of Harvard, himself one of the world's greatest authorities on medieval culture.

THE CRAFT OF POETRY: *A Study of the Writing of Verse and Poetry.*
By Clement Wood. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3 7¾ x 5¼; 389 pp. *New York*

In many ways this is the best brief text-book on versification that has appeared in America in the past twenty-five years. The chapters on rhythm, rhyme, the stanza, light verse and blank verse are good jobs of exposition, and full of sound comment. The present book, as is the case with nearly every other book Mr. Wood has written, is not devoid of cheap humor, but fortunately there is not very much of it here. A bibliography would have added to the value of the volume.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

BELGIAN PROBLEMS SINCE THE WAR.
By Louis Pierard. *The Yale University Press*
$2 8 x 5½; 106 pp. *New Haven*

With the exception of a brief chapter on the Flemings and the Walloons, this book is devoted entirely to a consideration of the history of the Belgian Socialist party, or, to be more precise, the Belgian Labor party. It was founded in 1885, and after a long struggle

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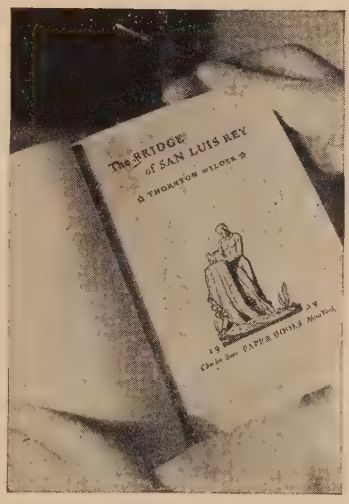

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for recognition during the reign of the hostile Léopold II, finally managed to win a place for itself in the national politics, until today it is the most powerful party in the land. It has done a great deal for the Belgian workingman. It has won for him the eight-hour day, has provided his children with public school education until the age of fourteen, and has created a national fund for "the sound utilization of [his] leisure time." Theoretically, the party is decidedly moderate, and has been repeatedly denounced by the Bolsheviks as "a valet of capitalism." It supported King Albert in the World War, and is content to embarrass him only on occasion. Its make-up is unique. It is not merely a political organization. It is really "a powerful federation of coöperative associations, trade-unions, mutual insurance societies, art and education groups, and political leagues." As Émile Vandervelde, former Socialist Foreign Minister, has said, "Belgian workmen practice Socialism at every moment of their existence, in their coöperative, their trade-union, their *mutuelle*, when they eat bread, when they buy shoes, when they make sport, take an insurance against fire, or try to make their savings fructify." M. Pierard is a Socialist member of the Belgian Parliament. The present book was originally delivered as a series of lectures at the 1928 session of the Institute of Politics of Williams College.

RATTLING THE CUP ON CHICAGO CRIME.
By Edward D. Sullivan. *The Vanguard Press*
$2 8⅛ x 5⅜; 214 pp. *New York*

Mr. Sullivan, who is a newspaper man in Chicago, here describes at length the gang wars that have been raging in that city ever since Prohibition came in. His narrative is full of intimate and picturesque details, and makes amusing and instructive reading. There seems to be little chance of putting down the carnage until the Volstead Act is somehow got rid of. The gangsters, by terrorism and bribery, have got almost complete control of the machinery of justice, and convicting one of them, no matter how obvious his guilt, is a practical impossibility. The new police commissioner, William Russell, is doing his best, but it appears to be unlikely that he will get very far. Mr. Sullivan, however, is optimistic, and believes that a fairer day is about to dawn.

BIOGRAPHY

WILLIAM THE FIRST: *His Life and Times.*
By Paul Wiegler. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
$5 9½ x 6⅛; 456 pp. *Boston*

Herr Wiegler's closely-packed, staccato style does not make for easy reading, but it at least enables him to crowd a vast amount of material into his 456 pages. The period he covers is from the death of Frederick the Great to the accession of William II—a time of immense changes in Germany, and of changes no less in the world at large. The course of the Liberal movement is set forth in detail, and especially William I's relations to it. He was for many years one of its most violent opponents, and in 1848 his opposition forced him into exile and almost cost him the succession to the throne. But he managed to live down the unpopularity thus engendered, and toward the close of his long life—he lived beyond ninety—he was probably the most popular monarch Germany has ever had. Herr Wiegler's view of him is sympathetic, but by no means adulatory. William was not a great man, but there was a fine honesty in him, and he served his country well. His death, followed almost immediately by the death of his son and heir, was a national calamity of the first order. It brought in the untried and mercurial William II, and soon Bismarck was out, Russia was alienated, the fears of England were aroused, and the débâcle of 1918 was in the making. Herr Wiegler does not document his narrative, and not infrequently he gets a certain vagueness into it by omitting the year in dates, but its accumulation of facts is enormous, and it is thus of high value. The translation is by Constance Vesey. There is a somewhat inadequate index.

ANDREW JOHNSON. *A Study in Courage.*
By Lloyd Paul Stryker. *The Macmillan Company*
$6 9¼ x 6; 881 pp. *New York*

Taking as his text a witless sneer in James Ford Rhodes' "History of the United States," Mr. Stryker starts out by assuming that Johnson has been grossly and persistently libelled by the historians, and proceeds to concoct an elaborate vindication of him. The business is pursued with great ardor and diligence, and a very impressive mass of pertinent evidence is brought forward, but the author often falls into special pleading, and so his argument loses effect. The opponents of Johnson are all depicted as unmitigated scoundrels, and he himself appears as one quite unable to do wrong, or even to make mistakes. The notion that he has been blackguarded by all the historians is far from sound. Immediately after the Civil War, to be sure, he was treated badly, but of late years there has been a reëxamination of the facts and a reconsideration of the old verdict, and in most recent works dealing with the period, the tailor who became President has been dealt with very fairly. Thus Mr. Stryker's dudgeon is a bit belated. But he has accumulated a large array of interesting facts, and in more than one

Continued on page xiv

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way his biography is valuable. The bibliography at the end is incomplete, but useful. There are many illustrations, most of them from contemporary prints.

ENGLISH POLITICAL PORTRAITS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.
By G. R. Stirling Taylor. *Little, Brown & Company*
$3 8⅞ x 5⅜; 327 pp. *Boston*

KINGS, CHURCHILLS AND STATESMEN.
By Knut Hagberg. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$4 8⅞ x 5⅜; 236 pp. *New York*

Mr. Taylor deals with the first Duke of Wellington, George Canning, the second Viscount Melbourne, Robert Peel, Disraeli, Gladstone, and Queen Victoria. His essays are well written and adequately documented, but there is nothing in them that has not been said before. Mr. Hagberg, a Swedish political writer who seems to know England very well, considers such men as Edward VII, Winston Churchill, Lord Palmerston, Lord Fisher, Lloyd George and Stanley Baldwin. He also has a chapter on Wilhelm II and on the Empress Eugénie. He writes as a journalist, but as a very brilliant and extremely well-informed one. The translation of his book is by Elizabeth Sprigge and Claude Napier.

JOHN D. *A Portrait in Oils.*
By John Winkler. *The Vanguard Press*
$2.25 8¼ x 5½; 256 pp. *New York*

This book is unsatisfactory in many ways. It is sloppily written, it is badly organized, it is full of cheap humor, and it contains little that is new or significant. The chapters dealing with the operations of the Standard Oil are the poorest. Not only has Mr. Winkler failed to unearth any fresh material; there is little evidence that he has read the whole of Miss Ida Tarbell's monumental history. In the purely biographical sections, especially those dealing with John D., Sr., he is more successful. Among the interesting personal facts he has dug up about him are that the Oil King's father was a quack cancer specialist and a shrewd racketeer; that he has not a single false tooth; that his body is chemically antipathetic to tomatoes, cucumbers and heavy sweets; that he was twice unsuccessful in love before he married; that his favorite game is numerica; that his wife was an active Prohibitionist; that he once charged John D., Jr., 6% interest on a loan; and that he has difficulty in spelling.

FOCH SPEAKS.
By Charles Bugnet. *The Dial Press*
$3 8¼ x 5½; 308 pp. *New York*

Major Bugnet was aide-de-camp to Foch from June, 1921, to his death a few months ago. The present book is made up in the main of reports of conversations with the former Generalissimo of the Allied Armies. It makes interesting reading, but really adds little to the knowledge of the man. There was probably not much to know anyway. He was plainly not of the rank of Napoleon or Julius Caesar. But he had amazing industry and pertinacity of purpose, and was gifted with the power to make others go through hell for him. He knew his business, and attended to it diligently and without pomp. There was nothing of the legendary military hero about him. Of worldly matters he knew almost nothing. He confessed that he had never read any of Anatole France, and his general outlook on life he summarized thus: "Let us beware of becoming Carthaginians like the English, who are developing into the merchants of the world. . . . But let us also take care not to become Athenians." The translation is by Russell Green.

CALIFORNIA COPY.
By George F. Weeks. *The Washington College Press*
$3 7¾ x 5; 346 pp. *Washington*

George F. Weeks developed tuberculosis at the age of twenty-four, when he was working in the composing room of the New York *World*. Subsequently, in 1876–79, he roughed it in Southern California, and regained his health by throwing over the prevailing routine for lungers and heroically striking out on his own. He was able, in 1879, to join the staff of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, where he remained until 1891. Afterward he was editor and publisher of the Alameda (Cal.) *Daily Encinal*, correspondent in Mexico during the revolutionary era, and editor and publisher of the *Mexican Review*, in Mexico and Washington. He is now, at the age of seventy-six, with the Mexican News Bureau in Washington. This record of his long newspaper career, though hampered by a repetitious moralizing, is vigorously told. It contains a mine of anecdotal material about pioneer life on the Pacific Coast, not the least interesting of which is Mr. Week's version of Ambrose Bierce's disappearance in Mexico. He believes, after years of personal search for him, that Bierce was the American executed by General Tomas Urbina's forces on the march to Icamole. The book contains many interesting contemporary photographs.

MEMOIRS OF A WHITE CROW INDIAN.
By Thomas B. Marquis. *The Century Company*
$3 7¼ x 4¾; 356 pp. *New York*

This is the autobiography, as told to Dr. Marquis, of Thomas H. Leforge, a squaw-man, who settled with the Crow tribe in Montana, and twice married

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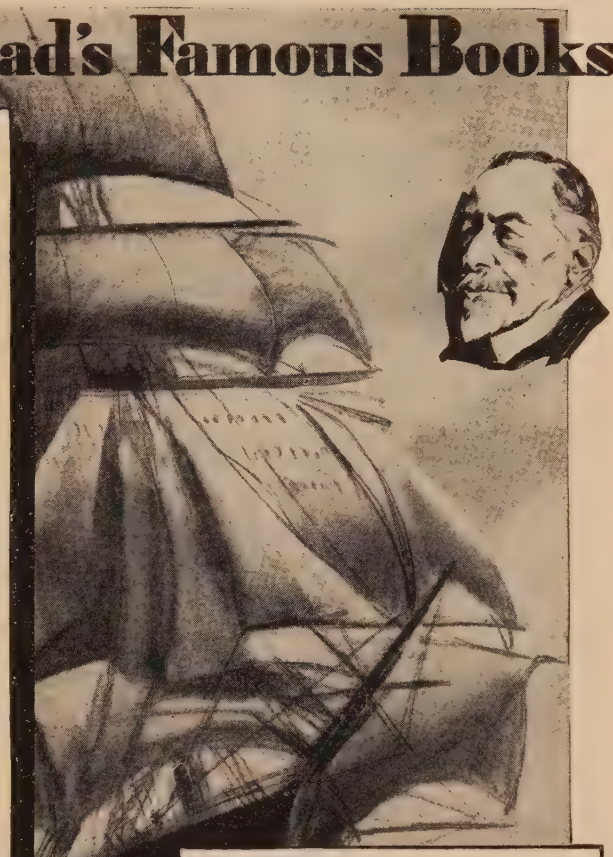

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Indian wives. Beside the biographical interest—Leforge had an unusually adventurous life as scout, warrior and horse-thief—, the book contains a vast amount of Indian lore: there are vivid descriptions of the Crows' beliefs and customs, of life in their lodges, and of Indian warfare, in which Leforge often engaged. The book is illustrated with eight reproductions of photographs.

PRINCESSES, LADIES AND SALONNIÈRES OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XV.

By Therese Louis Latour. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 8⅝ x 5½; 284 pp. *New York*

A glowing collection of lovely ladies: the unhappy Marie Leczinska, Queen of France; the witty Comtesse de Toulouse, who first estranged her from the King; the provocative and dazzling Mademoiselle de Charolais; the passionate Madame de Mailly; the enchanting Duchesse de Châteruoux, who died tragically and hideously at twenty-seven; the austere Madame Geoffrin and her liberal salon; the beautiful Adrienne Lecouvreur, the greatest tragédienne of the century; the charming Pompadour; Sophie de Monnier, Mirabeau's mistress; and the mad, martyred Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. An engrossing work, carefully done. It contains a bibliography and many illustrations; an index, however, is missing. The translation, a good one, is by Ivy E. Clegg.

CRITICISM

CREATIVE IMAGINATION: *Studies in the Psychology of Literature.*

By June E. Downey. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3.75 8⅝ x 5⅜; 230 pp. *New York*

Dr. Downey, who is professor of psychology at the University of Wyoming, here presents a miscellany of studies in the processes of reading and writing. She discusses, among other things, the nature and varieties of poetical images, the effects of word associations upon the imagination, the influence of the color sense, the part played by the unconscious, and the rôle of patterns and rhythms. She offers no easy guide to effective writing, but simply sets forth such facts and speculations as she has encountered in the course of her inquiry, and lets them tell their own story. Some of the ideas she offers are plainly of little practical importance, but others are well worth pondering. Because the field she explores has been very little worked, her book is somewhat vague in plan, and shows considerable gaps. It belongs to the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method. There is a good index, but no bibliography.

PAPERS ON SHELLEY, WORDSWORTH AN OTHERS.

By J. A. Chapman. *The Oxford University Pre*
$2.25 7¾x5¼; 171 pp. *New Yo*

There are eleven essays here, all of them, except th one on Whitman, dealing with various phases English poetry. They betray an immense knowledge English literature and a fine critical sense. The chapte on "Poetry and Experience," "The Greatest Poetry, and "The Future of English Poetry" are especiall good. In the first of these Mr. Chapman revives the ol and excellent, but now somewhat forgotten, distin tion between real poetry and rhetoric. Byron an Tennyson and Shelley and Wordsworth, he argue rightly enough, were in the main rhetoricians, and n poets. Most of what they said could be written i prose. The greatest poetry "must be written by a awed man, by one with the sense of being dedicated And he must not deceive himself." Moreover, it mus reveal "the secrets of deep, perennial things, and th secrets of words too."

THE SCIENCES

FROM THE PHYSICAL TO THE SOCIA SCIENCES.

By Jacques Rueff. *The Johns Hopkins Pres*
$2 8⅜ x 5½; 159 pp. *Baltimor*

M. Rueff here attempts to apply the methodology o the physical sciences to psychology, ethics and politi cal economy. The ideas that all of them embrace, h argues, may be tested by the methods of mathematica analysis. There are, for example, Euclidean systems o ethics, and non-Euclidean systems, and so with politi cal economy. Starting with two familiar axioms, h essays to construct an economic geometry. There ensues a formidable series of equations, probably unintelligible to the average economist. M. Rueff' book is translated from the French by Herman Green and there is an introduction by Herman Oliphant an Abram Hewitt, of the Institute for the Study of Law at the Johns Hopkins. An index is wanting.

MEDICINE. *Its Contribution to Civilization.*

By Edward B. Vedder. *The Williams & Wilkins Compan*
$5 9⅜ x 6¼; 398 pp. *Baltimor*

Dr. Vedder begins by considering the predisposing causes of disease—heredity, overcrowding, fatigue etc.—and the influence of such factors as sex and age and then proceeds to a lengthy discussion of the infec tious diseases, the diseases of nutrition, the diseases o internal secretion, and the degenerative diseases. Al

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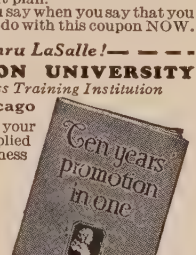

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xvi

this makes up the first part of his book. The sec part describes the measures taken against those m dies, all of them infectious, that have been stan out by modern medicine or brought under someth approaching control, and the effect of public he services, hospitals and medical research in furthe similar deliverances. A whole chapter is devote cancer. Dr. Vedder is a firm believer in the efficac public hygiene, and offers evidence showing its ma influence upon the death-rate in various communi His book is well arranged and clearly written, presents its facts in such a manner that any intelli layman should be able to grasp them. In dealing such moot points as the physiological effects of a hol it is free from uplifting propaganda. Its only spicuous defect is the relatively little attention it to the so-called surgical diseases, *e.g.*, appendic tonsillitis and gastric ulcer. The author is a lieuten colonel in the Army Medical Corps. In preparing chapter on cancer he had the assistance of Dr. Jos C. Bloodgood of the Johns Hopkins, and in writin those on predisposing causes, infectious diseases the diseases of nutrition that of Dr. F. F. Russell of International Health Board. There is a good index

---

THE NEUROSES.

By Israel S. Wechsler. *The W. B. Saunders Comp*

$4 8⅝ x 5⅝; 330 pp. *Philadel*

Dr. Wechsler, who is associate professor of clin neurology at Columbia, here expands the chapte the neuroses in his well-known text-book of clin neurology. The volume is addressed primarily medical men, but the author expresses the hope tha will also be of interest to all students of psycholo He rejects the somatic theory of the origin of neuroses, and argues for their purely psycholog character. Every neurose, he says, is "a flight f reality." It "represents in some measure an atte at adjustment, as the result of external and inte conflict." He describes the different clinical varie at great length, and shows how the study of som them, *e.g.*, so-called shell shock, has been corrupte shaky theorizing and false inferences. When he co to the question of treatment he is far from optimis Medicines, massage, exercise, hydrotherapy, elect ity and gymnastics, he says, are of little utility, an is usually vain to look for focal infection or gland disturbances. Suggestion is the most powerful wea in the hands of the clinician, with psychoanal taking second place. But in the majority of cases most that can be hoped for is improvement; there be no complete cure of a psyche that is inhere defective. Dr. Wechsler presents a brief but us bibliography of the subject, and there is a good in

Continued on page xx

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Continued from page xviii

DEVILS, DRUGS & DOCTORS.
By Howard W. Haggard. *Harper & Br*
$5 9⅜ x 6; 405 pp. *New*

Dr. Haggard's sub-title is "The Story of the Sc of Healing From Medicine-Man to Doctor," bu book is by no means a complete history of med The names, for example, of Koch, Virchow, Bil and Behring do not occur in his index. Rather, H seized upon certain turning points and other s periods in medical history, and discussed them a siderable length. Four of his chapters deal wit slow growth of obstetrics as a science—a gr which still falls far short of satisfactory achieve Another has to do with the early history of anest and yet another with the surgical innovations o broise Paré. The conflict between organized rel and the progress of medical knowledge is given attention, and so is that between quackery and ine science. Dr. Haggard has antiquarian tastes shows a wide acquaintance with the byways of cal history. His book is full of interesting odd and is pleasantly written. The illustrations, m taken from old prints, are extraordinarily good author is associate professor of applied physi at Yale.

THE WITCHERY OF WASPS.
By Edward G. Reinhard. *The Century Co*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 291 pp. *New*

Mr. Reinhard is a disciple of Fabre, and in studies of solitary wasps goes over much of the gr covered by the master. But he also offers many ori observations, and his work is of special interes cause it is confined to American wasps. Most of were observed either in New York or in Mary In all, twenty-five species are dealt with, son them at considerable length. The book is well trated and has a preface by Dr. L. O. Howard. of its chapters first appeared in *Nature Magazin* the *Catholic World*.

THE STRUGGLE FOR HEALTH.
By Richard H. Hoffmann. *Horace Liv*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5½; 341 pp. *New*

Dr. Hoffmann is a practising physician in New Y specializing in neurology. The present book is guide to good health so much as a history of med and surgery. Written for the layman, it is far comprehensive than most other books of its The author begins with the diseases and me science of early man, and proceeds through the E tians, Jews, Hindus, Greek and Romans to the re of medicine under the Arabs. This account of me origins occupies about a third of his space. There he tells, in considerable detail, the story of the fo

Continued on page xxii

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Continued from page xx

ing and development of modern medicine, begin with Paracelsus. His narrative is well-informed he writes clearly and gracefully but his book prob would have been the better if it were somew shorter. The fifteen illustrations are all portr There is an index, but it is unfortunately incomp

TREE CROPS: *A Permanent Agriculture.*
By J. Russell Smith. *Harcourt, Brace & Com*
$4 8⅝ x 5½; 333 pp. *New*

Dr. Smith, who is professor of economic geogr at Columbia, argues that the arable areas of the w are being steadily diminished because "man carried to the hills the agriculture of the flat pla The cereals and other crops demand a loose soil, the consequence of plowing it, when it is not stantially level, is that it is rapidly washed a There ensues a great waste of good land. The rem is to plant it in orchard or forest. Dr. Smith ar for this planting with evangelical fervor, and is of advice to those who wish to undertake it. He and describes many trees, as yet rare in the U States, that would probably flourish here, and good revenues. His book is elaborately illustr and in an appendix he prints a bibliography, tables of statistics, and directions for the graftin nut-bearing trees. There is an adequate index.

THE CHILD'S CONCEPTION OF THE WORLD
By Jean Piaget. *Harcourt, Brace & Com*
$4 8½ x 5¼; 397 pp. *New*

Dr. Piaget is a professor at the University of Ge and a well-known authority upon child psychol In the present work he traces in detail the dev ment of the infantile consciousness, with parti reference to the child's view of the external worl is, as he shows, a thoroughgoing animist: all th that it is aware of appear to it as living. This anim as it wears off, goes through three stages. In the all things still seem to be conscious; in the second those are conscious that move; in the third consci ness is restricted to those that move of themse Dr. Piaget's argument is elaborately documen He has studied many children with great care, he presents his observations at length. He offer bibliography, but his book has brief indices.

SOCIOLOGY

MAN'S SOCIAL DESTINY; *In the Light of Scien*
By Charles A. Ellwood. *The Cokesbury*
$2 7⅝ x 5⅛; 219 pp. *Nashville,*

Dr. Ellwood has been head of the departmen sociology at the University of Missouri for the twenty-five years. He was formerly president of

Continued on page xxiv

THE CAPTIVE

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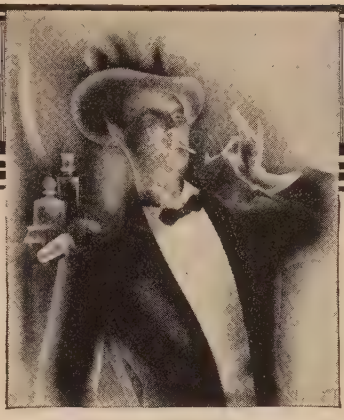

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Continued from page xxii

American Sociological Society, and is a membe leading European sociological societies, includ those at Geneva and at Berlin. He has written nur ous books and monographs; of the former, three h been translated into German, four into Japanese, t into Chinese, and one into French. In the present bo his latest and most mature work, he grapples w what he thinks is the outstanding problem of mod times: "the disillusionment in the ideas of democr and Christianity . . . , and the resulting social pe mism and cynicism." Things, he admits, look pr bad just now, but they will clear up shortly, and will be well again. "We have no right to despair of our present experiments in democracy. . . . social welfare conception of government is secur The talk about there being a conflict between scie and religion, he reassures us, is all nonsense; " coöperation of the human sciences and religion inevitable. For both spring . . . from human exp ence." The laws of the universe are on our side. " . . . have little hesitancy in pronouncing nat friendly to human achievement. We have no reason believe that nature will not continue to be friend Her materials and her resources will in all probabi continue to be supplied to man in over-abundance.

WHOLESOME PARENTHOOD.
By Ernest R. and Gladys H. Groves.
The Houghton Mifflin Compa
$2 7⅝ x 5⅛; 320 pp. *Bo*

This book deals with the more important probl of childhood, and contains suggestions to pare regarding their home practices. Among the thi discussed are nagging, stubbornness, the formation good habits and the eradication of bad ones, the fe of early childhood and how to lessen them, when how to tell the child the facts of sex, the place fairy-tales in child education, and allowances. Dr. Mrs. Groves, both of whom are members of sociology department of the University of No Carolina, have a thorough knowledge of the pertin psychological and biological literature, and thus w they say is always sensible, and should be of great h to the perplexed father and mother. There are good s gestions for further reading at the ends of the chapt

TRAVEL

THE STORY OF EVEREST.
By Captain John Noel. *Little, Brown & Comp*
$4 9 x 6; 258 pp. *Bo*

Captain Noel, an Englishman, is an honor member of the American Museum of Natural Histo a member of the National Geographic Society an

Continued on page xxvi

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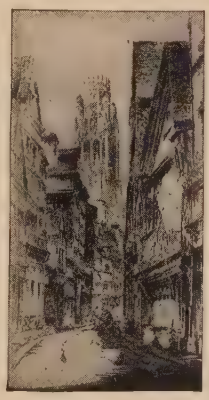

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and Irvine to the summit of the world's high
mountain, the dangers and thrills accompanying
effort, and of their tragic end within six hundred
of the top.

WHEN IT'S COCKTAIL TIME IN CUBA.
By Basil Woon. *Horace Liver*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 284 pp. *New Y*

"The Daiquiri is now the best known drink
Cuba," says Mr. Woon. "This recipe for the
Daiquiri was given me by Facundo Bacardi and c
firmed by one of the men who was present at
christening: half one lime, squeezed on to one
spoonful of sugar; pour in one whiskey-glassful
Bacardi; plenty of ice; shake until the shaker is th
oughly frosted outside. Meanwhile, chill a tall wi
glass of the kind known as *flute*, fill it with shaven
and pour in the mixture. Must be drunk frozen o
not good. The Bacardi cocktail, pronounced BacAR
and common in New York and Europe, is unknown
Cuba. The proper pronunciation of the name Baca
stresses the last syllable." There are other directio
as specific, to the sights and liberties about Havan
the cockfights and the races, the cabarets and
cigars, the casino and the carnival. An excellent
amusingly written guidebook.

REFERENCE BOOKS

NUGGETS OF KNOWLEDGE.
By George W. Stimpson. *George Sully & Comp*
$2 8 x 5¼; 427 pp. *New Y*

A great deal of odd and more or less useful stuf
crowded into this book. The author explains w
nails are measured by pennies, how the Romans ad
and subtracted with their clumsy numerals, how
name of Newport News originated, how eggs
rabbits became associated with Easter, why dogs t
around before lying down, why oysters are not ea
in months without R in their names, why ships c
partments are called staterooms, how the holes
put into macaroni, how worms get into chestnu
why low shoes are called Oxfords, and so on. Ma
of the paragraphs are etymological. Thus the ori
is given, *inter alia*, of *leatherneck*, *doughface*, *car*
bagger, *bootlegger*, *penknife*, *coleslaw*, *star-route*, *dick*
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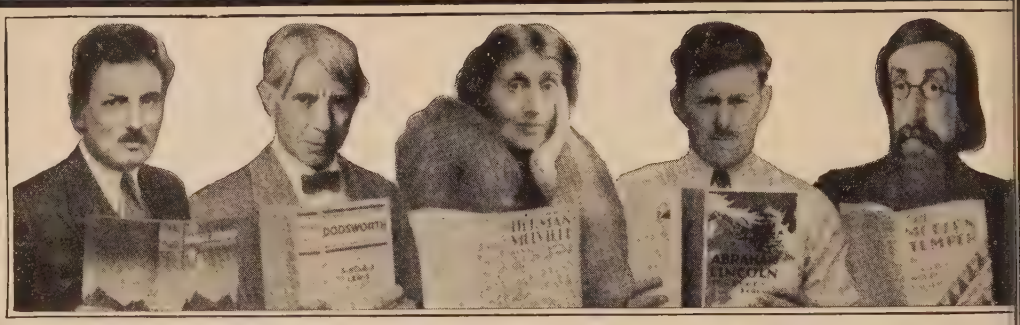

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The American
MERCURY

September 1929

ONE AMERICAN'S STORY

BY M. L. BATEY

57505 63 P 18

- was born in Louisville, Ky., of American parents. My father had been fore- man in the upholstering department of railroad shop since he was twenty-one ars old. He made a fair salary, but he was ways in debt, for he provided well for s family. One day he was taken seri- sly ill and soon afterward he was sent a hospital in Nashville, Tenn. At once e family income stopped.

I have one sister and one brother. He is e oldest of the three children. I am the ungest. My brother was away from me at the time of my father's illness, so y mother permitted me to stop school so at I might go to work. I was in the venth grade. I got a job with the Dow mpany running a punch-press. Soon I ew tired of the monotony of the punch- ess and after two months—it seemed a ntury to me—I quit. I was thirteen ars old at the time. I had a desire to go t into the world and see life—I should y a longing and pining to go. I simply uld not wait on life and time to see what as in store for me. I wanted to go see.

One evening I went into the kitchen here my mother was preparing supper d talked with her a bit. She did not alize that I was telling her good-bye. y heart ached and I cried a lot later, but e longing to go was stronger than the me ties, so I went. My destination was California, via Nashville, Birmingham, New Orleans, Texas, New Mexico and so on. But I never got out of the South. I walked the highways, and one day caught a ride with a young fellow who was driving a Ford. He explained that he had been hired by the manager of a Chautauqua troupe to drive the Ford to the next town, for the roads were so bad that it was impossible for the troupe to make the trip in the Ford and arrive in time for its billed performance. They were compelled to use the train. The young fellow was about sixty miles from his destination when he picked me up. We had plenty of time to talk and get acquainted. And that's what we did.

We arrived in the town about nine o'clock that night. Mr. Hanscomb, the troupe manager, met us at the tent. He seemed very glad to meet me, even though I had been picked up on the road. It was not difficult to see that I was only a kid, though I lacked only one inch, at that time, of being six feet tall. From that first meeting until we parted, which was not until the season closed, Mr. Hanscomb made me feel as if I were one of the company. He gave me spending money and paid my expenses, but never asked me to help with the many jobs that have to be done in a travelling Chautauqua. But I would drive the Ford, help pack the two

wardrobe trunks—we tied one on each running-board of the flivver—and help around the tent.

The Chautauqua season closed when we arrived in Memphis. Mr. Hanscomb wanted me to go with him to his home in Topeka, Kansas, and live with him and his wife while I finished high-school. He said that, if I wished, he would help me through college. I declined his generous offer because I wanted to be free. I wanted to go where and when I pleased. When he saw I was hopeless, he shook my hand and wished me good luck.

I was left in Memphis with what clothes I had on, a five-dollar bill, and a very large appetite. I got a room, paid three dollars in advance for a week's rent, and tried to find a job. But it was not for me to find a job in Memphis. My two dollars were soon gone, and one night I found myself wondering where I was going to sleep and, more important, eat. It was three days before I ate my next meal. I went into every restaurant I saw trying to find a job, but they had all the help they could use. It made my stomach ball up in a knot every time I went into a restaurant, seeing and smelling the food. It never occurred to me to ask for something to eat. I slept in the park—what little sleeping I did—for the two nights. Black spots were dancing before my eyes. I felt as though I were walking on air and I found to my surprise that I was not hungry any more, and that scared me.

Finally, while walking up a street, going nowhere, I passed an employment bureau. I walked in and while I was waiting for some one to ask me my business a man came into the office and in a loud voice inquired if they had a dishwasher who wanted a job. I tried to speak as I got up, but I was across the room, grasping the questioner's arm, before I could utter a sound. He was a friendly sort of fellow and hired me without delay. He had to give the employment bureau $5 for me until I could work and pay him back. He agreed to pay me $30 a month, with room and board included. I thought I was set for life.

My new employer led the way out of office on to the pavement, where I not a row of automobiles parked along curb. He got into a new Studebaker a followed close behind, for I was taking chances of losing my job so soon. In a short while we were across the Mississi river and speeding through the swa country of Arkansas. During the ride boss asked me all sorts of questions, after he had finished I told him that I not eaten all day. I thought it best no tell him I had not eaten for three days, I thought he would believe me a liar.

Eleven miles from Memphis we arri at a railroad Y. M. C. A., our destinati The Y. M. C. A. was as up-to-date as i possible to make one, excepting fo swimming-pool. It had a small gy nasium, hot and cold shower-baths, library, a restaurant and, of course, bedrooms. Upon our arrival the boss w able to borrow some clean clothes for and suggested that I take a hot sho before eating anything. I followed advice and after I was clean once more I f fine, but still I was not hungry. The wai asked me what my order would be. I tr to think of all the things I wanted but co think of nothing except sweet milk. Af I had drunk two glasses the boss sai surely had eaten something that day o would eat more. I was glad I had not t him I had gone without food for three da

I found the Y a pleasant place to live while not washing dishes. I had a ro just like the ones the fellows paid for a ate the same food they ate. I had all t privileges of the place. The only drawba was that I went to work at 6 A.M. a washed dishes until 6 P.M. The kitch floor was made of concrete and my l hurt pretty badly from standing all day did not feel like reading after supper playing basket-ball either.

I soon got tired of my job. News of t Florida boom was drifting in with the r road men. Most everyone went. Those w did not go wanted to. I had got acquain with the night cook. He was a tough a

ugh fellow, but likeable. He owned a rd roadster and wanted to make the trip Florida in it. He asked me to go with m and he did not have to talk with me ng to get me to go. I was about ready to it anyway. I had been working only ree weeks when I told the boss I was itting. He seemed surprised. He told me had great plans for me. After I had own my ambition by working with him r a couple of months, he was going to y me a suit of clothes, give me the unterman's job, and in general help me ead. I told him that if I had known even small part of his plans it would have ven me something to look forward to, t as I had my mind made up I would quit. fore I left the boss gave me a long talk how I should live. One of those good d Y talks.

As the cook turned the flivver out of the rd into the road I looked back and the ss waved his handkerchief at us. I felt rt of ashamed. However, I had no regret out leaving when I thought of the dirty shes to be washed.

II

he cook knew an old farmer who lived ghty miles south of Memphis in Alama. It was not much out of our way, so e stopped at the farmer's house to rest up d replenish our pocketbooks, which ere none too full when we left our jobs. 'e halted about a month, for we had to ck cotton, pull corn and play farmer in neral. As the farmer had no cash to pay with, we had to wait for our money ntil he could sell his crop, which would t be until later in the Fall. So it looked though we were stuck on the farm. I ver did believe I was cut out for a farmer, d picking cotton strengthened my suscion. But it was a ride of twelve miles a bareback mule that really convinced e.

Our food was not much encouragement ther. For breakfast we had white soggy iscuits, white gravy made of lard, fat meat without even a thin streak through it and much too salty, and black coffee that had to be drunk slowly in order to avoid swallowing the grounds. The farmer, his wife and his boy ate it as if it was good. They would brag about the biscuits, and I made an heroic effort to agree with them, but all the while I was choking inside. The cook would steal a quick glance at me across the table. For dinner the menu was repeated, with baked sweet potatoes added. The cook carried a potato in his pocket, and during the day he would nibble at it. It was not long before I was doing likewise. The farmer's wife made some comment about my not eating much. I told her I had a delicate appetite.

I tried to get the cook to leave the Ford and hit the highway, but he thought too much of his flivver, although it had cost only $45 fifth-handed. We had used up all the gas running around the country on Sundays, and as the farmer's credit was gone at the store, we were unable to get any more. I saw the cook meant to stick by his car through thick and thin, so one morning I told him, the farmer and his family good-bye.

I was on the go once more. My only protection from hunger was a dozen baked sweet potatoes which I had stuffed in my pockets. As I had to walk twelve miles along a dusty country road to get to the main highway, with the sun getting hotter each mile, my potatoes did not fare very well and I did not do much better. The potatoes got hot and the sticky syrup that oozed from them ran in my pockets and through my clothes. Once I sat down to rest and forgot the potatoes and mashed one in each hip pocket. Then I threw them away and my appetite must have gone with them, for I have not cared much for sweet potatoes since.

The following three years were spent in roaming from one State to another, mainly in the South. I saw Florida, and got as far west as Houston, Tex., but I heard such stories about hitch-hiking through to California that I got cold feet and started back

home. However, I took my time and saw the country. I walked the main highways, for many salesmen travel the same route. I learned that a salesman making a trip of from 200 to 400 miles will pick a fellow up just to have some one to talk with. Whenever I met any one who expressed a desire to keep in touch with me, I gave him my mother's address. When I worked in a place long enough I would write home and my mother would forward my mail.

A desire to quit roaming came to me with as much force as the desire to travel had. I began looking for a job that would enable me to settle down. I was walking on a road in Georgia one morning when I met a fellow changing a tire on his car. I spoke to him and he smiled and asked me if I would help him get the casing off the rim. I said yes, and in a little while we had the tire fixed. During this time he told me his name: it was Frank. He asked me where I was from, where I was going, and a lot of other questions. He appeared satisfied with my answers and told me he had been a soldier during the war and had got gassed. The government paid him enough pension for him to live on without working. He explained that his lungs gave him trouble, which made it impossible for him to work.

Frank told me he lived in the town I had just passed through—it was seven miles back—and said he would be glad to have me stay with him and his widowed sister, with whom he was living, until I could find a job. He knew the foreman in the knitting department of the town hosiery mill and thought he could get me a job. To my surprise, his sister did not mind his bringing home a wandering boy to live with them. I seemed to fit into the family from the first and in a week's time it seemed as though we had known each other all our lives.

With Frank's assistance I was able to get a job in the hosiery mill. I was paid 22½ cents an hour while learning to knit. After I had worked six weeks they raised my pay to 25 cents an hour, but not until I reminded them that I was now able to knit. During this time I tried to pay Frank his sister for my room and board, but t would not accept anything. They made buy clothes, and the rest of the mon put in the bank.

A girl lived two doors from us. She a friend of Frank's sister. I was introdu to her and it happened that we worke the same department at the mill. We came very good friends and later we w married. I was eighteen years old in Ap just before my wife and I were marrie May. After our marriage we stayed w my wife's parents until we had sa enough money to start housekeeping was not long before I was making f $16 to $20 a week. Since my wife was m ing as much, we decided the time come to start keeping house.

We rented a small frame house of th rooms for $10 a month. We furnished three rooms with the following furnitu

1 bedroom suite	$125.
1 wardrobe	52.
1 double bed	61.
1 heating stove	32.
1 kitchen cabinet	67.
1 breakfast suite	24.
1 oil stove	32.
1 large rug	32.
2 linoleums	15.
4 rocking chairs	36.
1 portable victrola (sale price)	27.

We paid $45 down and were to pay rest in instalments of $4 a week. My cre was established in the town and I co buy anything I wanted on time. My w and I had a charge account in the larg department store. We bought an insura policy which insured us both for the pr of one. It cost $14.85 every three mont Our grocery bill seldom went beyond a week. I bought a set of books from a p lisher, price $36—$2 down and $3 a mon I wanted to get an education. I signe contract for a correspondence course, pr $75 dollars—$5 down and $5 a month. we did not spend as recklessly as all t reads. We knew the value of money, kn how hard it came into our hands, treated it accordingly.

My wife and I were happy after we

ir home fixed up as we wanted it. It was real home. In the mornings my wife ould fix breakfast while I made the bed, ept the floor and straightened up the use. After breakfast she washed the shes while I wiped them and then we ere off to work. In the evening, when we me home, my wife cooked supper while read the newspaper. After supper was er and the dirty dishes washed and put vay, I would study on the correspondence urse. Or maybe some of the neighbors ould come in to play a few games of rook. ook is a very popular game among mill-orkers. We seldom were up after 9 P.M. n Sundays we went to church. I enjoyed e singing, but that was all. I went to ease my wife. After church we would sit my wife's parents or eat dinner with me brother or sister-in-law: they were entiful. My wife has four brothers and ree sisters, all married. Or maybe we ayed home and fixed dinner for folks who me to visit us. After dinner was over we ayed rook until evening church time. All ent to church. After church every one ent home. My wife and I would come me by ourselves, contented and happy.

III

hat I feared happened. The hosiery mill gan receiving only enough orders to ep it running two or three days a week. stopped knitting, for I could not make a ving at it, and took a job carrying yarn d silk to the half-hose knitters. It was y job to keep all the yarn separated and e that the knitters ran only the kind of rn their orders called for. The man who d the job before me was paid $22 a week. was paid $16.50, but I was very glad to t it.

My wife stopped working, as we were pecting a baby in four months. I cut a ttle off each payment on our debts, ough I was able to pay on them all, but saw I could not make much headway on 6.50 a week. We had to spend all the oney we had in the bank except $35, which we agreed to save for the doctor bill that was coming. I talked with every doctor—there were four in the town—and engaged the one whose price was lowest. He charged $35 while the rest charged $50. Before the baby came I was compelled to use $10 of the money to help pay on the insurance. We had paid $307 on our furniture when we decided we would let it go back to the furniture company, as we were going to break up housekeeping and live with my wife's parents. We saw it was impossible to live as we had. We were fortunate in finding a young couple who agreed to take our furniture and finish paying on it. They gave us $20 and we signed the contract over to them. Later they got out of work and had to let the furniture go back to the store when lacking only $63 of having it paid for.

We had been staying with my father-in-law one month when the mill shut down completely. I tried to find other work, but I was unsuccessful. We were unable to keep up our insurance. We dropped it after paying $44.55 on it. We still owe the department store $11. I have a grocery bill I carry in my pocketbook. It reads $18.67, unpaid. A bill for one ton of coal, $7.50, is also unpaid. The doctor is waiting patiently for his $10. I owe $50 on the correspondence course. The last bill I received from the publisher read $18, and overdue. I owe my father-in-law $45 cash money. All these bills are overdue one year or longer. They read small enough, but when three people try to live on $16.50 a week and pay their debts, it is a long drawn out affair. In fact, it's next to impossible.

My wife's father worked in a woolen mill for $14.80 a week. The four of us, my wife's parents, my wife and I, lived on what the $14.80 would buy. We thought we were living mighty close, but it was yet for us to see just how little we could live on. Some time after I was thrown out of work I went to Atlanta and got a job in an upholstering shop. I had been away from home only four days when I received a telegram announcing the arrival of our

baby boy. I wanted to see him, but I didn't dare lose the time from work, for we needed the money so badly. I was paid $15 a week. However, the job lasted only six weeks. As the shop did not make expenses, the owner closed it up. I did not tell the folks I was out of a job for I knew they would send me money and they needed it themselves. I was unable to find other work in Atlanta, so I hit the highway. I was home in two days. My body ached and was very sore, but the pain was eased a bit by the knowledge that I had saved $5 railroad fare.

The mill began running half time and I was one of the first to go back to work. My wife and I were boarding now, as my wife's parents had moved to Athens, Tenn., one week before. My wife's father had been a farmer, so he and his wife, tired of trying to live in town on such a small amount, decided to move to Athens so my father-in-law could work on a farm.

Soon my wife's parents wrote us that the woolen mill in Athens was in need of weavers, and that we should come to Athens and learn to weave while staying with them. My wife and I saw a chance to learn something different from hosiery mill work, something that would give us work all the year round. It did not take us long to decide to go. We went on the bus and saved $1.43 on the railroad fare.

On arriving in Athens, I had $2.50. My father-in-law, after paying for the moving of his furniture, had only fifty cents left. He was working on a farm and was to get $5 a week. (It seemed as though he had made a bad move.) My wife and I arrived in Athens on a Sunday and went to work Monday, learning to weave. The four of us worked all week and lived on the $3 that my father-in-law and I had between us. The baby's milk had to be bought also. Our breakfast consisted of biscuits, coffee and jelly that cost fifteen cents a glass. For dinner, we had white dried or brown (pinto) beans, corn bread and water. For supper, we had corn bread and buttermilk.

We did not fare much better in the weeks that followed, for my wife and I w learning to weave wool and were paid the piece. I drew for my first week's w only $1.41, for I had got off only 5 yards of cloth at 2½ cents a yard. The ond week I made $2.71; the third we $5.59; the fourth week, $9.76, and fifth week, $7.52. I copy the pay rec My wife earned a bit more than I did.

The house we are living in today i small frame house of two rooms and a sm kitchen. The rent is $10 a month. The o convenience is a hydrant in the kitch As for the bathtub, it hangs on a nail the back of the house when not in use.

The house was used for a meat mar until it burned down, and it had been paired only three weeks when my fath in-law rented it. However, the fire did damage to the large sign painted across outside of the house. It reads:

Meat
Market
Poultry Phone 40
Butter and Eggs

The landlord has promised to have painted, but it is not painted yet.

IV

Each weaver has two looms to run. A loo is a machine for making cloth. There is large spool called a warp beam, which placed at the rear of the loom. When t beam is wound full of threads and install in a loom it is called a warp. This warp thread runs lengthwise in the loom and crossed by filling. Filling is spun wool cotton wound on a bobbin, which placed in a shuttle. The shuttle is a sm box fourteen inches long and one and a h inches wide. The shuttle is hollowed out that the bobbin fits into it and it tapers a point at each end, which is capped wi steel that is ground to a needle point. The is a shuttle box on each side of the loo which holds the shuttles while they a not in motion.

Looms run from one to six shuttl depending on the kind of weave a

ttern to be made. When the loom is in ɔtion, a shuttle is automatically hit by a ck which sends it along on a groove run- ng through the warp. It is caught in the her end of the loom by the shuttle box, hich drops down just as soon as the uttle lands in it. There is another box on p of that box containing another shuttle, d it is likewise hit by a stick and slides ong the same groove through the warp the other end of the loom, where in rn, it drops down, making ready for the xt shuttle to come by.

Sometimes the shuttle box hangs or does ɔt drop and two shuttles are hit at the me time, one from each side of the loom, d they meet in the middle of the warp. s a rule they break out about a foot of arp, which takes an hour to tie back in. s there is nothing to hold the shuttles ter they hit with their terrific speed, they e apt to cover twenty-five to thirty feet nless stopped by hitting something, and equently it is a person. The fear of being t by a shuttle and the nerve-racking ɔise created by the loom sticks hitting the uttles certainly had me ill at ease for a hile.

It is not unusual to see a girl or woman ying because her patience has been hausted trying to run her loom with a d warp. A bad warp keeps a loom stand- g most of the time, as the weaver has to e in so many threads. The men don't cry. hey cuss.

There is just so much any machine can ɔ, no matter how complicated it is, and ıy person of average intelligence or less ın in time learn to operate it. I made $16.17 last week. I wove ten bolts of cloth. The best weavers never exceed eleven bolts in one week. Next week I will draw $8.32. (They hold a week's pay.) I had to wait on filling, and one loom was broken all day, and that's the way it goes. One week a fair pay day, the next week not so good.

Barring accidents, I may be weaving five years from now, and ten, and twenty, but not thirty years from now. I'll be only fifty years old then but my eyes will be too weak to see how to weave. If I am still in the mill, I will get the job of sweeping the floor or carrying filling, or some other minor job that requires only a weak mind and a back hardened to pain. I have not exaggerated the picture. An ordinary mill hand is supposed to be content with his lot and the bosses higher up do not look for material in the rank and file for promotion.

I am still ambitious to advance myself to a better job which will pay me more and enable my wife to quit working. Instead of worrying about the bills I owe, as I used to, I spend my time studying and preparing myself for a job which will pay me enough to pay my debts. However, I am not blind to the fact that high-school and college graduates get the pick of the jobs. A man must possess unusual ability to rise above and against such odds. Whether or not I possess it remains to be seen.

I have a good wife and a few books, and I delight in playing with our baby. He is just beginning to walk and tries to tell me what it is all about with every other breath. If it were not for them, I'd hit the highway before daybreak and I would be headed North.

THE BROWN STALLION

BY H. L. DAVIS

He was a registered German coach stallion, turned four years, with muscles like currents of a stream slipping across one another without a sound or a hitch. His hide was as firm and slick as the face of a pond; not shaggy and burr-tailed, like that of the work-horses. He stayed in a box-stall by himself, because when they let him out with the cow-ponies and work-stock he tried to kill them. That was merely stallion instinct, for he didn't dislike them; indeed, the loneliness of being kept away from them tortured him. He would stand listening all day for the horses coming in from work, and begin plunging and whinnying when they were still a mile away. When they trailed past his stall, he would crowd himself into his window until the sills bent like bows, and stand nickering after them half the night.

His eagerness was pitiful, but the work-horses paid no attention to it, except to shy off going by his stall. They didn't care whether he took on about them or not. He was beautiful and they were homely, and they well knew that, for all his fuss over them, he would kill them if he ever got a chance. Even the mares shambled past hanging their lower lips as if they didn't care if he fretted himself to death. For all the good he did in the world, he might as well have. The boss had imported him from Europe, in a spasm of public spirited, to improve the Eastern Oregon horse-strain. A set of neighboring cattlemen agreed—or he thought they did—to whack up on the expense. But when he came, they all backed out and left him on the boss's hands. He had cost too much to shoot and he was not broken to work, so he li in his box-stall in idleness and lonelin and the boss advertised him for sale, cursed whenever the sagebrush week sent in their bills.

To add to his forlornness, the men wo have nothing to do with him, either tubercular half-breed named Sitkum f watered and handled him, but Sitkum it grudgingly, and nobody else took notice of him at all, except, when he st tled them by whinnying unexpectedly, wish that somebody would knock him the head. Sympathy for dumb animals a weakness that cow-hands aren't bo ered with, anyway. But I was young, it did bother me. The stallion, I thoug was getting a dirty deal, and it was not fault. Why should he have to suffer beca the boss had palavered himself into a u less investment? Being neglected was unjust punishment, and I decided, since n body else would have any traffic with hi to befriend him myself.

It was in the middle of haying, and the hands were gone. The cook was bu indoors, and the half-breed roustabout w asleep in the haystack, soaking in the su The stallion had his head out of his wi dow, waiting to trumpet when he hea the horses coming. I lounged over a reached out my hand to stroke his nos feeling like the bearer of a beautiful su prise. It was one, but it was I who got The stallion struck at me with his nak teeth so fast that, though he missed t flesh, he got the sleeve out of my shirt b fore I could even quit feeling benevole I fell down, and got muck in my hair a down my neck. The stallion looked o

ver me without appearing to care whether e had killed me or not. He didn't want ıy friendship, but the horses'. They didn't ⁄ant his, and now I was glad of it. If I adn't been afraid that I would have to ay for him, I would have killed him. It ⁄ould have taken that to even me with im. He had almost scared me to death.

I got up, thankful that nobody had seen ıe, and the half-breed roustabout came up ehind me while I was dusting the dirt off ıyself. He wore moccasins, and I didn't ear him until he coughed on my back and pset my nerves all over again. His cough ounded more like a subterranean gong han like anything out of a human pul-ıonary system. I jumped and looked silly, nd he took in what I had been up to. He ⁄as dying of consumption; his eyes were ry and black, his flesh was as bloodless as awhide, and he picked up my shirtsleeve nd threw it at me, glaring as if he wished had been killed. In a shallow, gasping ⁄hisper he told me that if I fooled around is horse any more I *would* be. Not by the tallion, either. He didn't mind my having ailed to befriend the brute; what made im savage was that I had tried to.

"You *potlatch* dead!" he said, losing his reath at every word, and keeping be-ween me and the stall. "*Dead! Muerte! Keel!* You no good! *Kuitan te nika!*"

He thought I was scheming to take his ob away from him. He stayed on the pay-oll only because nobody else wanted to ool with the stallion, and he didn't want ıe trying to steal a stand-in, for fear I ıight beat him out. It was the only thing ıe did, and it meant that he could spend lmost all of his time asleep in the sun. t wasn't all laziness that made him anx-ous to hold on to it, either. I don't sup-ose that he would have wanted to work, nyway, but, in his stage of consumption, ıe couldn't. He was too near dead.

His threats didn't bother me, and, when e stopped in a fit of coughing, I told him hat I wanted nothing to do with his job, r his stallion, either. What did bother ıe was the thought that he might go ped-dling the story of how I had dived into the stable muck. I tried to explain to him that, if he would keep that to himself, he could have his stallion and be damned to both of them, but I couldn't beat it into his head. All he could see was that, as long as I stayed there, his job was in danger. Explaining did no good, for the punchers had lied to him so much for fun that he had quit believing anything. I promised solemnly never to come near the brown stallion again as long as I lived, and he showed how much stock he took in my word by shooing the stallion back inside his stall and stopping the window with a plank shutter. Then he planted himself in front of it as if ready to stand off an assault. He breathed painfully, and his eyes were dry and dull like bits of charred wood.

There was no chance of getting him to understand terms, let alone agree to any, and I went to the house to eat. I had given him my promise, and that might settle him down when it got soaked into his head. And, even if he did take a notion to tell how foolish I had looked, there was nobody on the ranch to tell it to except the boss, who objected to hearing the stallion mentioned, and the cook, with whom he was never on speaking terms. A bargain with him would have made me feel easier; still, the way things turned out, it was as well I hadn't struck one, for when I got to the dining-room I talked myself out of all I had offered for my side of it, and into the very job I had promised the half-breed I would let alone. I pinned myself to the contract of driving the stallion in harness, and, talking still wilder, of breaking him so the feeblest living man could wool him around like a bird-dog.

II

The man who baited me into it was the cook. His was one of the two specialists' jobs, the other belonging to the half-breed. The two men were so different that they might have belonged to different species. Sitkum was grayish-yellow gristle, beard-

less, like all Indians, and taciturn. The cook's face, behind a seal-colored mustache so enormous that he appeared to manage it only with an effort, was as white as lard, and he talked at a trot all the time. Sunlight, in which the half-breed slept as much as he could, the cook detested. He went out of doors so little that he had almost got out of the habit of wearing shoes, and went about in cotton socks except when he was making a bluff at resigning, or when his wife and children came to visit him.

They came regularly once a month. That meant a week's trip, going and coming, from Thief Creek, where the wife held down a homestead. Their visit lasted but one day and one night, the boss having so ruled because, even in that time, they ate as much as a crew of twenty men. It was not that they were starved, but merely that they enjoyed food. Their looks showed it. How the pale, soft-meated cook could have sired such a set of burly, rubber-bellied, cow-voiced infants will always stump me to account for. There were seven of them, all alike except in size. They looked something like their mother, and a great deal like barrels haired over on top. Their hair was coarse and whitish, their eyes fat and narrow, and their mouths enormous and loud. It was hard to believe that the cook had ever really taken a good look at them, to see what they did look like.

He had, however, and he was proud of them. When they came, he put on his shoes, locked everything up, and, with his wife carefully adjusted on his arm, took them for a walk about the ranch. To see them trailing behind that whey-faced little meat-burner, who looked as if he would melt away in the sun like a sliver of suet, was outrageous. What was he doing at the head of those purple-cheeked, muscle-bound brats? How had he ever managed to convince himself that they were his?

His wife, I suppose, was enough to have dispelled all suspicion. She was very large and bulgy, with tow hair and bright scarlet face, and the simple exuberance in of a quart of fresh-picked huckleberr The seducer who tackled her would h had to be wicked beyond the capacity humanity. To carry it through, not or but seven successive times, was simply c side earthly cussedness. No, they w the cook's, unquestionably.

They were as proud of it as he was. T simplicity with which the whole reti took it for granted that their father w the chief stud-buzzard of the place was frank and matter-of-fact that it emb rassed one to listen to them.

"There!" he would say, deploying th from column into line in front of the hor corral. "That animal yonder is the b work-brute on the outfit. He's got blo in him, that horse has."

It might be some decrepit old hay-ha ing plug; that made no difference, for th didn't look at the horse, anyway, but their father.

"I bet it takes you to git the work o of him, don't it, pa?" one of the childr would bray worshipfully, and the oth would chip in with admiring growls un he ordered them to be still.

"Never take that attitude with a horse he would warn them. "That ain't the w to succeed with 'em. You need kindne Show 'em who's boss, of course. . . . No here's a new rawhide rope we got in t other day. Injun braidin', eight strand sixty foot long. That cost money, th rope did."

The children would gawp at him reve ently, and make response.

"I bet you could shake rings with th rope, couldn't you, pa?"

"Of course not," he would say, hu riedly, for fear somebody might be liste ing. "I ain't handled a rope for over eigh een years. Shut up, now. . . . Here's saddle. Them mountin's are solid plat silver. Them's carved flowers, too—do with a knife, by hand. Wild roses."

They would dab at it carefully, ask t expected question, be told that of cou he didn't buckaroo, because he was all o

practice, and follow him to the next ow-piece. They never looked at any- ing until he had pointed it out to them, d they never loitered over anything that had left. They were religiously obedi- t, kept their single file well-closed, pped when he did, touched things only nen he told them they might, and never thered or had anything to do with any the hands. Nobody amounted to any- ing except their father, so why waste a sit on anybody else?

It was the stallion that upset the system. he cook led the parade his way by acci- nt, and, when he wanted to move on, ey wouldn't stir. Even the red-faced oman balked. They formed a circle ound the stall-window, and stared.

The stallion didn't mind. Admiration ither gratified nor bothered him. But the ok did. It was not only that he wanted e admiration for himself, but that he as afraid of the stallion. And yet he uldn't explain that to them without sing their worship, which he wanted; en, no doubt, needed.

He set supper on the table and laid his ouble before me, while my own experi- nce with the murderous brute was still orrying my mind.

"They're gone," he said, to my inquiry out his family. "It's an awful thing to y, but I'm glad of it. I didn't enjoy a inute of it. I ain't had an enjoyable visit ith 'em since I don't remember when."

I wondered whether he had come to alize what kind of looking litter he had thered. He hadn't, of course. It was the ud-horse that had spoiled everything.

"They git there, and stand and stand," e said. "I can't git 'em away. They won't ven take time to say two words to me any nore. Nothing but lallygag at that devil- h stud-horse. I don't know what to do."

"What do they want of him?" I asked.

The cook lifted the pan of dishwater off ne stove, knelt down and poured it rough a knothole in the floor, remaining lent until it was all gone. Then he sopped p the floor with his apron.

"They want to pat his nose!" he whispered. "It's all I can do to keep 'em held back from tryin' it."

I asked, dishonestly, why he wanted to hold them back.

"Because I ain't raised 'em and worked myself out of health for 'em to have 'em killed," said the cook. "That stud bites like a rattler. If you or me laid a hand on him, he'd have it bit off before you could say scat! He'd kill 'em!"

I didn't like being grouped with him or his children, and I pretended a lie. "He wouldn't kill me," I said. "Let him try it! I'd clock him with a pitchfork handle."

"You would, hey?" cried the cook. "He'd chew you up and spit you a mile! That horse takes a mean man to handle! You ain't mean. And you ain't a man, either!"

He added, apologetically, that one wasn't a man until twenty-one, but I was roiled, and I went too far. I said I would work the stallion to harness, or break him to jump through a hoop, or anything else I took a notion to. Instead of arguing back, the cook grew wistful.

"I wish to God you, or somebody, would!" he said. "I've tried to persuade that half-breed. . . . He don't like me; nor my children either. . . . I love my children," he added, almost apologetically. "If anything happened to 'em, it would kill me. I wish that stud-horse——"

He stopped, and scrambled dishes into the cupboard. The boss had come into the kitchen, and stood behind me listening. I wondered how long he had been there. Too long, it appeared.

"I've got a job for you," he said, ignoring the cook, as he always did. "A chance to try the stallion in harness. It's time he was doing something to pay for his keep, and it seems an ambition of yours to work him."

I said, hurriedly, that there wasn't any other horse to work with him. I was thinking of double harness, and he stopped that coldly.

"You can work him single," he said.

"It's nothing but raking hay. If he can't do that alone, I'll have him destroyed. It'll give you a chance to rub some manners into him. . . . Do you want to do it or not?"

I was fourteen years old. The question was not whether I wanted the job or not, but whether I wanted to back down on a brag. I said I would go. Other men in the country had been killed handling horses; good men, some of them, too. Maybe I would be remembered as a good man out of luck, instead of as a youth who talked too much. It was the best I could hope for; the stallion, I knew, would butcher me. Why not speak up, say so, and call off the contract? I thought of doing it, and couldn't. The boss was describing the hay homestead and how to find it; the morning, I thought, would be a better time to crawfish, and I let him get away thinking I was bowlegged with nerve, when the truth was I didn't have any.

I lay awake all night thinking of getting killed and inventing speeches to get myself out of it. I couldn't make any of them sound actual. The reason was that I knew none of them would ever be delivered. In the morning I got up and went to breakfast, prepared to drive the stallion and die.

III

The cook had fried four eggs for me, which gave breakfast something of the tone of a hanging-meal; eggs were so scarce, on account of the coyotes, that only desperately injured men got them. They did very little good, except to the cook, who as good as told me that they put me under obligations to him, and that only bringing the stallion back tame would square us. I was too nervous to eat them. When I left the table, the cook ran and peeped through the front window to see me drive away.

The half-breed had the stallion harnessed, and stood at his head waiting. I didn't have the nerve to look at him, but I could feel that he was murderously angry. He said nothing, and stood squarely rigid, instead of swaying listlessly or staggeri with a cough. Taking the reins from hands, I noticed that he was as cold as I would have been willing to suspect had doctored the stallion to make sur getting me killed, except that there no reason why he needed to. The s alone almost finished me. He let go bit and jumped clear before I had set feet, and I travelled the first half-mile l ancing and grabbing to keep from go under the stallion's hoofs.

He went as if he had a burr under tail; not pulling the hayrake so much yanking it in great fierce swoops. The r to the homestead was nothing bu wagon-track, littered with boulders couldn't guide him, or do anything fight to stay on. After hours of that, I c covered that he had made a wheel and v carrying me back to the ranch. We w on the hill above the barnyard befor could collect enough strength to pull head round and turn him. We had b travelling all morning then, and ev jump he took making up our lost grou banged me down against the rake-s hard enough to raise a bruise. He v playing to frighten me into giving up a going home. If he hadn't started by be ing me half-senseless, I probably wo have done it. As it was, I rode the bum hung on, and hoped he would fall de The hayrake thumped across the bould like a tin can tied to a dog. My legs a arms went perfectly numb, and I was b tered and bloody from waist to ankle.

I held the reins by keeping them wrapp round my wrists, and I guided by throwi my dead weight from one rein to the oth When the feeling went out of my legs, t pain let up so that I could philosophize I bounced. The deal struck me as ironic Here was the stallion, who wanted to back to his stall and do nothing, chargi across the country at a dead run in sp of all I could do to stop him; and here w I, who didn't want to drive him or ha anything to do with him, pounding m self to a pulp to keep from losing hi

id on what account? Nothing, so far as ould see, but the cook—a little, clatter-outhed, insignificant, belly-robbing cook om everybody despised and made fun . This was what he wanted, and I was ing it for no other reason than that he anted it.

It got late. The sun sank, and the red-ay plain pitched into a lake of shadow. e sky, from a close, not very clean blue iling, swelled up into a great trembling bble of blue-whitish light. That was an-her irony. Why did I have to put up with ch misery, when everything else in sight as lying out quietly under that beauty? e dark was wretcheder still, for there ere as many boulders, and I couldn't see em until we hit them. The stallion had t broken a run during the whole day. e only slackened when the moon came up a white hayfield, and then, probably, cause he smelled water.

It was the hay homestead, and pure luck have found it, for I had lost the road and l track of everything except keeping my es locked on the axle and the stallion inted to where he didn't want to go. e turned into the place himself, which as more luck, for I couldn't have guided m to save me. It was the water that drew m. It was a spring at the bottom of a eep hole, fenced to keep stock from fall-g in. He stopped with his nose over the nce, and I fell off and lay on the ground. Not only all the feeling, but all the rength was gone out of my legs. It must ave been half an hour before I could make em bear my weight. The stallion was most as badly off, for he had travelled at ll pelt since early morning. He was plas-red with lather, and the thumping of his art jarred the ground under me. I got , expecting him to shy from me, but he dn't offer to move. He wanted water. I mmaged about the cabin and found a sty bucket for him to drink out of. Hav-g swigged out of the spring until I felt the point of foundering myself, I dipped and crawled back through the fence.

He came after the bucket without waiting to be unbridled. I knew that the bit in his mouth would make him waste half the water, and, forgetting what he did when strangers monkeyed with his head, I reached to unbuckle the throat-latch. He backed with the rake, reared in the shafts, and struck with his forefeet. The wind of them blew down my ear with a click. An inch closer either way, and he would have had my brains in the grass.

He wasn't altogether to blame, being impatient with thirst; but I had stood too much from him already to be fair. I threw the water-bucket over the fence, worked a rein loose from the back-ring, and snubbed down to the post so hard his nostrils flapped on the wood. It took some time, for I was weak and he was stubborn, so I could only work his head down a couple of inches at a time. When it was done, I cinched the dally with seven hard knots and went into the homestead cabin to sleep. It was nearer a dizzy-brained stupor than a sleep, and, after a couple or three hours, the pain in my bruised legs hurt so I woke up. It was about dawn. The sky was filling with light, and I was too tired to move. I lay hurt, watching the stallion through the door.

He wasn't making out very well. The spring, being twelve-months' water, drew all the prowling animals, and they scared him. He would wind a strange smell, and plunge and rip and fight trying to break loose and run from it. A couple of coyotes loped out of the sagebrush, dropped over the fence close to him, and lapped out of the spring. A big gray owl thumped down on to a post, scaring them away, and the stallion went into a suicidal frenzy. If the rein held, I made sure he would either yank the fence up by the roots or fracture his neck. Everything held, though, during that fit and a worse one which he threw over a small wildcat which ran away without drinking, alarmed by the straining and plunging and snorting.

It alarmed me, too. He banged himself into the fence as if he wanted to dive through it bodily. Every time he hit it, I

looked for it to smash, and, if it did, he was as good as dead, for he would be sure to foul one of the splintered poles and gut himself. It didn't seem to matter to him whether he got killed or not. It did to me. He had such beauty that the terror which made him try to destroy it seemed bigger than nature. The sound he made in his fear was nothing compared to the feeling I had of being overshadowed by a tremendous fear. There was no sense in it; he ripped at the fence-poles in a perfect rage of fury to get away from a little porcupine; yet it was so big that being so close to it made me uneasy.

I thought of going out and cutting him loose, so he could relieve his fright by running, and not upset me with it. But, when I undertook to get up, my trousers had stiffened with blood till they were like boards, and stuck to the raw bruises on my legs. The agony of pulling them loose drove me almost as crazy as the stallion. I decided to put up with him rather than go on with it. The sky was filling with light; it was at the stage when one could see that there was as much space behind the stars as in front of them, and the stallion stood quiet. Either he had at last given out, I thought, or the animals had quit moving. I turned over against the wall, and heard him begin a new struggle with his tether. This time, however, he was not frightened. He whinnied, a frantic blast that could have been heard for miles, and, from a long way off, got an answer. The wild horse-herd was coming, and he whinnied again for them to hurry up. The floor under me began to jar faintly with the rhythm of their hoofs as they came on.

IV

They came massed on a wide front, with a broad yellow sheet of dust bellying out behind them like a cavalry standard. From their formation, I judged they intended to charge and sweep the stallion bodily away with them. They do sometimes charge staked horses, but this time they fooled me. Instead of holding their column, t slowed, shied off, and went past in si file at a cautious gallop. The last stragg colt had gone stilting past before they e let on to notice the brown stallion at Then they all stopped, smelled the w and came trotting back.

The stallion had been doing his l to call himself to notice. He slewed hayrake into the fence, tugged at his st till his headbones cracked, and, when thought the herd had passed him trumpeted after them pitifully. He wo have been better off if they had. They m a circle round him, reminding me of cook's family, and the herd-leader, a li scrubby black stallion with one ear, wal close to him and looked him over. It a contrast—the cayuse rat-tailed, mud patch-haired, angular, with burrs in mane and scars of old fights all over h Even as he stood, the brown stallion worth twenty of him and looked it. cayuse saw it, too. He inspected the s lion head and heel, and then, seeing it safe, reared, squealed, and tore a long g in his sleek brown quarter with his ho

I ran out, tearing my stiffened trous loose from my legs, and yelling and w ing my arms without realizing how da nably it hurt. The wild herd let out a sn and ran. Their yellow banner of dust rai and went over the ridge after them, a the brown stallion trembled and nicke to himself. It was the first time he h ever been fleshed, and the pain scared hi I felt, suddenly and clearly, that I co get the best of him, after all. I could sta more than he could. My legs were wo hurt than his quarter. I had lost over tw as much skin, and was bruised to the bo besides. He had done it, and he had beaten me down. Partly because the en mousness of his fear had made me so comfortable, and partly because he h called out to the wild horses with su confidence, as if I had ceased to have a control over him, I felt pitiless. He h tried to bully me. I would show him so bullying of my own. I went and opened

te to the hayfield, and cut a willow sap-
g for a whip. We would go out and rake
y until one of us fell over.

Perhaps it was the stallion's nervous-
ss, or it may have been that, in the ex-
ement of having found a good deter-
nation, I moved abruptly to loosen him;
any rate, when the strap came loose
m the post, he went up on his hind-legs
d tried to break my hold on the reins. I
ld on and waited for him to come down,
ling, not resentful, but merely impatient
him to get through and let me get
wn to business. I jumped on the rake,
d, when he made a lunge, I pointed him
the hayfield gate and welted his skinned
mp with the whip. He went through it
two jumps, and we began to rake hay.
It was probably the most frantic job of
yraking in the history of agriculture.
e hit a gallop, and, whenever he tried
slack from it, I pasted him a couple
ore. It was hard ground to hold the gait
—deep, soft, with a topping of cut hay
wade through. The dust must have made
s thirst worse, too. I had finally to whale
m continuously, and he lumbered and
ed great wet hunks of lather into the
ubble. I spent the time shuttling between
ty for him and spite for the way he had
ted every time I had offered to be decent.
y trouser-legs were stiff with dried blood,
d as rough as files, and he had done it.
henever they raked my raw legs, I put
e gad to him again. He was unearthly
rong, or he would have fallen dead. By
ndown we had the field laid off in wind-
ws, such as they were; but, instead of
ocking off, I started crisscrossing, raking
em into bunches.

Sundown came, as it had done on the
naway. Then it got too dark to see any-
ing, and I raked by guess and whipped
here I could hear him panting. It was
uel, but it was no picnic for me, either.
y bruises bled again until blood squelched
my boots. The pain was worse than it
d been, or than I had imagined I could
and. Yet the bruises from the runaway
d hurt me horribly, whereas now I
didn't mind them. Pain even gave me a kind of satisfaction, for, if it was bad with me, it must be torturing the stallion unbelievably, and that was what I wanted. He was thirstier than I, and sleepier than I; he hadn't had anything to eat, and I had; and he had to run and pull the hayrake, while I had nothing to do but sit on it and whip. I got lost in the dark, strayed all over the field, and tore up windrows it had taken hours to make. When the moon came up and discovered the damage, I didn't mind. I wasn't working to rake hay, but to beat down the stallion.

He had slacked to a trot, and was slowing in that, when the rake struck a boulder that he couldn't pull over. He tried, and then lay down in the shafts. When I got off, I fell and couldn't get up. My legs and arms were dead. I felt certain the stallion was dying, but I couldn't move to raise his head out of the dust. After a long time, I felt that I could get up, but I was afraid to try it for fear I should find some horrible incurable injury about myself. A muscle cut in two, perhaps. I had some that felt as if they were. While I lay trying to stiffen my nerve, the stallion got up. He didn't offer to leave, but stood in the stubble while the light came into the sky all over again. Likely he was too dead beat to move, or likely he remembered the prowling animals, and decided he was better off where he was.

I got up, and, since my legs hurt so infernally, decided not to get back on the hayrake. When I walked through the windrows to the homestead cabin, the stallion breathed deep and followed me. I unbuckled his bridle at the fence, but he didn't shy, or move, even when I took the bit out of his mouth, bringing with it a rind of hot, bluish skin from his lips and tongue. I got the rusty bucket and watered him, and piled hay against the fence. When I went into the homestead cabin, he nickered and fidgeted until I came out again. It made him nervous to be left alone. I sat in the door and looked at him, and he looked back as mildly as an old plow-plug.

The excitement of overcoming his strength was going down, and my nerves raced all the faster because they had nothing solid to grind on. The stallion was broken, I thought; he was a tame horse; my feeling that there was an incurable injury had been right; there was one; not in me, but in the stallion.

He was gentle now; as well-broken as any tub-footed old harness-plug in the country. He would probably be put to haul hay with one, and the hay-hands would doctor his harness-galls with axle-grease, or a handful of dust rubbed into his raw flesh. The suet-faced, milk-muscled little cook had his wish. Now he could strut out and bully the stallion to show off before his big-mouthed, bawling children and his scarlet, flapping wife. The tubercular half-breed would lose his job and have to go to work. That, I didn't particularly mind. Treating him kindly was no particular object to me. Yet I had lied to him, and he could blame me for it. Not that I was to blame. I had worked the stallion out on the hayfield, but only after the country itself had already worn him to a peak. Alone, I could never have done it, for he had me topped. Nothing could have broken him but the country itself.

If he had been a common scrub, it would have let him alone, no doubt, and he co have lived in it, strange to it as he w without ever feeling its weight and brutality. He was too strong and too sp did. The boss, in ordering the finest stal that money could buy, had shopped well. A punier and homelier horse wo have suffered infinitely less, and, fo work-brute, would have been as good better. A punier and homelier horse mi even have escaped the envy of the we timid little cook. It was only beauty i got in the way of these things, and suffe from them.

With every grain of my conscienc knew that I was not to blame for it. I could not have felt worse if I had be It was almost as if I had been injured smallness, too, and knew how sham and irretrievable its injuries were. If I broken his spirit single-handed, if I tortured him till he went insane, I could have looked at the poor tame brute w more remorse and horror than I felt wh harnessing him to go home, he lowered head and opened his mouth for the anxiously, trying not to flinch his woun lips from the iron. I fumbled for his mo with it, and he still held it ready, u the blood from his torn flesh welled into a round, dark drop.

EPISODE IN AN ARTIST'S LIFE

BY LEONARD HALL

Dutch Parks, the city editor, and I went out to my room after work one blistering July afternoon and d two hookers of adolescent rye.

After the second Dutch said, "Let's go and call on Hubert Flint," and I said ine! Let's go!"

Hubert Flint was the leading male movie r of the world. At the moment he was our mid-Western town with a small npany, taking scenes for a new picture t would be finished in the great foun- es on the Pacific Coast.

Flint was under contract to make three tures a year. Pash opera, the trade called m; they were filled with acrobatic love- king and erotic tableaux. For his labors received $5,000 a week.

His mail was enormous. Huge bags of nted notes from smothered spinsters and onstruck girls fell daily upon his studio. zy women stalked him on the streets, d him for breach of imaginary promise, ylaid him at the gate of his canyon me, and even went so far as to thunder on the portal, demanding entrance in holy name of love.

Dutch and I, a couple of small town ys, had met the star and had liked him mediately.

He was six feet tall, slim and blond, and all his mauling at feminine hands and his own predilection for amorous dalli- e, turned out to be frank and frolick- ne, and as mighty at the convivial jug at love.

'He's a regular guy!" all the newspaper ys said.

So Dutch and I went over to the Cosmic tel, were announced, and rode up to the suite Flint shared with his director, Frank Busby.

Dutch pounded on the door and shouted, "Hey! It's Dutch Parks and Joe Ryan!"

The portal opened like the lid of a jack-in-the-box and Flint shot out, dressed in lounging-robe, socks and slippers.

Behind him was Busby, grinning.

Without a word Flint dived at Dutch's legs, and both went down in a heap.

"My God!" I thought. "There goes ten million dollars' worth of movie actor!"

But they got up with no bones broken, and we went into the rooms, the actor with an arm around each of us.

On the table in the centre of the living-room were two bottles of whiskey, a lot of charged water, ice and glasses.

"Have a drink," said Flint. "Scotch or rye?"

As movie critic, hotel reporter and columnist, it was my turn to speak.

"I'll have rye, please," I said.

"The same for me," said Dutch.

Busby made four highballs. I could see that he and Flint had already had a few, just to pick them up from location.

"Well, over the river!" said Flint.

"Skip the gutter!" we replied, and drank.

"My God, it's hot in this town," said Flint, mopping his yellow head. "We were out in that damn sun four hours this afternoon, shooting around the old Dobbs house. Nothing like a two thousand mile location trip just to get the real McCoy, hey Frank?"

"You said a mouthful," said Busby, sucking a piece of ice.

"Have a drink," said Flint.

The house telephone rang, and the star answered.

"Hello, hello, hello!" he called nervously. "Oh yes. Send her right up."

"It's that what's-her-name girl from the *Sun-Star*," he said. "My God, have I got to get arty now? She's one of these dames who call pictures 'the cinema.' Oh Lord Almighty!"

"Aren't you going to put on any more clothes?" asked Busby.

"Oh, the hell with her! Give her a thrill!"

Miss What's-her-name of the *Sun-Star* came in, and her eyes got as big as saucers when she saw Flint's bare legs beneath his dressing-gown.

It was almost like beholding God in His undershirt. She was awed, but game.

"Have a drink," said Flint.

Soon the lady reporter had the star backed into a corner, and we could hear her mooing about camera angles and nuances.

Flint was seeing her and raising her a blue chip.

"Isn't he a darb?" said Busby. "He hates all that hooey, but he has to put up with it sometimes. Highbrow reporters expect all that bunk. Nobody can stop old Hubert. But he's just a happy ham at heart."

A few more people drifted in. There were two or three newspaper men, their tongues hanging out. Movie actors, lobbyists and press agents are always fair game for journalistic drink-cadgers, and they can whiff liquor through a brick wall.

Flint finally broke away from the soulful *Sun-Star* girl, and she quickly fluttered out.

He came over to Dutch and me.

"Thank God *that's* over!" he said. "What tripe! You could put all the art in pictures in your eye and have room for a clinker! And take me! Why do I have to stand for all that boloney? I'm just an actor that got a lot of good breaks, that's all. I hate pictures and I hate picture people, but who can laugh off five grand a week? Make me a drink, will you, Frankie? Then I raise the devil, and and squawk about my stories, and can fire me? Not those pants-pressers! I the do-re-mi at the ticket-wagon, t why they can't fire me, the dirty lice!"

Flint tugged manfully at his high ran one hand through his taffy-co thatch, and scowled at the ceiling. passion flower of the silver screen wa ing on its wilting stem. His eyes glazing.

The rum-hounds of the press said g bye, and left.

"There goes nothing," murmured star, sinking deeper into a big chair. door opened, and nobody walked out. all have another."

"An' love. Where do I get off with Believe it or not, I'm always waiting street car! My girl thinks I carry on all the dizzy wenches that chase me. chase me and I chase you, my pretty damosel!"

He wagged a reproving finger at a ph graph in a silver frame.

"It can't be long now," whisp Busby.

Flint's head fell forward on his w bone.

"Myra, oh my Myra!" he sing-son "Though Summer skies are blue—m ing brings the sunrise, love, but not brings me you!"

"Myra's his girl," whispered the di tor.

We knew it. The name was that lily of the films.

"Myra—oh, my Myra!" mumbled Fl and went to sleep.

"Well, there you have it. Grab his boys!" said Busby. The three of us car five million dollars' worth of actor into bedroom and laid him on the bed.

"He's got a personal appearance toni at nine-thirty," said Dutch, looking d at the body. "He'll never make it!"

"Oh, won't he!" said his boss. " don't know this guy. He bounces back a tennis ball. You boys drop in aro

ght-thirty and we'll all go down to the eatre together."

"What a lad!" said Dutch, as we went nfusedly out of the lobby and dispersed all directions.

"He'll never in the world make that ow. And ten thousand dames will be ttling to see the hottest lover on the reen!"

II

t eight-thirty that evening Dutch and I, llected by a little food, went back to the int suite at the Cosmic, and Busby let in.

"Come on in, boys," he said cheerily. You're just in time to see what this baby ill do for his public with a little help."

A big pot of coffee stood on a table, and ere was a tureen of thick soup.

"Work in the hot sun all day, and then a w drops of alcohol before dinner," said sby. "It ain't right."

We took off our coats and went into the droom. Flint still lay on the bed like a ad man. But he looked remarkably nice id boyish as he lay there sleeping.

"Run a cold tub, will you, Dutch?" id the director.

Busby and I hauled Flint into a sitting osition on the edge of his bed, and got off s dressing-gown.

"Myra—oh, my Myra!" he murmured.

"Come on, big stiff!" yelled Busby into is ear. "Hit the deck! Boots and saddles!"

With that he hit Flint a slap in the face iat could have been heard down the hall.

The actor's eyes opened slightly; then osed again.

"Hey! Your public, big boy, your pub-c! On your toes! Everybody up and ance!"

He cuffed Flint again.

"My public, oh my public!" muttered ie star, sleepily.

"Get his other arm," Busby ordered, id the two of us marched him into the athroom and soused him into the tub of inging cold water, head and all.

He came up spitting and snorting, and for a few seconds the air was purple with language.

"What in the hell is this all about?" he bawled.

"You've got a personal appearance in less than an hour, that's what it's about. And you're on your way, if I have to carry you."

"You don't have to drown me!" screamed Flint, and scrambled out of the tub. Like a shot, Busby was on him with a big rough towel.

"You're due at the theatre any time," said Frank, going over his star like a hostler. "Get his dressing-gown, Joe. Now you pour some coffee and soup into you, and we'll shove off."

Flint forgot he was angry, and broke into a grin.

"My public, oh my public!" he chanted. "My silly old public! A Flint never throws down his silly old public. And here I am, tired as an old horse and tight as a new boot!"

He threw back his head and laughed like young Bacchus, his teeth shining.

"Shut up and eat," ordered Busby. "We'll help you into your clothes."

In twenty minutes Hubert Flint was dressed faultlessly and had drunk a quart of blistering coffee and eaten a plate of pea soup.

He pulled back his chair, took a deep breath, gave us a flashing smile and stood up, steadying himself.

"Now I'm going to walk, Frankie, oh my Frankie!" he said. And walk he did. Only his eyes betrayed him.

"Am I walking or am I walking, oh my Frankie?" he demanded proudly, strutting stiff-legged up and down the room.

"You're walking," said his director. "Sure you're all right?"

"Do I look crippled, oh my Griffith? Have I one leg, oh my De Mille? How about a little drink, oh my Vidor?"

"One drink, and only one drink," said Busby, "and we blow. Call a cab, will you, Dutch?"

Flint poured three fingers of Scotch into

a tumbler and drank it off neat. I could hear Dutch ordering a taxi.

And I could almost hear lines of braided flunkies in the lobby passing the call from lip to lip.

"Cab for Mr. Flint—cab for Mr. Flint!"

"Well, I guess we're set," said Busby.

Flint put on a snowy panama and picked up a light Malacca stick.

"Do you want to see some mind over matter, oh my silly old newspaper men?" he asked. "Keep your eye on Uncle Hubert. *Allez!*"

Swinging his stick like a drum-major's baton, he led us out into the hall.

"Isn't he a darb?" whispered Busby.

III

The Mastodon Theatre was the largest picture cathedral in our town.

That week it was showing Hubert Flint's latest picture, "Love Pangs," in honor of the star's visit. The peak of the seven days was this personal appearance.

As we drew up at the bright door of the house I knew we were in for it. Farmers had cranked up the family cars and driven in from miles around. Six policemen fought to keep open a path to the entrance. The lobby was roped to hold back the pushing crowd. I could see that Busby was worried.

"Sure you're all right?" he asked.

"Watch me walk, oh my Frankie! Hear me speak!"

"Well, hold everything," said the director, and we got out of the cab.

Flashlight powder boomed. Policemen surrounded us and rushed us in. There were handclaps and cheers as the party pushed through the lobby. The star smiled and bowed.

I was astounded at the man. He looked as fresh and fit as a halfback in training. He was all smiles and graciousness—as debonair a figure as the world held. There were only the tell-tale eyes.

These were some of his 20,000,000 idolaters. Smiling at them in his heart, he kissed his hand and bowed.

As we went down the aisle, picked u a spotlight, the whole house rose to s and cheer. Hands reached out to touch actor.

I breathed easier when we were in box.

"Love Pangs" rolled to a close. orchestra blared a brassy chord, and house manager, in a dinner coat, ste from the wings. The house fell insta silent.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, is our privilege tonight to present to one of the greatest figures of the sc world—the star of the magnificent su special and epic production you have witnessed. He's not only a great act he's a real he-man; a regular four-sq fellow that you'll all love in perso much as on the screen. Ladies and ge men, the Mastodon Theatre takes g pleasure and pride in presenting to yo person that prince of good fellows king of stars, Mr. Hubert Flint!"

He looked toward our stage box and H out his hand.

"There you are, big boy," whispe Busby, giving Flint a push on the ba "For God's sake, be careful!"

Flint, who had been sitting like a wo en man, stood up, mounted the box rail vaulted lightly to the platform.

"I can't look," I groaned to Dutch, w was stiff with fear. "He'll break a l sure!"

But he didn't.

With incomparable ease and grace reached the stage, turned, and drank spotlight.

He looked as though he had just step from a haberdasher's bandbox. On his f was that wonderful, winning smile of H disarming and lovable. He held out b hands to still a thundering house. At l there was comparative quiet.

"Friends," said Flint, "you don't kn how pleased and touched I am by this w derful reception you've given me. Tha what we picture people miss most— personal touch with the folks who h

ade us what we are. We miss the applause the friendly touch of outstretched hands. n glad you like 'Love Pangs,' and I ink you'll like my next picture even tter. As you know, we're making some the scenes right here in your beautiful wn, and I hope you'll all think of me as sort of fellow-citizen of yours. Most of l, though, I want you to think of us of e screen as just ordinary, regular folks ce yourselves, with the same joys and rrows. And I hope to see you all again metime, and—well, I guess that's all. ank you!"

With that he flashed them another smile, d was back in the box.

"That's the old kid!" said Busby, patng him on the back. "Great stuff!"

"Get me out of this!" said the star. His oice was thick.

"On our way," said Frank, and through e cheering theatre we went, and in a inute were in the manager's office.

IV

nce in that bright, close little room, a rrifying change came over the star.

His legs went to jelly. His eyes rolled. e sank into a big chair at the manager's sk.

"My public, oh my public!" he mumed. "Art of the cinema, oh my hat— Oh y Frankie, am I cockeyed or am I cocked?"

"You're tired out, kid!" said Busby. Take it big!"

Then to us, "I knew that hot theatre ould knock him off."

The manager, almost in tears, brought int a glass of water. Two assistants overed, all big-eyed solicitude.

The desk telephone rang, and the manar answered.

"Hello. Long distance? For you, Mr. int. From Hollywood."

Flint took the receiver.

"Hello," he said, as though his mouth were full of cereal, "Hello, damn it—hello. Yes, this is Flint. Oh—it's you, my pretty little damosel! Amy—oh, my Amy, though Summer skies—what?"

The phone sputtered.

"I'm tired, oh my Amy! I'm so damn tired out. I'm the art of the cinema, oh my—what?"

Sputters.

"Would you leave your mother for me?"

More sputters.

"Would you leave your sister for me?"

Buzzes from the instrument—dollars' worth of buzzes.

"Well, would you leave your husband for me?"

For seconds the telephone clattered a monologue.

"Oh my Amy—" and here he broke into quavering song, "Would you leave your old Kentucky home far away?"

There was a loud click and the two thousand mile line was broken.

Flint's head fell forward.

"Myra, oh my old Myra! Oh my God, I'm so tired!"

He was asleep. The spirit, past its limit of endurance, had gone dead. The star had gone out.

I beckoned to Busby and he and Dutch and I went outside and shut the door.

"I guess we'll beat it," said Dutch. "It's been a great day, and thanks a lot, Frank."

"Don't mention it," said Busby. "It's been a lot of fun."

"Frank," I said, "I'm terribly sorry about Hubert. He's all in, with one thing and then another. He'll not get out to work in that heat tomorrow morning. He needs a day's rest. That sun is godawful."

"Oh, won't he?" answered the director. "Little do you know. That boy'll come up like the sun. He's a steel spring!"

"Well, good night, Frank," I said. "Give my best to Hubert in the morning."

"Good night, boys. I will. Tell me—isn't that guy a darb?"

EDITORIAL

Silly public speeches by high officers of the Army do not seem to be as frequent as they were just after the war, but it should be added in fairness to an heroic corps of men that such of them as harangue the populace at all maintain a very creditable level of silliness. Their text, of course, is the patriotism that is their trade, and their message is the menace of Bolshevism.

According to the Articles of War, it appears, any man who is in favor of the Bill of Rights is a Bolshevik, even though his forebears hanged their full share of witches and sold their share of codfish to the ragged Continentals. To take the Kellogg peace treaties seriously is to flirt obscenely, not only with imbecility, but also with infamy. It is the prime duty of every citizen to assume that the next war will break out Monday a week, and to keep his blood up against the day. Internationalism is a chimera of pathological minds, poisoned by Russian gold. The Liberal weeklies get their very ink from Moscow, under the false brand of caviare. The only true gospel is to be found in the minutes of the D.A.R., the Jr. O.U.A.M., the P.O.S.A. and the K.K.K.

Such highfalutin nonsense seems to go with the military art and mystery, at least in the United States; its emission at due intervals is accepted as a sound gauge of a general's professional equipment. So, indeed, elsewhere. History is almost bare of soldiers who had anything really sensible to say, and knew how to put into it plausible phrases. I can recall Bonaparte and Frederick the Great, but there, for modern times, the chronicle seems to stop. If Grant said, "Let us have peace," then it was only, as Mr. Lloyd Lewis has been lately demonstrating, at the command of Abraham Lincoln, a slacker: Grant himself, alone, would have proceeded to butc the Confederates after disarming them the French General Staff was in favor butchering the Germans. His colleag Sherman, is credited with "War is hel but on the one hand there is some do that he really said it, and on the ot hand he was widely regarded in the Ar as insane, and more than once went bef a medical survey to have his bumps fe Wellington, from end to end of his lo life, never uttered a sound that was wo hearing—not even "Up, guards, and 'em!" or the somewhat dubious rema about the playing-fields of Eton—, a neither did Kitchener. Neither did She dan, nor Thomas, nor Meade, nor Stonew Jackson, nor Longstreet, nor either of t two Johnstons, nor Beauregard. Neither, that matter, did the sainted Lee. I p over Washington in consideration of t Farewell Address—written, no doubt, Hamilton.

Who was the greatest captain in the l War to End War? The Elks, of cour will not agree, but I suspect that t military historians of tomorrow, viewi all claims judicially, will give the pl to Ludendorff. He didn't win, but wi even odds he would have had a wal over. Well, Ludendorff has been dedicati his genius since the peace to proving th the war was caused by the Jews, and arguing that the only way to rid Germa of them is to cashier their protecte Jahveh, and restore the worship of Wod and Thor.

The world, which has a certain home wisdom under its motley, shows no si of being made uneasy by this low men visibility of the military gents. It admi them without thought of their I.Q.'s, ju

it admires movie stars, bootleggers and esidents. It hears them respectfully, spangles them with medals, and heaves dead cats. So far as the records reveal no my officer has been lynched in America ice the Revolution, and not more than o or three hundred enlisted men have en hanged. No lieutenant, so long as he able to engage the floor without holding , is turned away from a dance, and no neral, however badly he may carry his quor, ever gets the bum's rush from wanis.

I hint that this amiability is wise: what nean is that perhaps the best thing that n be said of soldiers, taking one with other, is that they are not unduly preg- nt with ideas. If they were brighter lads ey would be far more dangerous than ey are today, content with their few mple fatuities. Suppose they had the nister acumen of Yale professors, the sh ideational flow of Hearst city editors, d the implacable eloquence of insurance- ents? Suppose West Point trained them ardently in logic, salesmanship and vi- n as it trains them in the care of rses?

Certainly no great imagination is needed conjure up what would ensue. A mili- ry fever would sweep the country, and e'd all be doomed to the goose-step. very objection would be reasoned into surdity, and even the most academic nd of pacifism would take on the occult d furtive indecency of voodooism or etotalism. The lone constitutional guar- tee that the logic choppers of the Su- eme Court have left to console us—that o soldier, in time of peace, shall be artered in any house without the con- nt of the owner"—would vanish with e rest, for all of us would be soldiers, and ere would be no more citizens.

From this and worse we are saved by e fortuitous but capital fact that the ilitary career tends to slow down the cing of the mind. We survive because ldiers are simple-minded men, with a reference for stereotyped nonsense.

II

I have said that the military career tends to slow down the mind, but it may be that the thing works the other way—that it naturally attracts men who are not excessively intellectual. Whatever the process, it is plainly to the advantage of human progress that the business of killing and getting killed should be handed over to men who, however worthy otherwise, are not remarkable for their contributions to thought. The same may be said of the police business, the trans-Atlantic aviation business, the booting business, and various other highly necessary and honorable avocations. The human race would be in a sorry state if men abandoned these crafts, but meanwhile it apparently suffers no calamity when fortune plays them ill. Always, when a war is in progress and the heaps of slain pile up, there are pessimists who predict that civilization will collapse at the peace, but always, when the clouds blow away, it turns out that plenty are left to carry on—nay, that carrying on seems to be rather more facile than it was before.

I do not know the reason therefor, but certainly it cannot be that progress is speeded up by killing all the best men. There are objections to that theory which any logician, however upset by the new mathematics, could adduce. The uncomfortable fact seems to be that war naturally sucks in those who can be most profitably spared, and lets go those whose talents are really useful. One hears, now and then, of promising young men cut down too soon, but the science of statistics scarcely justifies the accompanying mourning. Let us turn, for example, to the Civil War. In the Union Army, during the four years of the war, there were 2,666,999 men who reached the field, and of this number 110,070 were killed in battle or died of wounds, 199,720 died of disease, and 40,154 perished otherwise—murdered, killed by accident, or done to death in prisons. Of those who were murdered or died of accident or disease, probably 100,000 would

have died anyhow. Deducting that number, the total net loss comes to about 250,000. How many men were wounded is not certain, but probably the number ran to at least 1,000,000.

We don't know, of course, what the dead men would have done if they had lived, but we may reach some approximation to it by examining the wounded who survived. How many of them, after the war, contributed anything that was genuinely valuable to civilization? Searching the record for weary days and nights I can find but three names: those of Major Ambrose Bierce, Captain Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., and Private George Westinghouse. Captain Holmes alone survives, now as Mr. Justice Holmes—a just and enlightened judge, an ardent and indomitable friend of liberty, and a completely civilized man.

What other hero of those days is to be ranged beside him? I can find none. The typical survivor of the Civil War was the shallow political plug, McKinley, as the typical survivor of the late War to End War is the even shallower plug, young Teddy Roosevelt. All the really important men of the post-Civil War era, all the men who developed and fecundated such culture as we now have, from John D. Rockefeller to Walt Whitman, from Grover Cleveland to William James, from Mark Twain to Cyrus Field, from Andy Carnegie to Mark Hanna, from William Dean Howells to Bronson Howard, from John Fiske to James Russell Lowell, and from Willard Gibbs to Brigham Young—all these men were slackers, and leaped not to the cannon's roar. The three exceptions that research reveals I have listed. Apply the ratio to those who perished, and it appears that the Civil War cost American *Kultur* exactly three-fourths of a really valuable man. Call Fitz-James O'Brien, who died of his wounds, the other fourth—and the net loss comes to one man.

The melancholy conclusion that the science of statistics thus points to is amply confirmed by a study of military history. Of all the arts practised by man, the ai the soldier seems to call for the least i ligence and to develop the least pr sional competency. Every battle reco in history appears as a series of almos credible blunders and imbecilities—alw at least, on one side, and usually on b One marvels, reading the chronicles, any major engagement was ever w Even the greatest generals—for exam Bonaparte—walk idiotically into palp traps, and waste thousands of lives get themselves out. The lesser fry pro heroically from disaster to disaster; Burnside did during the Civil War Joffre during the World War. The simp problem of their ancient and eleme business flabbergasts them. They seem t congenitally incapable of reasoning clea even when all the facts are before th And at the enterprise of unearthing th facts they show only the gross and thetic ineptitude of a second-rate law or a third-rate pedagogue.

Whenever, at the practice of their ar the field, they confront a problem of complexity, they have to get help fr civilians, *i.e.*, from men not paralyzed training in their professional numskull It was so, as everyone knows, in the W War: the great captains on the two si lay locked in a bloody and horrible brace until engineers, chemists and pr agents came to their rescue, and pried th loose. All the while, behind the lines, t were laboriously drilling their recruits the archaic marchings and counter-mar ings of the Old Dessauer! . . . Yet human race, after watching such bung perform their gory buffooneries, che them when they come home, dazed empty-headed, and thrusts its high honors upon them! What a certificate to judgment, its common sense, its sense humor, its right to survive on earth! But perhaps a better day is dawning. English, having had time to ponder lessons of the late war, have made one its great lights a policeman!

H. L. M

AMERICAN SONS OF TH' OULD SOD

BY FRANK WARD O'MALLEY

Old Mr. William Laffan—a quizzical, gifted little Dublin gentleman who succeeded Charles A. Dana as owner the old New York *Sun* of blissful mem-—would sit near a window of Man-tan's almost painfully correct Union ub, and between infrequent puffs at a lar's worth of lengthy cigar and idle nces at the exclusive New York *Evening t* of those days, he would gaze thought-ly over his rimless spectacles at the men l women constantly passing in and out St. Patrick's Cathedral, just across the e street.

'A queer people, these Irish," he would h in a detached, slightly troubled way. Ie old friend, Docther Austin O'Malley, t described thim in wun av his books. ' Irishman,' says he, 'is th' human hymeme—all extremes an' no middle.' s, a very queer people, these Irish, in nny, manny ways."

Mr. Laffan, like his newspaper, was a nservative. I, being more liberal, should that we are a queer people in virtually ways. And as I herewith sketchily con-er our weird oddities I,like Mr. Laffan, not mean by "these Irish," of course, handful who still remain in their na-e land from choice, nor the millions o, because of poverty or American im-gration restrictions, cannot escape from ir sad, deplorable little island. I am iefly concerned here with the Duffys and kes, the O'Rourkes and O'Malleys, the llys and Burkes and Sheas whose off-ing within little more than a century ve rooted themselves for all time in our n cities, mountains and plains, from the oostook to Tia Juana.

The professional Irish among our American citizenry—the sort who still in fancy are always astride a prancing white stallion, Excalibur in hand, and daily destroying perfidious Albion—these strong-lunged champions tell us that at least one out of every five Americans you pass is Irish. Allowing for the carefreeness of Hibernian statement, this should mean that at least one in every ten or less, is largely of Irish blood. I have no exact figures at hand. All I know with any precision is that during the Al Smith presidential campaign I felt that we were too few—and that during the rest of my life I have often felt that there were far too many of us around me.

All my life I have had fairly intimate relations with Irish-Americans, but I did not really close in with ourselves in the raw until the outbreak of the war that ended war and made the world safe for democracy. (Mr. Wilson, alas, also was Irish.) More than two years before America entered the war I was in the thick of it, with the Irish-Americans fighting all around me. To be more explicit, throughout the whole four bloody years I daily did my bit amid the shock of battle by reporting for the *Sun* the delirious doings of the Friends of Irish Freedom and the friends of the Friends, all of whom were constantly crushing England all over Manhattan. Then all night and every night, so long as they held out, I carried on a private war of demolition of Teutonic products, especially the golden output of Munich, at a table at Lüchow's or Jack's. Nothing else in those emotional days so completely filled one with a childlike faith in the holiness of the Allied cause as a fourth cubic

foot of German or Austrian beer. A fifth, and I hated even Austrians. Came the dawn and I was always crying in my beer over a gentle Britannia, her back to the wall, suffering the rape of her high principles, losing all but virtue; weeping more bitterly for a fair France that had gone forth to battle wearing—as France, alone among nations, always does—shimmering white wings and a golden halo. It was always I who at daybreak led in the singing of the Marseillaise in the Battling Nelson Grill at Jack's.

Doubtless you can have some notion, therefore, of the way my soul was torn when the *Sun*, influenced by my surname, forced me for four years into a ringside seat daily and made me witness the further rape of Britannia and, indirectly, of her allies, at the hands and lungs of the eloquent young Jeremiah O'Leary, M'dame O'Donovan Rossa, Dr. Gertrude Kelley, the two Cohalans, and the fire-eating little General Ian Williams of the unbeaten Army of the Irish Republic—in short, all the cast of the stock company which, each in his turn and sometimes all together, set Ireland free at least seven times a week from rostrums all over the Greater City. Once at Carnegie Hall and again at a Sunday afternoon meeting in the old Madison Square Garden—the United States had been at war with Germany for months—I heard reports of progress of the Germans toward the English Channel lustily cheered. There were moments when I all but had the courts change my name to Plantagenet or Cohen. Once, indeed, I almost offered my sword to my country.

Each day I would enter the *Sun* city-room hoping against hope that a good, meaty divorce case, a murder of sound news value or a gloriously fatal fire in a crowded orphanage had just happened by way of journalistic relief—preferably a fire in a Yorkville or Hoboken German-American orphanage, stuffed with fat German babies that would burn with a clear blue flame. But always the boss, Kenneth Lord, would promptly crush my hopes.

"Your relatives are at it again," would say. "The meeting began at negie Hall about an hour ago, but—"

"Yes," I would break in wearily, there was a big row right at the kic and half the Irish marched out and holding a rump meeting in some c hall. Which hall?"

"You are our Irish-American repo Find out. Want a kid leg man to help yc

"Two," I learned to answer in t The last months of the war were on however, before I had hit upon this of sending one of the callow youths to Carnegie Hall rumpus and the second to the rump meeting elsewhere. T following my instructions, the two l late in the day, would report to me at beer-table at Lüchow's.

II

The plan caused trouble for me only o The cub that I sent one afternoon to Carnegie Hall section of the meeting a Harvard youth. Worse, he had just c pleted brief postgraduate work at Oxfo Harvard has as thorough an English cou as we have in the country, and it turns the rottenest newspaper men on ea Oxford—but I have no time here for t That evening I wrote a few introduct paragraphs about Ireland's latest freed and tacked to the introduction the ty observations of the Harvard-Oxfordi lad. I should have first at least glan through what he had written. His C negie Hall meeting that afternoon H been, it seems, a particularly dignii assemblage, doubtless because the Ri Rev. Michael J. Lavelle not only had l his name to the programme but was pres in a lowest-tier box. The Oxfordiz Harvard boy had seen the eminent chur man's pontifical title printed on the p gramme crudely as Mgr. It still troubles to remember that the *Sun* said next mo ing: "The meeting was held under management of *Manager* Lavelle." Leav to Harvard, backed up by Oxford,

nge a harsh Mgr. to Manager! If only ustice to the old *Sun's* meticulous copy- k, let me add that we had just learned t Mr. Munsey had bought the planta- n, taking over also all the slaves, and were all extremely drunk.

he next day even Mr. Munsey partly sed that something was wrong. He ed me whether that "Manager" Lavelle correct. I told him it was and changed subject. But I did not get off so easily h the Friends of Irish Freedom and their nds. Long before this the more ardent he liberators of Ireland had accused me nly of having been bought by British d. Even my really sincere pleas to them slip to me unostentatiously the address the nearest British gold distributing ter in Manhattan did not convince them t I had not as yet got mine. To the pro- ional Irish of New York that "Mana- " Lavelle was, for some reason that ever quite could fathom, the dirtiest b in the back that the Cause had ever eived at my traitorous hands. They eed—so far as Irish-Americans can agree hat an O'Malley *must* have known per- tly well what Mgr. stood for, espe- lly before the august name of a Lavelle. ly Monsignor Lavelle himself remained olly calm and undisturbed. All the rest used me of deliberately descending to pant slurs at a prince of the Church. A vert's notion of humor. It was all most tressing.

The eminent Daniel Cohalan did me the nor to summon me to his chambers. In quarters in an Irish-American-owned ilding, just back of the City Hall, the en Justice had a transcendental doorman his name escapes me—who radiated tly at all local meetings where Ireland s freed. This super-doorman and his ad green sash and weighty white arger were annually in the forefront of e only "regular" and official St. Patrick's y parade, which, marching north from e Washington Arch to the Plaza, glared ckly the length of the line each year at e only "regular" and official St. Patrick's Day parade simultaneously marching south from the Plaza to the Washington Arch.

He was a super-doorman especially gifted at glaring. When he saw my name and "The *Sun*" on the card I was sending in to Justice Cohalan he gave me a glare freely that an Emil Jannings could have sold at Hollywood for a big bunch of money.

"So *ye* are th' young bucko!" he barked. "*Ye*—an O'Malley"—he uttered the magnificent name almost reverently—"an' wun av us!"

"One of what, brother?" I asked in hurt tones.

"Wun av us Oirish, av coorse."

"No," I said, with wartime zeal. "I was born in Pennsylvania, and I am an American."

"O-ho-o-o!" said he. "So ye're ashamed av ye're nationality."

"Dry up. Why should I be ashamed of being an American?"

"That's not phwat I mean, an' damn' well ye know it isn't!"

Damn' well it wasn't, and damn' well I knew it, too. Heroically I repressed a hideous temptation, as I was led to the inner sanctum, to hum a strain or two of "The Battle of The Boyne Wather"—we reporters were supposed merely to get the war news, not make it. Therefore I was still all in one piece as I was ushered into the presence of the eminent Justice Cohalan.

Now that I am older I realize better the importance of that conference. It was my ill luck that day, however, to be in the all-but-death grip of a malady that prostrates so many newspaper men. What I mean is that I had just then decided to write a play —still intend to write it when I can get round to it. Therefore, now, years later, I still blush to think that while the noted jurist was kindly giving more than half an hour of his crowded day to orienting my jumbled notions of the Cause, I was straightening out my second act. I never heard a doggone word the great man said.

It means a full life, this matter of being of Irish blood, especially to those of us whose forebears were wise and good enough

to escape from Ireland and bring us forth in a broad land that gives us unhampered opportunity in our life work of raising hell. Residence in Ireland itself fatally cramps us. Ireland with admirable persistency produces its Dukes of Wellington, its Bernard Shaws, Northcliffes, and Kitcheners, its Victor Herberts and its ancestral strains that culminate in Henry Fords. Always, however, before Erin's worthies swung into their upward stride one of two things has to happen to them, usually both: their immediate ancestry has to be leavened, balanced, with English blood, or the lads have to pack up and board the outgoing boat at the North Wall Docks of Dublin and seek some other land in which to do their stuff. If the Duke of Wellington had remained in his native Ireland, he would have lived and died a Sackville street cop. If our Henry's progenitors had not escaped from Cork to the Detroit neighborhood just in time, Henry today would be merely just one more of those filling-station "mechanics" that I encountered during a recent motor trip in Ireland. Delightful, breezy chaps, these far-scattered motor repairmen, so I found when engine trouble caused me to stop at their garages; but always we had the same old argument before I could convince them that the engine of an automobile is *not* under the rear seat. Our Henry, but for the looser emigration quotas of an earlier time, would be one of them today. And Young Edsel would have meat, if lucky, only on Christmas Day.

I went to Ireland not long ago to put in a month there, and remained a week. It was my first visit. It was and always will be my last. I am afraid that in so short a trip I unearthed only fundamentals. I learned, to my astonishment, for instance, that there are worse cooks and cooking on earth than the English. Although I already knew that the so-called fighting Irish never have been able to produce *in* Ireland an acceptable third-rate prize-fighter, it all but stunned me to learn that there isn't an Irish bartender *in* Ireland who can mix a decent drink. I did find one sandy-h gentleman who presided acceptably a Shelbourne Hotel bar in Dublin, bu name was Hans, and he had studie art, he told me, in Chicago's old Co Inn. Not a third-rate native fighter barkeeps worthy the name! In *Ire* God! I got out.

In my race toward Dublin and an going night-boat I kept an eye out, des my law-breaking speed, for those in ingly ravishing natural beauties of m tain and dale which Irish authors lecturers in America had told me ab I remembered how John McCorm singing of the beauties of the Shannon the Vale of Avoca from the Hippodr stage on Sunday nights, had left even c hardened Head Usher Izzy Schoenfeld w from weeping, and me an emotional wr I'll wager now that if I wanted to take matter into our courts, I could force J to pay me my admission money back. realtor boosters he and the rest of the I make even a Californian talking t Florida man seem inarticulate.

During this unsuccessful search thro Ireland for scenic beauty that would c pare with even my own State of New Jer the old and obvious truth came to my m again: we Irish, especially in America, brook no half measures; we can hypno ourselves into extremes of ecstasy as r estate boosters, even with nothing to w on but a grubby island, soggy with bogs occasionally graced by a lone t hideous domestic architecture of packing-case school, main streets fil with manure, the worst hotels on earth, nowhere a window box of pos rarely even a lone flower to brighten clammy, rain-swept dreariness; pove ugly and ghastly. We can't in decency these things in public, with a lot of Pro tants and truck like that listening. W then? Well then, being Irish, we go to other extreme. High on the soap-box mount and—Exhibit A being a safe th thousand miles away from our Ameri audiences—we yowl gloriously, ne

ing up until we have made of this most
rly worthless Erin the most over-
ertised hunk of real estate on earth.
human enthymeme—that's us.

III

years my illusions concerning the racial
ld-record superiorities of us Irish had
n tottering; most of the last of them
k forever in the bogs of Ireland itself;
the war had left few to sink. Most
nful to lose was my notion—not an
ommon one in America—that Irish
od and a sense of humor are all but
onymous.

t is true that when we Irish in America
not submerged in a sea of melancholia,
lriving our children to drink because of
congenital neurasthenic irritability
nd the house, we have a blithesomeness
spirit that is surpassed only by Negro
stabouts or the jazz pianist in a Harlem
se of ill-fame. We, like America in
eral, have a quick appreciation of the
ad and lowly comic, a faculty which,
ecially in America, is almost always
taken for the rare, intellectual, analytic
se of the incongruous, the real sense of
nor. America's Prohibition circus; mil-
ns of otherwise fairly sane citizens grow-
delirious over a Harding or a Coolidge;
old Presbyterian college don at Ver-
les acclaiming himself a world-leading
esman and simultaneously, humbly,
ning on the dotted line at a word from a
ap ward-precinct showman like David
yd-George—these things are funny,
n uproariously funny, at the moment,
are ever after of rich, mellow humor.
America can't see it. As for us Irish,
have just as keen a sense of humor as a
thodist parson or the average run of
sidents of the United States. In brief,
Irish have no sense of humor at all.

This is why we can go solemnly through
h our meetings of protest and oratory
thout laughing ourselves into hysteria.
ecall that at one of my first wartime
vspaper assignments to an Irish meeting
at Carnegie Hall a swarthy little man from Ireland named Redmond—not the eminent John—was the chief speaker. He had been imported all the way from Ireland, chiefly because of his oratorical reputation. When you send three thousand miles for a speaker he must have his points. As a matter of fact, I found him one of the most delightful orators that I had ever listened to, and his brogue was rich and rare.

"Me frinds," he began, "let ye first understand that in the message I bring to ye from dear Erin to-night I will not discind t' abuse. 'Tis me pride that not wance in me long years av service in ould Oirland's cause have I ever discinded to uttering wun unkind word against even Orangemen or other Protestants—dirty, low, unscrupulous, infamous, blackguard, lying bigots though they ar-r-re!"

Tremendous applause. Although we reporters, as I have said, are not supposed to egg on the news but merely to get it, I climbed high on my press chair and cheered that magnificent opening thought. Unfortunately I could not stifle my laughter when the applause had died down, despite the reproving black looks that stabbed me from all sides. I should have known from the utter lack of even a smile among the rest of the great audience that there was nothing to smile at, certainly nothing at which to laugh. Ireland was again being freed, right within the hour! Who could be frivolous at so momentously historic a moment? It took a threat to throw me out of the hall to quiet me; I would not let myself be excluded from that speech for a great deal. It was a wonderful address—far more wonderful than either the solidly Irish-American audience or even the Irish orator knew. With the same solemn reverence and rapt attention which they and their fathers had accorded the Hon. William Jennings Bryan through three presidential campaigns, they drank it all in portentously, leaving me alone in my laughs. And what, incidentally, was there humorous about the Commoner?—kindly tell us Irish-Americans *that!*

A valuable gift in a material way, this utter lack of a sense of humor. See what America itself has accomplished, with nothing to start on except her natural resources and no sense of humor at all. Even with no material advantages to begin with, any lad will go far in America who is supercharged with neurasthenic energy, abnormal jealousy of the success of others in big things or small, a deep sense of racial and social inferiority, no sense of humor, an unbounded ambition to rise above lowly origins and, once he has begun to rise, the histrionic gift of pompously highhatting mankind. Give me a bright boy with these American virtues and I shall bet you at any odds you demand that before he is forty he will achieve a full-page portrait in the *American Magazine*. Snobbishness helps, too. Little does the rest of America appreciate the extremes to which Almighty God went in the matter of endowing us Irish-Americans with all these qualities, so necessary to New World Success.

Please do not make the mistake of thinking that my own full measure of Irish blood causes me to boast this way about us Irish-Americans. I can submit undeniable facts. Take any of the qualities that are so important to the American notion of Success —pompousness, for instance. The humblest Tenth avenue Irish saloon-keeper never found it any trouble at all to sire a son who, elevated to the bench by Tammany, could by the sheer impressiveness of his mere entry into a dingy East Side municipal court-room change it instantly to a gilded throne-room. Have you ever been fortunate enough to be among the awe-stricken when a white-whiskered Knight of St. Gregory and Wall Street advanced to his chair on the dais at a Friendly Sons of St. Patrick dinner?

One Sunday morning at a swagger American Summer resort I saw a gentleman —once as lowly a carpenter and builder as the humble Nazarene Himself, but now far above that sort of thing—proceed up the aisle to his front pew in the church edifice that he had paid for wholly from his purse. Note that he did not walk u aisle; he proceeded. Then, a few m later, I saw the Pope, surrounded by a oriental splendor, carried on high in Peter's. The Irish-American's entran his personal house of God was the impressive. *He* needed no Papal G Say what you will, the blue blood c ancient kings will tell!

These gruelling, intense, quick clim Social Register pages at which we Americans are so adept call, too, unique and heroic trait of character t unknown and unnecessary among A can climbers of other bloods. In struggle up the ladder we must leav hind us, even trample savagely under our earlier and most cherished prides. sacrifice of ours is heartrending at and always embarrassing. An Ame Smith or Jones is a 100% American he steps on the lowest rung of the la and is still proudly waving his racial Spangled Banner when he reaches the We Irish-Americans are raucously, b erently and at least 200% Irish on our to the foot of the ladder, but once we upon the lowest rung we have to steel selves to give the very ideal we have shouting about a swift kick in the s Far too little do you outsiders know o heartrendings this face-about causes u

I remember and knew intimately o these heroic Irish-American familie knew many, but this typical one will fice. The Irish-born founder of the hou America, old Patrick Joseph McDo was, like so many of his kind, content his accumulation of suburban real es his three-story McDonald Block, his h painted saloon ceiling at the corner of and Washington streets, his rise in local Ancient Order of Hibernians, an free exercise in America of a daily which, back in Ireland, had been onl inhibited dream—the simple but satisf pleasure of wiping his bar with a British flag. It was a graceful life, with virtuous contentment, and lea

:h fireside leisure in which to instill in children the all but self-evident facts t the only land worth living in was and, just so long as you could come and cially go at will, that the only race on h worth its salt was the Irish and that only Irish worth a tinker's dam were McDonalds.

n idyllic Hibernian-American house- d was the McDonalds', especially while children were young, what with its ner-table small talk about the short- hings and worse of all friends and neigh- s, the blackness of Protestant bigotry, local and national glories and achieve- nts of True Church, the new pastor from wrong part of Ireland, the disgusting of his old-maid sister, oral massacres r family differences of opinion, justly erved and unanimous censures of affluent ishioners of painfully low Irish origin the damning of Britannia and all her rks and pomps. In brief, just a good old- hioned, happy Irish-American home.

Then one day, down in the bowels of the th almost a thousand feet below the Donald real estate, a rich vein of an- acite coal was discovered. All the Mc- nald children had a part, as I remember in forcing father to retire from his active rcantile calling and, over night, to troy a really costly green and gold street n bearing the noble legend: "Patrick J. Donald. Wines, Liquors & Seegars." be associated now with the institution own about the house variously as "the re" or "our place of business" was hinkable to the younger McDonalds. t it was the eldest daughter, the queenly ss Bridget, who alone and bravely took first tentative step up the long ladder at leads to the skies. She changed her me to Bridgetta.

A simple change to make, you say? Ah, u of a colder patriotism, you cannot sp what it means to us when circum- nces beyond our control force us to inquish the full sounding glory of a me like Patrick or Bridget—to change se glories to the more high-toned Bridgetta and to Packy or Pee Jay. Changes in name like these weigh us down with the guilty thought that we are ashamed of being Irish.

Old Honorah—Mrs. McDonald—herself realized but vaguely, I fancy, just when and how she had begun to refer to her spouse less and less as Pat. As a concession to the children she began to give him his full name of Patrick, but the children were still troubled. They were little more pleased when she spoke of the head of the house as Himself. Pee Jay in the end was her closest to a solution of the distressing problem. Let me say for the old gentleman himself that one of the last prayers he uttered from his solid mahogany death-bed was a cry from the heart, "In God's name, Honorah, call me Pathrick, or get ye t' hell from the room!" That was only a few hours before Miss Bridgetta changed her name again, this time to Belle, and announced to a visitor at the old gentleman's bedside that the correct spelling of the family name was MacDonald, and that the family itself was Scotch-Irish. Old Pee Jay glared glassily at Belle for a moment, groaned deeply, and died.

Pee Jay MacDonald, Jr., the new head of the house, survived the founder of the family fortunes only a year or two, but before he too died he had turned the MacDonald mine and mining over to a coal-carrying railroad on an impressive royalty basis. I remember Pee Jay, Jr., sharply as the first man who wore spats openly in our town, and because of his daring appearance one warm Summer night at an open-air band concert—daring to the extent of appearing in evening clothes *without an overcoat* to conceal the ostentation.

The social rise of the younger Pee Jay was so rapid, in fact, that in no time the rest of us Irish-Americans thoroughly detested him, as was natural. Then he was seized with that fatal combination of maladies which too often lays low the more successful Irish-Americans—ulcers of the stomach, cirrhosis of the liver, and uræmic coma. The combination, they say,

results from a too sudden leisure when combined with our racial extremist propensities. He left a son, Aloysius—Alan, they call him now for short—who is the present head of the house. The old Scotch strain in his ancestry has come through more strongly in Alan than it did in his father. What with his cross-country riding on Long Island and his atavistic passion for the late-Summer grouse shooting on the moors of bonny Scotland, he keeps himself as fit as his two lovely boys, young Angus and Malcolm Macdonald.

IV

So many of us financially—therefore socially—successful Irish in America go Scotch over night because, I suppose, the Scotch route is so easy a way out. But, Lord, what a sacrifice! Back in Ireland, to call oneself Scotch openly was a thing that was simply not done. Scotch-Irish was a fighting term. We Irish may sometimes confess to slight personal faults, and, God knows, a great part of our lives is given to lamenting over the faults of our Irish friends; but whatever our racial shortcomings, we heartily exult in our superiority to those dour Caledonian paper-saving, string-picking yes-men to an English King.

Perhaps it is the acknowledged Protestantism of the term Scotch-Irish and all things Scotch in a Protestant America that tempts us beyond our strength. (In God's name, don't quote me as saying this!) The Irish Catholics are so pitifully few on the top rungs of the ladder. The "pervert" McCartney, a Protestant, shins up the ladder much more quickly than his cousins, the McCarthys, of St. Rose of Lima's parish. The switch from Catholic Mc to the Protestant, more swagger Mac is so easy. It is we O's who have the hard tussle. My own efforts to make the Social Register have been heart-breaking, lacking, as I do, the seven-figure bank account that always levels the path to social success. Imagine my chagrin when, just as a place in the O-section was all but mine, I was crowded out by an ex-prize-fighter and, still I by an ex-convict! I tried the hyphen F. Ward-O'Malley for a while, but Br way still greeted me with its accusto "Hello, you big harp!" I am handicap too, by my firm belief in Catholicism.

The sufferings of us Catholic Irish are socially ambitious, however, ar nothing compared to the grief of an I American Protestant cursed with a nounced Hibernian name. A patr Englishman listening to an Irish to-with-the-King speech has a positive for the Irish compared to the fee toward all things Irish which the soc ambitious Protestant Irish-American e tains. Perhaps that is why the Protes Irishman among us can out-smart the t imaginative of his Catholic brethren in matter of name furbishing. Their Murp become Morphys, even Morphees. T Dugans become Dugannes—pronou Du*ganne*. At one time in my old h town in Pennsylvania we had a Y.M.C secretary be th' name av Wesley Flana He was the most suave, Christ-like, M odist gentleman I ever knew—and to b active Methodist, a Y.M.C.A. secre and a gentleman simultaneously is no m attainment. Then one day I thoughtle addressed him as Mr. Flanagan. In an stant the only noticeable difference tween him and the rest of the insane w difference of residence. What he said to was so ungodly that I never failed th after to remember that his family name distinctly pronounced Fl'*naw*gan. He w I learned, one of the Scotch Fl'*naw*gans

It took the English a long time to le empirically what we of the old Dana-i *Sun* had to know instinctively—that can down a man much more effectively making him appear ridiculous than can by losing your head and savagely w loping him. Whereupon England, altho still continuing to take odd punches Ireland, above and below the belt, be to build up a large library of books plays devoted largely to the idea that Irishman was, at best, a side-splitt

leeze. The earlier Americans took their ary and stage literature over bodily n England; therefore by the time we h had begun to land in America in num- s we found that our reputation as asses . laughable blatherskites had preceded -a false reputation which, as any sen- e Irishman will tell you, was just one re instance of England's centuries old paganda against us. Then we Irish, once blished here, started right in to prove t England was right.

Although so many of us, at least in the generation, give much time to making mplete asses and nuisances of ourselves, have had unnumbered saner folk among who have proved also that we Irish- ericans can in one generation rise more ckly from the depths to commendable ghts than our non-Irish neighbors can. what is generically known as "the pro- ions," especially the law and medicine, being Irish and therefore ignoring all ddle distances, are far more adept at ping in one jump from Shantytown to cess than are any other first-generations he newly Americanized. In our Ameri- medical world we produced in no time Daniel McCarthy in Philadelphia and a n Murphy in Chicago and, grading vn from giants like these, tens of thou- ds who, born in the slums of ditch-dig- g immigrant fathers, arose over night become lawyers, doctors or bankers te as ethical and brilliant as any of their leagues of far gentler birth and opportu- y. Our Irish-American successes in poli- ? Well, if you don't mind, I should ner not go into that, especially in a soap- panegyric like this. Oddly enough, I re- nber only one Irish-American who went or politics, the Hon. Alfred E. Smith. do not quite understand why we Irish- ericans have done so little in literature, ecially when I stop to think that, as l word-slingers, we lead the world. Our ef indoor and outdoor sport is shouting, we can bring it to a very high art. lliam Lyon Phelps will back me up— has backed me up—when I say that Æ, the Irish critic, is the champion long-distance talker, also the most interesting, on earth. The late James Gibbons Huneker, whose forebears were chiefly Irish, was America's most magnificent conversationalist. Perhaps the rest of us take so much protracted pleasure in listening rapturously to ourselves that we have no time left for the writing desk.

But paltry though our contribution to the arts may be, we Irish have instigated and brought to perfection about everything else worth while, not only in America but all over the world, and since the earliest times. We even have a healthy national organization, the American Irish Historical Society, which, by working night and day on its books and pamphlets, has proved to its own satisfaction that while God may have created the universe without Irish help, He was taking a terrible risk in so doing.

One night years ago in a Gramercy Park club I heard one of the brilliant research workers of this Irish-American organization dilate on Irish achievements to a small round-table group that included white-maned old Mark Twain. The Hibernian expert proved conclusively that the then waning American idol, Admiral Dewey, was wholly Irish, that the Irish Brigade won the battle of Gettysburg and thus saved the North from annihilation, and that George Washington would have got nowhere if he had not surrounded himself with a succession of Irish advisers and Irish aides-de-camp. By the time he had worked back to the fact that Columbus's navigating officer and most of his crew were Irish the club bar closed, and there was no place to go but home.

"Jimmy," drawled Mark Twain as the party was breaking up, "you have about convinced me that Christ Himself was Irish."

"Sam," replied the Irishman sonorously, a proud lift to his chin, "I'm working on that now."

STATISTICS AND INTELLIGENCE

BY LOUIS LE FEVRE

Are the differences in intelligence which manifestly exist among men mainly due to inheritance or to the influence of environment? One of the most important and fiercely fought battles in the intellectual world is the dispute over this question. There is no lack of confident dogmatic assertions by the combatants. We are assured categorically, for example, by Professor E. M. East that the mentality of man "is due fundamentally to his hereditary endowment, to his inborn traits." But Dr. John B. Watson believes, on the other hand, that any normally healthy baby, by the proper environmental conditioning, may be developed into "a genius, a cultured gentleman, a rowdy or a thug."

This difference of opinion clearly has vital significance. The proper behavior of parents, teachers and voters in countless contingencies must depend on which view, if either, is correct. What, then, is the layman to do when he is faced by one of these contingencies? Professor East has a logical answer to this question. The layman should listen to experts. The biologists are the only experts in the laws of heredity. Therefore, we should accept what biologists tell us about inheritance and ignore the writings of "amateurs and dilettantes."

In view of this scorn of the amateur it is disconcerting to note that Gregor Mendel, who discovered the first of the fundamental laws of heredity, "was not really a biologist." As Dr. East himself points out, "biology was one of the numerous avocations of his active life, like playing chess, organising fire-brigades, running banks, and fighting government taxes." Perhaps it was for this reason that it t the professional biologists thirty-five y after Mendel published his epoch-ma work to realize that anything worth their notice had happened.

But no doubt Mendel was an except In general, it is unquestionably desir that the amateur should take his kn edge of heredity from the biologist. T are still difficulties, however, which m one hesitate to swallow the gospel of omnipotence of heredity blindfold, hun trusting in the infallibility of the offi instructors.

In the first place, biologists of the hi est rank disagree as to the applicatio the laws of heredity to the inheritanc human intelligence. Furthermore, mos the arguments which are intended to pr the dominant influence of heredity on telligence rest heavily on masses of sta tics which are entirely irrelevant to problem. Finally, certain dogmas of more ardent believers in the power heredity are contradicted by obser facts discovered in recent investigations

The disagreements among biologists high standing on this subject have b adequately set forth by Dr. H. S. Jenni and Dr. Raymond Pearl of The Jo Hopkins. One feature of this disagreem seriously complicates the problem of pert testimony. Says Jennings:

> Every creature has many inheritances, which o shall be realized depending on the conditio under which it develops; but man is the creatu that has the greatest number of possible heritage Or, more accurately, men and other organisms c not inherit their characteristics at all. What the parents leave them are certain packets of chem cals which under one set of conditions produ one set of characters, under other conditions pr

uce other sets. In man, the number of diverse sets hat may thus be produced is very great; although t is, of course, not unlimited. But what the limiations are cannot be stated from general biologial principles or from what we know of any other rganisms; they can be discovered only by conrete studies of man himself.

If general biological principles cannot themselves solve the problem, it apars doubtful whether the biologists are e only experts entitled to be heard. After , the question whether human intellince is the product primarily of heredity environment involves both the laws of redity and the nature and working of telligence. It is by no means self-evident at a life devoted to the breeding of corn, as or guinea-pigs automatically qualifies biologist as an authority on human inligence.

Indeed, the work of anthropologists and ychologists seems decidedly more relent to this inquiry. East speaks with lofty ntempt of the writings of newspaper en and bartenders, but possibly even serve in these lowly occupations gives as ear an insight into the working of the uman mind as that gained in his prossional labors by a professor of botany.

II

we turn, as Jennings proposes, to conete studies of man, we are immediately erwhelmed by a raging torrent of statisics, based mainly on the famous intellince tests.

Intelligence, in truth, is a difficult word define, and the claim that it can be curately measured is certainly open to uestion. Of the numerous tests, probably two measure exactly the same abilities. evertheless, some tests apparently mease with moderate accuracy qualities which e included in the ordinary meaning of the ord intelligence.

There are, however, two difficulties out the interpretation of the deluge of gures provided by the testers. First, the atistics which are supposed to deal with ie same facts and relationships disagree. Second, a very large proportion of them, even if they are accurate, shed no light whatever on the question at issue.

Part I of the Twenty-Seventh Yearbook of the National Society for the Study of Education is devoted to the influence of nature and nurture upon intelligence. It contains an enormous mass of figures, from which we learn the following facts. The correlation in intelligence between brothers and sisters brought up together, as measured by various tests given by different experimenters, is about .60, or it is .42, or it is .49. The correlation between parents and their children is .35, or perhaps .53, or it may be .56. Similar variations might by cited by the hundred. Thus the science of statistics gives diverse results.

The fact remains, however, that all the figures show a tendency for the children in the same family to resemble each other. Children also resemble their parents. The strength of these tendencies appears to depend on conditions, or possibly on the preconceived opinions of the statistician. But what does the resemblance itself prove as to the influence of heredity?

Clearly it proves nothing at all. Brothers and sisters have a similar heredity, but they also live in a similar environment. Parents are responsible for the heredity of their children, but they are likewise responsible for their environment, especially in the formative years of early childhood. So the statistics as to resemblance have no relation to the point at issue.

Another huge accumulation of figures suffers from an equally obvious fallacy. Francis Galton, the father of eugenics, wrote a book to prove that distinguished men are likely to have distinguished relatives. His followers still devote apparently inexhaustible quantities of time and paper to learned researches, showing with a wealth of statistical detail that a man whose name appears in "Who's Who" often has a relative in the same august volume.

But the low value of these researches can be illustrated by concrete examples. The

present Senator La Follette was elected to succeed his father. Statistically, this is perfect evidence of inherited ability. He may indeed, be an able man, but an elementary knowledge of Wisconsin politics suggests that inherited ability is not the only possible explanation of his election. Similarly, Mr. Lloyd George has both a son and a daughter in the new British Parliament. Again Theodore Roosevelt was once Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and later his son held the same position. This last no more proves that Teddy the younger inherited aptitudes as a sailor than the election of Ma Ferguson as Governor of Texas proves that she inherited her husband's political genius. Acres of such statistics on hereditary ability indicate merely that it is an advantage to have powerful relatives and friends.

Alexander the Great was a son of Philip of Macedon, and they were both men of extraordinary genius. But before we rush to the conclusion that Alexander must have inherited his brilliant qualities from his father it is well to consider that Philip chose Aristotle as Alexander's tutor. Intelligent men and women are likely to bring up their children more successfully than morons. But this is no evidence that intelligence itself is an inherited character.

Another exhaustive statistical study is that made by F. A. Woods of mental and moral qualities among the royal families of Europe. He found that here also children tend to resemble their parents. And he offered his results as decisive evidence, on the ground that the members of royal families *all* enjoy an unusually favorable environment. He believed, therefore, that the differences must have been due to heredity. In other words, the son of the last Czar of Russia, brought up under the influence of Rasputin, lived in an atmosphere as stimulating intellectually as that which surrounded the son of Philip, brought up under the influence of such a man as Aristotle.

The eugenic enthusiasts who compile statistics are often incredibly naïve!

III

Statistics which may be affected ei
by heredity or by environment, or by b
are obviously meaningless in explai
differences in intelligence. A realizatio
this fact has recently led to attempt
separate the influence of the factors.
results of two recent efforts to deal w
the question through an investigatio
the intelligence of foster children are
lished in the Yearbook previously cite

Miss Barbara S. Burks of Stanford U
versity carried out an extremely deta
study of the intelligence of 214 adop
children, correlated with the mental ag
their foster parents and with their h
environment. These children had all b
legally adopted and were placed in t
foster homes at an average age of t
months. A similar study was made of
children in their own homes, who w
carefully selected so that their parental
home environment was as nearly as po
ble equivalent to that of the foster childr

The scales by which home environm
was judged certainly show a conscienti
effort to omit nothing. They cover seve
pages of highly entertaining reading.
extract from the portion of the so-cal
Whittier Home Scale, dealing with
Necessities," illustrates its thoroughne
We learn that the following home is
titled to four points:

> Income: salary and tips of headwaiter in a larg
> hotel. Clothing: neat, well-kept, apparently mad
> to last. Good table set. Half modern bungalow
> Furniture: good quality, plentiful. Wicker an
> reed chairs, piano, rugs, good pictures. Rathe
> poor lighting from windows, but modern electri
> fixtures. Running water, modern sanitary con
> veniences. Rear porch bedroom, couch in living
> room.

This home gets five points:

> Architect, well-to-do. Well-dressed. Tablewar
> indicates abundant food. Large modern bungalow
> frame construction, well finished. Furniture: fin
> quality, plentiful. Fine carpets, rugs and pictures
> Modern conveniences, built-in cupboards, electri
> fixtures, plumbing.

The scale neglects to tell how the tab
ware indicated plenty of food, but perha

dishes had not been washed. It is also ttle difficult to see the connection be- en wicker chairs, fine rugs or modern mbing and intelligence. The home of rates, I fear, would have ranked low on Athenian equivalent of this scale. The ne of Einstein might rank equally low, e he has never possessed the income of eadwaiter. Nevertheless, by its exist- e, the scale undoubtedly sheds light on ain aspects of intelligence in modern erica.

In this investigation, besides the Whit- Scale, another was used, based on the abulary of parents, the education of ents, the interests of parents, the home ary, and artistic taste. Thus each child, h parent, and each home was carefully d and given an exact statistical value. By the Stanford-Binet test the average elligence quotient of the foster children s 107.4; the average I.Q. of the own ldren used as controls was 115.4. Since environment of the two groups, accord- to the statistics, was equally favorable, difference of eight points in the average .'s must have been due to the superior edity of the control group. On the other nd, at least part of the seven points by ich the adopted children exceeded the mal average of 100 was presumably due he favorable environment in their foster nes.

Miss Burks estimates that the average ate intelligence of the foster children s slightly above normal, perhaps 102 or . This inference is supported by little dence. About 80% of these children re illegitimate, and they were all given by their mothers within a few months. these days of birth control it seems very btful that the parents of unwanted, gitimate children rank above the gen- l average in intelligence.

These measurements, however, are mere- preliminary. The figures so conscien- usly accumulated soon roll over, play d and jump through hoops. In the end we rn that 17% of the differences in intelli- ce among the foster children are due to home environment, and 37% of the differences among the control children are due to the combination of home environment and parental intelligence. It is then hastily decided that the remainder of 63% unaccounted for by the statistics must be due almost entirely to heredity. Thus the total contribution of heredity "is probably not far from 75 or 80%." The question is settled by statistics—and statistics cannot lie!

Unfortunately, these statistics are based on the assumption that there are no significant differences in environment between the foster and control groups which might influence the intelligence of the children in the two groups unequally. This assumption is pure guess-work.

Even the figures that are given show differences that may well be significant. The average family income of the foster parents is $6,200; that of the control parents is $4,100. The average number of children in the foster families is 1.5; in the control families it is 2.3. In a family with two children and an income of $4,100, there will obviously be little surplus to employ nurses or servants. With an income of $6,200 and one child, the situation is different. The homes are rated on a basis of chairs, rugs and plumbing, but the scales say nothing about servants. Yet it seems likely that a nurse might influence a child's intelligence rather more than a rug or a bathtub.

It is assumed that the relationship between the foster parents and their adopted children is precisely equivalent to that between the control parents and their own children. But if the foster parents are more likely to delegate the care of the children to others, this assumption is clearly unfounded. In that case the most significant correlation to indicate the influence of the environment might be with the mental age of the nurse, rather than with that of the foster parents.

Finally, no two children ever born, not even Siamese twins, have had exactly the same environment. No method of evalu-

ating parental care or many other influences by statistics has yet been discovered. The attempt to cancel out all environmental factors by statistical averages is, to say the least, excessively ambitious.

IV

When intelligence tests are given after an interval to children who have been previously tested, the results of the tests on the same individual in most cases do not vary greatly. There are often wide differences in a relatively few cases, but these differences generally cancel one another, so that the average is seldom materially affected.

For example, 1112 children in the Lincoln School were given two or more tests. The median gain in I.Q. between tests was slightly less than one point. Sixty-one children gained 15 points or more, the highest gain being 51 points. Thirty-nine children lost more than 15 points, the greatest loss being 32 points. Five hundred and seventy-three children varied less than five points. Again Dr. John Munroe, after testing and retesting 700 individuals over a period of sixteen years, found that variations of as much as 35 points were not extremely rare.

The occasional wide variations are doubtless sometimes due to errors or to the imperfect reliability of the tests. On the other hand, they sometimes seem to indicate authentic variations in intelligence. The stability of the averages means only that within a large group gains and losses are likely to offset each other, which is natural enough, but it does not imply that intelligence cannot be changed.

Another study of the intelligence of foster children, made by Professors Frank N. Freeman and Karl J. Holzinger, and Mrs. Blythe C. Mitchell of the University of Chicago, gives interesting results on this point. A group of 74 foster children had been given intelligence tests before being placed in their new homes at an average age of eight years. They were again tested after several years and it was found that they had made an average (after correction for the difference in of 7.5 points. The corrected gain by th children placed in homes rated better the average was 10.4 points. The corre gain by the 37 younger children in group, who were placed at an average of six years, was also over ten po According to the investigators, the re show "that children placed at eight y of age in relatively poor homes gain nificantly in intelligence. A greater might be expected had they been place an earlier age in higher grade homes."

Doubtless seven or even ten points is an enormous gain, since the ordinary v ation in I.Q. among an equally large gr of children taken at random would co range of at least seventy points. Never less, 33% of the unselected group wo fall within ten points, and 57% wi twenty points.

Another phase of this Chicago st appears to be significant. We are consta being warned by eugenic enthusia armed with horrifying statistics, that children of morons and criminals in tably inherit the evil qualities of t parents, and that drastic sterilization l are needed to save America from be destroyed by hordes of the unfit. Accord to eugenic standards, the true parents the Chicago foster children were certai a bad lot. Out of 401 children, 120 had parent and 26 more had both parents ported as mentally defective. One hund and forty-five had one parent and 73 oth had both parents rated as morally de tive. In many other cases information a the parents was lacking. Twelve child had insane fathers and 28 insane mothe Forty-eight children had fathers who b been imprisoned, while 27 had moth imprisoned or placed in institutions such offenses as murder, adultery, d orderly conduct, forgery, and excess drinking. In many respects these figures comparable to those for the Jukes fami over whom so many eugenic tears ha been shed.

These foster children, however, had been arated from their true parents and ced in a new environment. Under these ditions their average rating in intelli- ce, corrected for age, was entirely nor- l—about one point less than that of un- ected children. Furthermore, only 32 of entire group presented serious problems misbehavior. Again the science of sta- ics gives various results.

One favorite dogma of the heredity cult been that feeble-mindedness is in- ited according to the Mendelian Law as imple recessive unit character. In that e, all the children of two feeble-minded ents would be feeble-minded. Much rt has been devoted to the collection of tistics to prove that this is true. A child h of whose parents are feeble-minded s not grow up in a highly intellectual nosphere, but such considerations do worry an enthusiastic statistician. Both parents of 26 children among this icago group were reported as mentally ective. The average I.Q. of these chil- n was 81, which is low, but eleven points ve the level of feeble-mindedness. Only r of the 26 were feeble-minded. These r had all remained with their own ents till they were more than six years l, and three of them till they were more n eight. They all had younger brothers o had been separated from their parents the time they were four years old; and se younger brothers were all normal. It ortunate that the application of the laws physics to building bridges gives more sistent results than the application of e laws of biology to feeble-mindedness.

V

rhaps the most interesting and signifi- nt evidence as to the relative importance heredity and environment may be gained the study of identical twins. These ins, who are always of the same sex and y much alike physically, are derived m the same fertilized egg. Thus they ve exactly the same heredity.

Francis Galton collected a marvellous assortment of wonder tales about twins whose mental characteristics remained closely similar through life. By the same method he could have collected an equally striking assortment of data on the activities of vampires, werewolves, ghosts and witches.

There is also the usual flood of statistics to prove that such identical twins resemble each other in intelligence. For example, the results of one study show that ordinary brothers and sisters have an average difference in I.Q. of 13.14 points, and that boy and girl twins, who are always non-identical, have an average difference of 8.48. But non-identical twins of the same sex have a difference of 7.37, while identical twins show a difference of only 5.08. So far as these figures prove anything at all, they seem to favor the influence of environment, since there is no apparent reason why heredity should cause non-identical twins to resemble each other more closely than ordinary brothers and sisters do.

The only critical evidence is that dealing with identical twins brought up separately. Unfortunately, very few such cases have been scientifically studied.

One notable case was investigated by H. J. Muller, who published his results in the *Journal of Heredity* in 1925. Identical twin girls, B and J, were separated at the age of two weeks. They were brought up in the same part of the country in a generally similar social environment. B, however, had only four years of formal schooling, while J went through high-school and took Summer courses in a university. B went into business and travelled widely; J became a teacher. When studied, they showed a remarkable similarity in intelligence, both of them ranking far above the average, with an insignificant difference as measured by the tests employed. But they differed very widely in emotional reactions, about as much as two unrelated people taken at random. If this case stood alone it would be good evidence that heredity con-

trols intelligence, while emotional and temperamental characteristics are determined by environment.

Professor H. H. Newman, however, has recently described three other cases in the same journal. His first pair of twin sisters, O and A, were born in England. They were separated at the age of eighteen months, and soon afterward O's foster parents moved to Canada. After seventeen years A joined her sister in Canada, where they were studied a year later. These twins had about the same amount of education, but the difference in social environment between London and a small town in Ontario was naturally great.

By all the mental tests O is decidedly superior to A in intelligence. By the Stanford-Binet test O has an I.Q. of 96.9, while that of A is 84.9. The difference in mental age is twenty-three months, nearly three times the average for identical twins brought up together. In other tests the difference is even more striking. In the Thurstone test, which was standardized by the scores of 16,554 college freshmen, O would rank thirtieth in a random group of 100 students, while A would rank eighty-second. On the other hand, in emotional and temperamental qualities these twins are very similar. Thus in this case the results found by Muller are exactly reversed.

Newman's next pair, twin girls, E and G, were adopted from an orphanage, E at eighteen months, G at two years of age. They were completely separated for nineteen years, but had been reunited for several years when tested. The foster parents of both twins were uneducated working people, and there was little difference in home environment. The education of E, however, ended with the fifth grade in a parochial school, while G graduated from high-school and took a three-year normal-school course.

Again by every mental test G is clearly more intelligent than her sister. According to the Stanford-Binet test, the difference is exactly the same as that between O and A, 12 points in I.Q., and twenty-three months in mental age. Again, other show much greater differences. In the group test there is a difference of fifty months in mental age. In terms of an in of brightness, in which 100 is norma ranks 32 and G 83.

A significant feature of this case is t judged by the commonly accepted st ard, E is a moron. While the I.Q. of G, by the Stanford-Binet test, is low, it is within the range of normal intellige Once more the "biologic law" that fee mindedness is inherited as a Mende recessive character is hard to reconcile v the facts.

In this case there is a remarkable tem amental similarity between the twins. deed, their differences in this group tests were no greater than those wh might appear between the scores of same person at different times of the s day.

Newman's third pair of identical tw are boys separated in early infancy. T show a very close resemblance in int gence. By the Stanford-Binet test the of one is 99, that of the other 101, a ference less than the average for tw brought up together. In other tests differences are much more pronounced, not very great. The significance of resemblance is somewhat diminished two facts. The home environments educational opportunities of the tw seem to have been closely similar; and t intelligence is at the average level (100), where the largest number of i vidual scores is naturally found.

In this case the emotional tests sh much greater differences. In one test m than half the individuals in a stand group would come between the twins. they seem to have impressed everyone v observed them as utterly different pers alities.

These cases certainly appear to indic that environment affects intelligence. the other hand, since the difference in I as measured by the Stanford test in no c exceeded twelve points, it remains dou

, to say the least, that a favorable en-
onment can change a moron into a
ius. To be sure, other mental tests
wed greater differences; it is also true
t the differences in environment be-
en the twins of each pair were by no
ans comparable to those existing among
whole population. At any rate, the
gma that intelligence is predetermined
birth and cannot be increased by educa-
n or any other environmental influence
lides with stubborn facts.

t seems probable that both heredity and
ironment play a significant part in the
ermination of intelligence. Perhaps the
ative importance of the two factors
ies in each individual case. It is highly
probable that their respective contribu-
ns can ever be accurately measured by
tistics. In the present state of knowledge
gmatic generalizations by biologists,
tisticians, behaviorists, or bartenders
rely indicate the dogmatist's exagger-
d faith in his own omniscience.

VI

this is true of differences among indi-
luals, what are we to say of the exu-
rant proclamations of such popular
ophets of the eugenic cult as Wiggam,
ddard and company, who cheerfully
nk whole races, nations and social
sses in a hierarchy of innate mental
pacity on the basis of differences in
erage I.Q.? Identical twins with pre-
ely the same heredity may differ by
elve points, as a result of variations in
vironment trifling, compared with those
hich separate the typical Babbitt from a
tton-field nigger or an Italian immigrant.
t because the Negroes and the Italians
re inferior to the Babbitts in the famous
rmy intelligence tests, we are told that
e Negro is and always will be hopelessly
ferior, while Italian immigrants must
excluded to protect our sacred germ
asm from contamination.

Just a thousand years ago, in the year
9, the Arab Sultan of Spain, Abd-er-Rahman III, took the title of Caliph. His Moorish Caliphate of Cordova was at that time beyond comparison the most highly civilized State in Europe. In Spain under the Moors there was a brilliant development of architecture, poetry, philosophy, and science. In England the barbarous Saxons and still more savage Danes were engaged in petty bickerings, punctuated by treacherous massacres. All Northern Europe wallowed in a bestial mire of ignorance, superstition and filth.

Today our intelligence testers consider a bathtub evidence of an intellectual home environment. In Cordova the Arabs established hundreds of public baths. Meanwhile in Christian Europe, "a lady saint recorded with pride the fact that up to the age of sixty she had never washed any part of her body, except the tips of her fingers when she was going to take the Mass." Many centuries after this, when the Christians reconquered Spain, bathing was still considered a heathen custom, and so dangerous to the faithful that Philip II ordered the destruction of all the public baths left by the Moors.

In Cordova there were famous schools to which students came from every part of Europe where dim sparks of intellectual life smouldered. In medicine, chemistry and mathematics the Arabs made especially notable discoveries. Arab poetry supplied models for the troubadours who later arose in Southern France. In Northern Europe nobody at all could read or write, except a few priests.

Under these conditions a Moslem doctor, Saïd of Toledo, describing our Nordic ancestors who lived beyond the Pyrenees, observed that they "are of cold temperament and never reach maturity; they are of great stature and of a white color. But they lack all sharpness of wit and penetration of intellect."

This sweeping verdict of the learned doctor of Toledo was perhaps as well founded as any generalization about intelligence that has ever been based on the science of statistics.

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

Brother Ben M. Bogard, editor of the *Baptist and Commoner* of Little Rock, clarifies an abstruse point in theology:

> Brother Raymond H. Hampton, Bradford, Tenn., wants to know the difference between the kingdom of God and the kingdom of heaven. And he wants to know if the kingdom and the church are the same thing. The way I understand it is that the kingdom of God means that God is head of the kingdom—He is the king. The kingdom of Heaven merely indicates the headquarters, so to speak, of God's kingdom. When there was only one congregation the kingdom and the church were the same. But since the congregations have multiplied there are many churches and all of them put together constitute the kingdom.

Contribution to psychology by the same learned man:

> Brother J. T. Singleton, Adamsville, Tenn., asks what is the difference between the mind and the soul of man. The answer is that there is the same difference as there is between the body of a man and his foot. The foot is a part of the body. The body has a foot. Even so the soul has a mind, the mind belongs to the soul. Just as a man can't walk without feet so the soul can't think without a mind.

Tribute to the memory of an immortal statesman of this celebrated Commonwealth, by a reader of the illustrious Memphis *Commercial-Appeal:*

> Some people select as an object of their praise a Western sunset because of its mystic color, its silvery glow, and its colored radiance; some select a flower garden filled with roses, violets and lilies whose dainty perfume is wafted upon the morning air; others select a green clad river bank where the golden waves nightly lap its rocky sides and sing its sea melody to the moon; but for my present subject I select the grandest hero, the greatest genius, and the most wonderful individual known, a man made in the image of his God.
>
> Thomas C. McRae was born on Dec. 21, 1851, in Union county, Ark., and was educated in private schools. In 1872 he graduated from Washington and Lee Law School. In 1903 he retired from political life and in 1909 was elected president of the Arkansas Bankers' Association. In 1917 he was elected president of the Arkansas Bar Association. He was elected Governor 1920 and served twice. In 1923 he announc his final retirement from politics and on June 1929, he died, aged seventy-eight, after a thr months' illness, leaving a wife and four childr to mourn his loss. He was just like the count Ireland, where the amber, violet, and ro colored clouds hang over enchanted sea-garde of blazing sunlight that flows in dazzlin streams of heavenly wonder, making a jewelle fairyland of mortal dreamlight that reflects th ethereal clusters of fiery stars sparkling ever fo the just and free.
>
> Frank W. Bott
>
> Lexington, Miss.

CALIFORNIA

Scientific advertisement in the Rosev *Tribune and Register:*

> MAGNETIC HEALER IN LINCOLN
>
> Is going to open the place for curing sick people I want to give one consolation to the poor i health, because I know that you will be glad t know that there is a man who can cure you suffering. But now that you know, you will b in a hurry to come and get cured of your head ache, and the weak eyes, or the sore eyes should be cured. Your sore teeth, or neuralgi should be taken from you. Rheumatism, shoul ders and spinal cord, liver and kidney, sor throat, asthma, lungs, heart, stomachache constipation and indigestion, the illness of th fallen womb, burns and running sores—and an other sickness in general. I am sure you wil come and insist on my cure, and I will put yo through and to be well forever.
>
> *Come to this address:*
> *East Ave., Betw. 9th and 10th*
> *Sts., Lincoln, Calif.*
> *East Side of Lincoln.*
> *Phone 120*
>
> JOHN DELGROSSO
> Magnetic Healer
>
> Office Hours—From 9 to 12 A.M.; 1 to 5 P.M. and from 6 to 8 P.M. The office is not open on Thursdays and Sundays—just five days a week.

Ecclesiastical news from ever-marvelo Los Angeles, as reported by the *Times:*

> "God was the first user of anesthetics," declared Dr. John Snape in his sermon yesterday at Temple Baptist Church. To prove his point, Dr. Snape said that the Creator caused a "deep sleep" to fall upon Adam and that while the sire of humanity was in that condition the Lord

ok one of his ribs and "closed up the flesh ereof."

That Adam recovered finely from the operaon and was 'doing nicely' and escaped ganene, erysipelas, lockjaw, and other ills is idenced by the fact that he lived for 930 ars, a ripe old age," said Dr. Snape.

RURAL item from the Hollywood *News:*

he fervor of Charles Loeb, German film actor, gain an entrance into the Hollywood motionicture studios almost cost him his life, and ay result in serious illness, it was revealed day. Failing in efforts to storm the gates of nema citadels, Loeb had himself shipped to e Pathé studios in Culver City. Last Wednesy, according to Culver City police, Fritz raube, a friend, packed Loeb in a coffin-like ox in Chicago. The box, labeled, "Statue—andle with Care—Value $500," was shipped r express to the Pathé casting director. When e box arrived at Culver City Saturday, range noises attracted the attention of emoyés. The box was opened. In it lay Loeb, urched with thirst and exhausted. The actor as taken from the box, fed and given water, d turned over to Culver City police. A note tached to Loeb read:

"I've tried again and again to see you. [The sting director.] I want to show you my bility, but the portal of entry has been denied e by your trusted guardians. I had to tell you mehow, and this little trip will demonstrate w much I think of a chance to show you my ares. Now that I have arrived I can make but e request—give me a chance."

The coffin was equipped with a rubber hose ading from the bottom. Loeb carried three arts of water, a can of patented food drink, a alf dozen lemons, a mouth wash, peppermint, mirror and a flashlight.

worship of Jahveh in San Francisco, evealed by an ecclesiastical notice in celebrated *Chronicle:*

7:30 P.M.—THEY'RE HOT AFTER HOOVER

Dr. Moats will answer these questions:

1. Why are certain organizations now turning their political guns on Hoover?

I WANT A GIRL

2. How can a young business man meet the ght kind of girls?

THE HE-MAN

3. Can a fellow be a Christian and at the same me a red-blooded he-man?

Graccio Leggo Houlder, of Australia, will answer:

CHRIST THE WINE MANUFACTURER

1. Did not Christ make wine for the wedding ast?

WEAK WOMEN AND STRONG DRINK

2. Are not more women drinking under Proibition than saloons?

THE LAUGHING STOCK

3. Hasn't Prohibition made the U. S. A. the aughing stock of the world?

30 Minutes Delightful Music

Madame Stella Raymond Vought, Director of Concert Prelude

11 A.M.—PERSONAL POWER

Escape: The trifles and common things that are defeating you.

Arrive: At a gateway to peace, health and power.

(How to discover, strengthen and use your life currents.)

Chorus Choir

GRACE M. E. CHURCH

21 ST. NEAR MISSION

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE sublime process of debate in the United States Senate, as reported by the *Congressional Record:*

MR. NORRIS—Cannot the Senator wait until I answer one question before he propounds another?

MR. CARAWAY—I do not think I will live long enough for that.

MR. NORRIS—Perhaps the Senator will not; he need not wait that long.

MR. CARAWAY—I do not have to wait.

MR. NORRIS—It does not make any difference to me. If the Senator does not want to wait, that is his business.

MR. CARAWAY—The Senator thinks he owns the Senate—

MR. NORRIS—No; I do not think I own the Senate. That is another statement the Senator is absolutely unjustified in making.

MR. CARAWAY—May I ask the Senator a question?

MR. NORRIS—Yes.

MR. CARAWAY—What is there about it that the Senator should become so angry, when I was merely trying to ask him a question?

MR. NORRIS—Will the Senator allow me to answer that question?

MR. CARAWAY—I suppose I will stop for the rest of the afternoon.

MR. NORRIS—Perhaps the Senator will; it might be well if he would stop here and wait and listen a little while. He might get some information perhaps that would be valuable for him.

MR. CARAWAY—I have listened for a good while, and have not obtained any information as yet.

MR. NORRIS—The trouble is the Senator does not listen.

MR. CARAWAY—Oh, yes; I do.

MR. NORRIS—He gets into the debate when there is no call for it.

MR. CARAWAY—I have been listening for eight years.

MR. NORRIS—Now, let us get to the Senator's question. He has interrupted me so many times since the question was asked that I have forgotten what it was.

MR. CARAWAY—I knew the Senator had, and I tried to set him right.

Mr. Norris—Why does the Senator say I got so angry about it?

Mr. Norris—If the Senator will keep still, I will answer it. The truth is that the Senator is entirely wrong when he assumes that I am angry.

Mr. Caraway—The Senator does not make that kind of a face when he is in a good humor, does he? [*Laughter.*]

Mr. Norris—The Senator has looked at so many bad faces that he does not know a good one when he sees it. [*Laughter.*]

Mr. Caraway—I will not admit that.

Mr. Norris—Mr. President, if there is one thing I cannot do after my long association here, it is to get angry with the Senator from Arkansas.

Mr. Caraway—Then, do not look at me in that tone of voice.

Mr. Norris—I have, however, seen him go wrong occasionally—

Mr. Caraway—Yes; when following the Senator from Nebraska.

Mr. Norris—And I cannot follow him when he goes wrong.

Mr. Caraway—That is where I differ with the Senator. I follow him when he goes wrong; I could not follow him otherwise.

Mr. Norris—The Senator would do better if he would follow me when I am right.

Mr. Caraway—I have never found the Senator to be that way.

ILLINOIS

Divine worship in the immortal town of Herrin, as described by the *Illinois Central Magazine:*

"All Aboard" was the title of a railway sermon preached at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Herrin, by the pastor, the Rev. Frank W. Pimlott, the son of George Pimlott, a former railway engineer of the Michigan Central. The ushers used lanterns in seating the people and an electric train was installed and run by Walter Rodenburg to lend color to the service. A male quartet sang "Life's Railway to Heaven" and Eddie Smith played "Railroad Blues" on a French harp. Pictures of locomotives, the Lady Elgin, built in 1852, and the Fontaine, freak engine built in 1888, were exhibited. At the opening of the service C. B. Nesler, the orchestra director, started the train after the pastor had called "All Aboard!" The exhaust of the locomotive was heard as the train slowly pulled out. The bell rang, the whistle blew. When the train was speeding along the congregation began singing "I'm Bound for the Promised Land." At the close of the song the train was brought to a stop.

MICHIGAN

Educational news from the great town of Iron River, as set down in the *Reporter.*

Capt. J. E. Looney, member of the Board of Education of Stambaugh township since 1911, resigned recently to accept a position as janit of the Palatka school.

NEW YORK

Public warning broadcast over the manual of the Hon. Charles M. W national supreme secretary of the Nati Fundamental Protestant Christian Ass tion, 220 St. Marks avenue, Brooklyn

In 1924 I sent Circular Letters out stating th I believe that FIFTY per cent of ALL t MONEY, BONDS, and POSTAGE STAMPS circulation in the United States are COUNTE FEIT.

Brooklyn and New York City newspape printed an article on SEPTEMBER, 16, 192 stating that a gang of counterfeiters in Brookly had facilities for printing $700,000 per week.

There was apparently nothing done to pr vent a recurrence, as on JUNE 3, 1929, t Brooklyn and New York City newspape printed an article stating that a gang of counte feiters in Brooklyn had facilities for printin $800,000 per week.

FIVE years intervened and apparently noth ing was done to eliminate these counterfeiter

I took this matter up with Mr. George Hi man in 1924, then Head of the Money Mark Department of William Randolph Hearst's Ne York *American* and his other publications. M Hinman is now deceased.

I learned that our United States Governmen has issued or authorized to be issued $5,000 000,000 in notes and gold. I learned from Georg Hinman that there were at that time abou $20,000,000,000 in notes and gold on deposi in our United States Banks.

And that, including Bonds, Securities Stocks, etc., etc., etc., that there was abou $60,000,000,000 on deposit.

Who are the ones that is supposed to know just exactly the amount of notes and gold tha our United States Government is responsibl for? If our United States Government is re sponsible for ONLY $5,000,000,000, and there would be $20,000,000,000 presented for re demption, what will become of the surplus o $15,000,000,000, which of course, must b counterfeit?

This surplus would be of no value to the Banks or persons that it is left on their hands

Our United States Government issues one note each of a certain number and letter "A" "B" "C" and "D." Four notes of the same number but different letters, "A" "B" "C" and "D." Is our United States Government going to call these notes in by NUMBER AND LETTER, or the first come, first served? Is the first note presented, to be considered the GENUINE, and any thereafter to be considered counterfeit? Which? Or how?

We learned that money presented at the Treasury Department for redemption was de stroyed without a proper investigation being made as to the genuineness of the notes, and new "genuine" notes was issued in their place

hich caused the country to be flooded with ounterfeit money. Possibly a thousand notes f the same number and letter exist in circula- on. I believe that to call all outstanding otes, in, but NUMBER and LETTER would iminate the possibility of United States being ill flooded with counterfeit money. This hould apply to all moneys in circulation in ur United States. And the same thing and ystem should be done and applied to all Bonds, ecurities, etc., and also Postage Stamps. OES ANYBODY KNOW AND CAN ANY- ODY TELL WHAT AMOUNT OF MONEY UR UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT WES TO THE PUBLIC, AND WHY? I be- eve that counterfeiters have flooded our nited States since 1880 at the average rate of 100,000,000 a year, which equals about $5,000- 00,000. Our United States Government having 5,000,000,000 of genuine money in circulation, ounterfeiters having $5,000,000,000 of counter- it money in circulation, of course, make it IFTY per cent each.

The aforestated has no bearing on genuine nited States money that has been LOST in ceans, Fires and been destroyed in a hundred ifferent ways, which of course, our United tates Government would be absolutely re- ased from, and would not be compelled to quidate.

There has been enough United States money estroyed in the last fifty years in the afore- ated ways to almost absolutely release our nited States Government from any indebted- ss to the public.

If the Pennsylvania Railroad, or any other ailroad, or Company would issue $20,000,000 f Stock or Bonds of their Company and they ncluded to redeem the current stocks or bonds y issuing new stocks or bonds in their place, ey would expect and ONLY expect $20,000,- 00 in stocks or bonds to be presented for ex- ange—AND NO MORE—. The same thing pplies to our United States Government.

Redeem the exact amount of money that our nited States Government is responsible for, ss the percentage for destruction of notes and ld. Will the ones that it is their duty to tend to these matters, attend to them; if not, HY NOT?

REV. DR. FREDERICK W. EVANS, pas- of the Second Presbyterian Church of y, as reported by the *Times* of the same n:

hat we need in this country today is more per- ns like Abraham Lincoln and if we are to get em it will be through the Y. M. C. A.'s and e churches.

NTIFIC advertisement in the *Occult st:*

NE PSYCHOPHONE FOR SALE. HALF PRICE. PER- ct. Contacts cosmic wisdom, makes sug- estions to subconscious mind during sleep. ientific genie. Chas. Powell, 129 Amity street, rooklyn.

THE Higher Learning in marvelous Manhattan:

His Honor the Mayor
and the Commissioner of Correction
request the honor of your presence
at the
Graduation Exercises
of the
Prison Keepers of the Department of Correction
At Palm Garden
306 West Fifty-second Street
at 8:30 P.M.
Dancing, Music by Police Orchestra

MYSTERIOUS workings of the Holy Spirit in the grand old town of Newburgh, as reported by the Associated Press:

Struck by lightning while conducting a prayer-meeting last night, the Rev. Ralph N. Allen, pastor of the First Baptist Church here, was alive today. Mr. Allen was about to deliver an address at the prayer-meeting when the lightning struck and all lights in the room were extinguished except one above the pastor's head. When members of the congregation recovered from their shock they found Mr. Allen standing rigidly behind the reading-desk in a semi-conscious condition. Except for two burns on his forehead, physicians today said, the minister's condition was not serious.

OHIO

FROM the celebrated Cincinnati *Times-Star:*

Mrs. Eva Sells Jaeger of Columbus was a recent visitor to Cincinnati. Her genealogical table of her ancestry, which she has traced back to Adam, is attracting much attention throughout the country. Mrs. Jaeger is prominent in patriotic societies in Columbus. Her immigrant ancestor in this country was William Arnold and she has traced through him to William the Conqueror and his wife, Mathilda, through Kenneth McAlpin, King of Scotland in two lines, through Solomon and Nathan, and through Seth to Adam. The table, on a blue print, was presented by Mrs. Jaeger to the Dames of the Court of Honor, at the recent national meeting at the Sinton, and is a valued part of their archives. Mrs. Jaeger, in tracing her line, also incidentally traced that of Mrs. Lowell Hobart, the president-general of the D. A. R., for she goes back on one of Mrs. Hobart's lines. She has presented Mrs. Hobart with one of the blue prints of the line in unbroken data back to Adam.

PENNSYLVANIA

SOCIETY news from Pittsburgh, sent out by the United Press:

A group of twenty prisoners, including some of the most prominent Western Pennsylvanians ever sentenced to the Federal penitentiary at

Atlanta, left here today for that institution. United States Marshal J. C. McGregor and ten guards were in charge of the prisoners in a special coach attached to a Pennsylvania Railroad train. Among them are five politicians and ward workers, a former State senator and Fayette county banker, a former receiver in bankruptcy, a former postmaster, a former Prohibition agent, a man who at one time was an informer for dry agents and a bank robber. Their prison terms total thirty-one years, three months and eight days.

Law Enforcement news from the lively town of Towanda:

Seniors of Luthers Mills High-school have been conducting a Noble Experiment of their own in an effort to obtain funds for the senior class's annual visit to Washington, it was revealed here today with the the discovery of a huge still in the rear of the school. For several weeks, according to Walter J. Bell, field secretary of the Law Enforcement League, who turned over his evidence to the district attorney, a group of seniors have been distilling liquor in the woods back of the school. One who helped "cook" the stuff at recess time and at night said:

"There was talk that the boys and girls of this year's senior class would not be given the money to get down to Washington to see President Hoover, so a few of us decided to raise the money by making and selling moonshine. What's wrong with that? We would have all been down seeing the President in a week or so if some stupid bird had not gone and got canned and blabbed it all."

The alert Associated Press discovers a new world's champion in the town of Sayre:

A vermiform appendix weighing three-quarters of a pound, described by Dr. Harry Fish as the largest ever taken from a human being, was removed from Melvin S. Austin of this place today. Dr. Fish is chief surgeon of the local hospital.

RHODE ISLAND

From a list of 100% American Rhode Islanders who perished in the War for Democracy, read into the *Congressional Record* by Senator Jesse H. Metcalf, M.A.:

Tony Daglis	Henry J. Langevin
Arthur Salvas	Antone Perreia
Reno Martina	Harold H. Jentzel
Boleslaw Osmolski	Wilmer H. Eicke
Arthur LaFerriere	Joseph Brazeau
Joseph J. Bourdeau	William Jolicoeur
Eugene Boisse	Conatien Belhumeur
Louis Wolpert	Isidoro Colella
George A. Rico	Israel Couture
Louis Leo Pieraccini	Luigi D'Antuono
George T. Aucoin	Rene Gauthier
John Di Raimo	Andrea Pucci
Otto Kammerer	Lucien La Rivier
Enovk Megrdichian	Marino Marini
Nicola Torti	Donato Dimarco
Napoleon Riendeau	Demetrus Dionn
Toni Klimaski	Joseph A. Dionn
Eugene St. Amour	Peter Ducharme
Joseph R. Coutu	Alexander Lman
Napoleon Languiran	Antonio Milews
Leo Schramm	Domenico Torto
Ray C. Bertherman	Alphonse Yelle
Ulysses H. Lavoie	Alcibiade Ceccar
Theodule Chouinard	Salve Pisciotte

Joseph Harnois

GENERAL

The Hon. O. O. McIntyre pays tribu an æsthete:

One of the biggest art collectors is Jo Ringling, the circus man. At every auction sits inconspicuously in the background, thur ing a catalogue and little interested until treasure he seeks comes up. Among his m recent purchases was the bathtub in wh Marat was lolling when stabbed by Charlo Corday.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

From the correspondence column o London *Evening Standard:*

In answer to the question, "Do Fish Think?" experience of ours some years ago is interesti We kept several large gold and silver fish i glass tank, which became frozen over. One c the frost formed delicate fern-like leaves of i which shot down to the bottom of the tan and enclosed the fish in frozen cells. They came so still and lifeless that we were alarm My father broke the ice, and, lifting the f out, poured a few drops of brandy down th throats, replacing them in the tank in a m lively condition. Next morning, which w milder, we were astonished to find them all i row, motionless, pretending to be frozen in.

Advertisement in the *Times* of the progressive town:

Americans: Lady will sell infant clothes Charles II for a price within the reach of all.

News item from the eminent *Daily Ma*

Ruben J. Windows, aged 73, of "The Grove Wandsworth, died in hospital from heart fa ure following his collapse in the street. He to people who assisted him: "I have swallow my false teeth." Later his teeth were found home. The story was told at the inquest to-da when a verdict of death from natural caus was recorded.

BLACK ULYSSES IN CAMP

BY HOWARD W. ODUM

EEN mighty change since I been born. Change where I been, never changed me. I been to war an' I been back. ady told about it. War change times, r changed me. Like I say, me an' war e things. Had it all my day, gonna have ll I die. War never got me, never will. my buddies, never got me. Had some ible times in France, diggin' an' work- n' fightin'. Maybe I done forgot about naybe I recollects some things. How- ever, hard times in American camps t I'm talkin' about. Hard times after whut's blowin' me down.

I been down so long,
Down don't worry me.
Lawd, don't you grieve after me!

'us drafted in service at 3:30 P.M. for p Meade. Thought Army life mus' be l. Nothin' to it for travellin' man like Gonna take it easy, didn't give a dam. na see does the Kaiser know right from ng.

Joinin' Army to git free clothes;
What war's about nobody knows.
Lawd, don't you grieve after me!

rst thing when we come into camp begin hollerin' at us. Hollerin' dam ey didn't send for train load of po'k beans an' here we come pokin' our- es in camp instead! Some boys gittin' an' fightin'. Me, I ain't bother yet, I bother yet.

officer says, "What in the hell you g standing here? Forward march!" So rched up to 37 company D. P. o. p. . 11. There I had to fix up my bed. t 'bout mile away to horse barns to get a tick of wheat straw and come back and went 'bout two miles to get a blanket. Then line up for supper at 11 o'clock that night. This was quite a nuisance to me, so I had in mind to leave and go back home the next day with my little white straw hat on and Norfolk coat.

Ruther be in cornfield workin' hard,
Than be buck private in National Guard,
Lawd, I'm on my way an' can't turn back.

Company commander come in and he says, "Any of you boys leave this camp without orders means A. W. O. L. If so, you gonna ketch hell." And I thought to myself if I should ketch hell on this side and misfortune and die and go to hell on other side it would be two hells in one. So it paid me to stay in camp.

On the first morning they gave me ten minutes to dress for reverlee and five minutes thereafter. Next morning at 5 o'clock the bugle blowed for reverlee, I arose and dressed in ten minutes, and went out, not knowing where to go, not even where I was. I dropped in line with some soldiers.

One boy says, "You can't stand here."

I says, "I stand where I please, ain't I in the Army?"

'Bout that time sargent come to me and say, "What in the hell you doing standing here? Get over yonder with them ruckeys."

I says, "I guess I am a ruckey then."

"Yes," says he, "a dam ruckey."

So after reverlee we goes in for mess and after that we goes to the supply-house, and gets clothing, returning to barret an' goes to Marnel Station for examination. Passed 20:20 in every thing, returned back to barret, goes to insurance offices and rested

the rest of the day excepting standing retreat.

Next morning, risin' up early, goes back to Marnel Station and taking a 'noculation, restin' remainder of the day. And for six weeks couldn't wash my face.

Camp sholy was roughish place. Some boys would form circle to say prayers at night. Whilst they was down to pray before taps, other boys was busy shootin' craps. Some old hero from Florida rose up and says, "Boys, why don't you get up? Look here who's serving the Lawd. Dam if you got any time to serve the Lawd," he says, "Serve Uncle Sam, he is our best friend."

This big sargent wus jes' too mean to live. Too turrible to talk about. Would say to us boys, "Well, damit, I'm here to-day. World's in trouble. I don't keer if sun never shine. I don't give a dam 'bout my mother, neither God. To hell with God an' Devil both! I looks toward risin' sun an' tells both God an' Devil to go to hell." Lawdy, any man would cuss his mama an' God won't have no luck!

After this I taken the flu, but they never would let me be excused. I served in all the drills and the medicine they give me wusn't nothing but pills. I served on detail three weeks building a road from the camp eight miles from town. In five days I couldn't eat neither drink. Made me stay on duty. And when I would report on the sick list sayin' I was sick they would say, "Die and prove it!" Lawdy, Lawd, jes' like times I worked on chain-gang! Foreman would say, "Damit, die, an' prove it." War camp ain't nothin' new to me. Buildin' roads is my middle name.

It takes the rock an' gravel,
To make this solid road;
It takes a good-lookin' woman
To satisfy my soul.

Jes' bound to git in devilment. Don't mean no harm, jes' feel my hell a risin'. Way it wus, officers started after me an' jes' 'bout time they gonna ketch me, I stoops down low an' two officers go pilin' over me on groun'. Reason I wus run wus officers took us out on parade an' us to right face. Some boys face al some lef' face, an' I makes out like I d know nothin' an' so starts runnin' hell. Never could tell whether off tickled at my funny ways or whether mad. Leastwise made me do without per, double time two hours next day, give me ten days' kitchen duty.

So they seen couldn't do nothin' with me an' transferred me back to company. One night me and Jesse wu guard an' we both got mean an' wishe wus in France on the firing line. As walked our post late that night the officer and his wife and little black come tramping along. Of course we lered, "Halt! who comes there?" and officer said, "Friend of the camp." So said, "Advance and be recognized." S comes little closer, an' we says, "H who comes here?" He said, "Officer of wife, and dog." So I hollered out, "If the officer of the day, what in hell doin' out here this time o' night?"

The next morning early after reverlee goes in for mess and wus ordered to fal line an' march to the supply-house for o sea equipments. Then, after returnin', g out on drill-field. Drill from nine in mornin' till five-thirty without eatin drinkin'. Look like I jes' can't make Next mornin' 'bout 4 o'clock sarg blowed his whistle, and every devil fall with his pack rifle .45. Then we had a thi mile straight hike, return back on t night about 10 o'clock. Every devil out in line with bag and equipments. H we had a three-mile hike to another bar Jes' natchelly went to sleep with my p on.

Next mornin' commander called us fall out in column twos, an' general tured to us. Told us we had to be booke a few days for overseas. Said we boys b seein' easy time on this side, and when found it bad over there make the best of it we can. Said he wanted every sol to get a man before he died. So I said

' over there and get as many as I can
n a tank an' dam if I ain't comin' back
e.

ext morning after reverlee boarded
ı for Camp Afervail. Landed at Camp
vail one night, booked next day. But
r did sail that time. Turned back in
days to Camp Afervail and transferred
to old camp. Boys mad as hell. When
e to town near camp, boys decided
ıa have some liquor an' so tore out to
oom worser than bloodhounds after
beef. We act sociable long as money
then we went snatching and jerking.
w minutes every barroom wus closed.
believe me, we soldiers had our shear!

Well, me name is Uncle Sam,
And I don't give a dam,
If I takes a toddy now and then.
Ain't been sober since last October,
An' I don't know the reason why.

next day company commander had all
ers form circle an' lectured to 'em.
ed 'em all sorts an' kinds o' names.
us if any of us go A. W. O. L. we
ıa ketch hell. An' all time we thought
vus already ketchin' hell now! So we
ns to barret singin':

All we do is sign pay-roll,
All we do is sign pay-roll,
Lawd, all we do is sign pay-roll,
An' never draw a doggone cent!

ought officers mad as hell, didn't
v what to do. Boys gittin' mighty
h. Oughta heard them dices ring,
ıta heard them singin' blues, drinkin',
n', gamblin'. Lawd, Lawd, makes me
k 'bout old times in construction
os and women comin' out from town.

ouldn't give my high brown Belle,
r all madomesells this side o' hell.
t them awful deep sea blues!

e had hard time gettin' back to camp
nights. One night old James got hold
rong girl an' some ole servitor beat
up so bad till he didn't know where he
at, neither who he wus. Took me to
call him home to Promised Land with my good right fist. Brought him home, laid other fellow low. One time I got so drunk couldn't tell where I wus, neither who I wus, an' next day caught hell.

Done give myself to Uncle Sam,
Now I ain't worth a good goddam,
I don't want no mo' camp,
Lawd, I want to go home!

One night I wus out on guard duty an' been goin' on so till I wus tired an' sleepy. So I went to sleep settin' up 'gainst pile o' wheat straw. So some big officer comes by an' hollers to me, askin' who I is an' whut I'm doin'.

So I rises up, steadyin' myself an' says, "I am some sort of soldier. Who the hell are you?"

Officer replies, "I am some sort of major-general." So I says, "I guess I better bring you some sort o' salute, then." So I had company punishment ten days. I jes' *would* be gittin' into devilment all time.

Howsomever, I seen one white boy on sentry duty standing an' leanin' 'gainst haystack up 'bout Norfolk, froze stiff an' dead befo' he wus found. Mus a jes' got sleepy like I did an' in cold Winter of 1917. Jes' went to sleep an' never did wake up, leastwise 'scusin' it be in Heaven or Hell. War got that buddy, never got me.

One time crowd of us boys wus in town waitin' for way to git back to camp. So we sets 'round in circle an' starts rollin' them bones. Policeman comes 'long, sorter old-ish captain, an' says to us, boys, he knows he can't arrest us but we got to stop shootin' dices. So we asks him what the hell he's gonna do. So he walks over and says he can take our dices. An' so he does. I gits up in front of him an' tells him he's gonna give us our dices or me or him one gonna eat breakfast or dinner in Hell, don't make no difference to me which one. So other boys git up an' tells him that's right, we gonna have our dices back. So old man jes' grins an' hands 'em back to us, an' goes off mutterin' 'bout niggers runnin' this country, dam if they ain't.

'Nother time one Sat'day night I wus goin' cross bridge of creek hollerin' and singin', namin' name of soldier, 'bout fohty wid breaks on. So Law come up to me an' says I better watch my step. So I don't do nothin' but pick officer up an' throw him over bridge in creek.

Oh, I'm mighty warrer in the Army,
I'm mighty warrer fer my Lawd,
I'm fightin' soldier in the Army,
I'm soldier in Army of the Lawd.

Got in trouble one time. Wus goin' on an' raisin' hell. Knowed officers couldn't 'rest me. Told 'em I wus in Army now, couldn't touch me. 'Bout that time seen M.P.'s comin'. Actual fact, chased me five miles up creek. Them wus hard boys! So I got to stop, either be blowed down, either got to go with them.

'Bout that time moved me to 'nother camp. Thought they move me more'n other boys, leastwise took me to seven camps, maybe eight, 'scusin' all I been in after I goes over seas. Can't name 'em all, take me till tomorrow night to tell 'bout it. Thought I jes' bound to be travellin' soldier, ruckey or no ruckey, feel my hell a risin'. Me and war same thing.

II

One time in camp up 'bout Portsmouth I wus walkin' along an' white lieutenant hollers at me, "Where the hell you goin'?" So I says, "Where the hell you think I'm goin'?" Neither does I salute him.

So he asks me if I knows I'm talkin'to officer, an' I says, yes, hell, does he know he's talkin' to enlisted man. So he stands there starin' at one 'nuther. He takes matter up with officers but nothin' to do 'bout it, 'cause he started ruckus not treatin' me like soldier.

One evenin' late, boys all wet an' cold an' tired from workin' in rain all day, loadin' box cars. So wus gettin' late an' boys didn't work very fast. Boys jes' natchelly tired an' don't want to work nohow. So lieutenant comes up an' hollered at boys callin' 'em goddam niggers all sorts an' kind o' names. Wus w officer done it.

So we didn't do nothin' but beat lieutenant up an' throw him in box Well, they had whole batallion 're which I was one. Had hard time gi matter fixed up.

One day big white officer comes ov camp to see what could he do 'bout f things up. So he comes on over to w big colored superior officer wus standin comes up from behind an' hollers at natural like, jes' same as if he wu Birmingham or some place. Big col officer don't do nothing but walk off one o' them big short cigars in mouth w he always smokin'. So white officer c on over further an' hollers again. Col officer don't look 'round but asks him knows he's speakin' to superior officer.

So white officer has to go 'round in f of colored officer an' salute. Colored o takes his time, puffin' big cigar, then t cigar out of his mouth an' salutes. The tells white officer to stand at 'tention he gits back. So he walks off an' s 'bout half hour, which he then tells m he can go. So after that thought we di have no mo' trouble, only moved u 'nother camp. Lawdy, Lawd, alv movin' on, but just suit me, just suit m

Howsomever, had some mighty officers, both colored and white. Like I if officers treat me right seem to tal likin' to me with my winnin' ways. W let me git 'way with most anything. H somever, done sumpin' to fine captain time didn't aim to do.

Wus this way. I wus pretty good fig an' boys always havin' fights. Jes' scrap an' also fights with gloves on. If boys have to fight would git gloves, give to boys, an' tell 'em to go to it, damit fight. Would have time watchin' 'em one 'nuther open. Like I wus sayin' I pretty good fighter an' would step out holler, "Anybody better fighter than ain't no wall between us." So nob would step out.

ne day, whilst I wus steppin' 'round
in' 'bout it, little black boy runs up
hits me upper cut an' knocks me flat.
slips out an' runs like rabbit. But I
which way he goes an' so I jumps up
starts after him. I wus mad as wet hen
sholy gonna lay his body down. Boys
lerin' an' laughin' 'cause little fellow
one to git me. So I runs 'round corner
ere I seen him go and rushes up behin'
an' hits him on side o' head with left
right, *bam*, *bam*, like pile-driver or
pin'. Falls down like tree.

Howsomever, wus white captain I hit,
her wus it little black boy. Way it wus,
little fellow dodge behin' captain
en he seen me comin' an' I wus so mad
n't see nothing but man standin' there.
vd, thought I wus skeered o' myself!
n't mean to hit captain. Oh my God,
at shall I do?

Never did know how mad captain wus,
er done much to me. Captain always
tin' on me an' would talk 'bout what
d fighter I wus. Howsomever, had to
something with me, everybody laughin'
im. Thought it must abeen funny sight
black buck private knockin' white cap-
n down, with *bam*, *bam* on side of head.
told me if I had to be knockin' sumpin'
uld kill three hundred flies 'fo' I got
supper. Didn't, I would ketch hell.

Thought I wus gonna git off easy, but
me when I got through killin' all flies
world gotta peal four thousand potatoes.
son kep' on givin' me mo' punishment
other white officers would rag him
ut gittin' knocked out by Tiger Gordon,
mpeen black boy fighter of world.
rd one officer come up to him an' say,
'Well, Captain, that black boy knocked
l out o' you, didn't he?"

Captain didn't say nothin'. So other offi-
repeats, "Well, Captain, I say, that
ger got a clean knockout, eh?" So cap-
n says, "Yes, by God, and I'm gonna get
, too," but he misses other officer.
wsomever, captain don't hold no grudge
inst me and wus always whoopin' 'em
when I would git in good fight.

Had some big fights in camp. One black boy wus mighty hard for me to kill, but knowed I would git him some day. Name wus Job Jenkins, but called him Battlin' Cowboy 'cause he come from Texas. So fixed up ringside seats an' had big Sat'day night fight. Called me Tiger Gordon. One crowd hollerin' fer me an' 'nother crowd hollerin' fer Cowboy. Lawdy, Lawd, could fight better hearin' crowd yellin'. If yelled fer me, made me feel like bear-cat huggin' lion. If yelled for Cowboy made me so mad could see dry land through muddy water. Gonna knock hell out of Cowboy sho'!

Boys would say to me, "Oh, you Tiger, that Battlin' Cowboy sho' is hard. He's a son-of-a-gun. He boxed all over New York. Cowboy jes' gonna be too smart for you. You jes' natchelly too slow for Cowboy."

So I would say, "Yes, by God, I'm a Sunrose, I'm Hell, I'm yeller-hammer goin' North, I'm sober-headed big boy gonna shoot into him. Gonna bust him so dam hard till he's like scrambled eggs. Gonna hit 'im on side of head till he can't guide hisself. Gonna tear his rump."

So crowd would start hollerin' "Hurry up, Cowboy, hit 'im in that one spot! . . . Kill 'im, Cowboy! . . . I'd kill that ole crutch boy any time! . . . That got 'im! . . . See that Cowboy comin'!"

Boys would holler to me, "Whoopee, Tiger, I want you to cut his throat this time! . . . I ain't satisfied! . . . Break his neck! . . . Reason I went to church Sunday, was prayin' for you! . . . Step out, Tiger, he ain't no woman! . . . Hit 'im! . . . Give him jes' one mo' like that an' I'll be satisfied! . . . Hee, hee, ketch 'im Tiger, tear 'im in the rump!"

'Bout that time I seen Cowboy stop an' shake his head, look like he don't know where he is at. So I shoots him on other side of head, *bam*, *bam*. Sound like hamestring poppin'. Cowboy shakes his head like dog comin' up out of water. So I lands big uppercut an' Cowboy goes down. Won't be so iron-jawed with me no mo'.

I'm fightin' man, from Devil's Land,
I'm greasy streak o' lightenin', don't you see?
Lawd, don't you grieve after me!

We had heap other fights, big boys an' little boys. One of funniest sights I ever seen since I been born wus little black boy 'bout five feet high knockin' big black boy over six feet tall cold as monkey wrench. Little fellow wus too quick fer him, Lawd, Lawd. 'Nother funny sight wus when two boys been fightin', one boy knocked other down. Referee held up this fellow's arm signifyin' he wus winner. 'Bout that time other boy got up an' wus so mad knocked winner cold an' started fightin' referee an' eveybody else in ring. Took 'bout four men to cool him off.

Boys mighty rough in war camp, same as wus in road-gangs an' construction camps. One night in camp boys got to playin' game called dozen. Jes' *would* play dozen 'scusin' captains an' lieutenants not bein' 'round, cause been told not to do it. Mighty roughish game, boys talkin' 'bout other boys' folks. So one big boy tells 'nother big boy no use him worryin' 'bout his lovin' wife back home, 'cause somebody else shovelin' coal in his furnace. Told him she jes' like street-car, anyhow plenty folks payin' fare an' she ain't gonna starve. So this boy gits so mad he jumps up an' takes shoe-heel and busts other boy's head wide open an' kills him dead. After that captain tells boys he's jes' natchelly gonna shoot next man goes to playin' dozen. Oh, my Lawd, wonder does my baby know right from wrong!

Rocks on mountain,
Fishes in sea,
Slacker got my woman,
Army got me.

'Nother thing would do in camp wus singin'. Whenever major or general would come 'round captain would have boys sing. Maybe would be out on field drillin'. So would be 'bout thousand men, some singin' bass, some tenor, some other kinds, an' sholy would harmonize. Wished I could be settin' off on hill somewhere jes' listen to 'em sing. Had all sorts an' kinds songs, take me till tomorrow night count 'em. Couldn't name 'em all. Some Army songs an' some religious songs. Like boys just made to sing, forgits trou an' Army an' everything. Singin' an' same things.

Officers like to hear soldiers sing w deep-rollin', boomin' voices. Would special war songs, like "Goodbye, Bro way; Hello, France," "Long Trail Windin'," an' others same as white sold sung. But what officers like to hear songs like "I Am Climbin' Jacob's L der," "Do You Think I'll Make a Soldie "I Been Fightin' in Army of Lawd All Life," "Do Lawd Remember Me," "J Is Listenin' All Night Long" or maybe

I want to be ready, I want to be ready,
Walkin' to Jerusalem just like John;
Oh Lawd, won't you come by here,
Lawd, won't you hear my prayer?—
Oh yes, Lawd, I want to be ready,
Yes, walkin' to Jerusalem just like John.

Some boys would sing an' some wo shout, "Lawd, Lawd!" "Yes, oh Lawd!" an' would go trampin' on, li further on, marchin' an' singin' till visit officers jes' could hear 'em.

We'll roll the old chariot along,
We'll roll the old chariot along,
We'll roll the old chariot along,
And we won't drag on behind.

III

'Bout that time moved us to 'nother ca Told us we wus gettin' ready to go ov seas. Howsomever, we stayed in that ca long time befo' moved us to last one. H sorrowful thing happen. One of my chief buddies, Charley Alexander Hoofer, g killed, neither could police find out w killed him. Boys called him Hoof, an' sh wus some hoofer. Me an' Hoof ma powerful pair buddies. Found him all sh up one mornin' 'bout risin' of sun. L

t find out who done it. I'm gonna git
dam rascal if last thing I do. Ruther
k man killed my buddy wid bayonet
n shoot Kaiser Bill with fohty-fo'.
Vus this way. Hoof wus big high-brown
. Women belong to him wid his win-
ways. Wus hawk like pizen to men
in' wid him. Maybe Hoof would come
new town. 'Nother black boy would
ie up to him an' say he wus rooster on
roost, an' was 'bout time Hoof be
in' along, 'scusin' he don't want no
rs stuck in his belly. So Hoof would say,
, he wus hawk whut *eats* roosters, and
black roosters 'round better watch out.
ok like they jes' skeered of him; least-
e nobody could run him off.
f Hoof wanted girl would jes' say,
'ell, I believe I'll git that baby." So she
uld fall in love with him an' leave hus-
d or sweetheart. Hoof would have mo'
et mamas than he could be sweet papa
Would give him money an' likker an'
sweet mama to him. Howsomever, in
s town near new camp Hoof found him
tty high-brown. Thought he would
ve all other women alone. Hoof wus
zy 'bout this teasin' brown an' she wus
zy 'bout Hoof.. Eveybody else crazy
ut her likewise an' Hoof scattered nig-
s like hawk swoopin' down on chickens.
l, this girl so foolish in her head 'bout
of wouldn't let other boys touch her.
uld call 'em cheap skates, signifyin' she
handsome high-brown soldier hero.
uld jes' go blind an' rave over Hoof. If
jes' look at her she jes' open up an' fall
his arms. Jes' wouldn't let him go,
uld do anything for him an' never tire.
of swear he's gonna stay with her till
ll freeze over.
Some black devil slacker bound to git
Hoof, gonna lay his body down. Played
on him. Must a sneaked up from be-
d an' shot him down. Onliest way could
him. So found him with hole in his
d 'bout risin' of sun. Said I wus gonna
dam scoundrel shot. I'm bad man, bad
ell I know. Gonna find him out. Gonna
his body down some day.

So I feels my hell a risin'. I gits soldier blues, homesick blues, railroad blues, ain't got no fare. Got every kind o' blues anybody ever had, cryin' blues, swearin' blues, don't-care blues, 'fo-day blues, downhearted blues.

Oh my baby, Lawd,
You don't know my mind,
When you think I'm laughin',
Laughin' to keep from cryin'.

Wus bound to git in trouble some way. Me an' war buddies, fightin's my middle name. So I seen big black preacher settin' up to this brown baby, talkin' sweet honey 'bout restin' in bosom of Jesus. I'm watchin' this black scoundrel. Don't like 'im, thinkin' 'bout po' Hoof. Got them crazy blues, hey baby, hey honey, don't know whether I'm gittin' sleepy, else gittin' hard as blue steel!

So I straggles 'long followin' black preacher an' high-brown lady takin' walk. I hears po' girl weepin' an' moanin', sayin' she ain't got nothin' to live fer. Wants po' Hoof. Say she don't believe Jesus is listenin' all day long, an' she don't give a dam if He is. Preacher says Hoof wus sinnerman gone to Judgment Day.

'Bout that time I feels my hell a risin', got crazy blues. Got ramblin' blues, got bad-man blues, gonna have them chain-gang blues. So I goes trompin' 'round, gonna git in front of dam nigger. Gonna call him ever name 'scusin' Son of God.

So I comes staggerin' up bellowin' like a bull. 'Bout that time me feets nearbout freeze to ground. I don't know whether I'm in Heaven or Hell. Don't know whether I'm skeered or fightin' mad. Me an' war same thing. Got fightin' blues, can't be satisfied. Oh my God, seen po' Hoof come floatin' in between big preacher an' high-brown girl, floatin' in coffin, lid poppin' off, oh my God! Seen hole in his head, seen blood gushin' out. Seen po' Hoof signifyin' to me big black devil whut done it.

Got them crazy blues, done gone mad, yellin' an' hollerin'. "Oh my God, po' Hoof, is you hurt? Is you shot? Where is

you at? I'm comin', Buddy, gonna kill that black nigger sho' as Hell!" So high-brown lady gits to screamin'. I'm comin' on tryin' to git my hands on nigger. Got him by throat, gonna choke him till eyeballs pop out, gonna break his neck jes' like chicken. Thought preacher begin to pray, Oh Lawd, to have mercy on him. Thought Hoof wus breathin' fire on him, eyes look like little red balls o' lightnin' flashin'. Oh my God, never seen such a sight since I been born. Preacher hollerin', lady screamin', I'm cussin' an' fightin' an' yellin' like Devil hisself.

Shot my pistol in heart of town,
Big chief holler, "Don't you blow me down."
Oh, which a-way did po' girl go?
She left here runnin' is all I know.

'Bout that time M.P.'s come up. Big black nigger went crashing through fence palin' an' woods like bear on hillside. Never did ketch him. Made his getaway like greasy streak o' lightnin'. But I'm gonna git him dam skin yet. M.P.'s got me an' took me back to camp. Good thing locked me up. Had them crazy blues, gonna raise hell. Been in Army longer than I stays in camp. Never stays more'n three weeks, leastwise never mo'n four in no one place. But I'm in Army now, nothin' to do 'bout it. Made me tote big rocks weighin' 'bout 150 pounds; made me carry wood mile an' half, made me cut cord wood, made me do all sorts an' kind o' things.

Lawd, wish I wus in Georgia,
Singin' jail-house blues.
Lawd, don't you grieve after me!

Howsomever, got letter from my mother. Gits me to thinkin' 'bout sompin' else. Like I told you, las' time she wus mighty fine lady, always helpin' somebody an' always talkin' 'bout how good Lawd been to her. So she wrote me to do best I could. Told me 'bout me sister's husband dyin' with flu an' said she had letter from her. My sister wus in Washington an' Mama says hopes charity folks won't let her suffer. Wus writin' her to come on home and would take keer of her an' children. Always doin' things like that.

Howsomever, in a few days got 'no letter from my sister tellin' 'bout M dyin' with flu. Captain won't give me leave, can't go home. Always tellin' he's gonna see what could he do. N done it. Signified gonna take us to camp befo' we goes over. Can't go home

That old letter read 'bout dyin',
Boy, did you ever think about dyin'?
Then I can't read it now for cryin',
Tears run down, Lawd, tears run down.

Make me think how mean I been, m as hell I know. Jes' old Kid Bad worl in me. Never meant no harm, jes' feel hell a risin', always some other pl better'n this, some other work easier, r callin' me on. This old worl' been a hell me ever since I left my mama's house. N she's done dead an' gone, sleepin' in grave, I want to go home, Lawd, I want go home! Funny how colored soldi always wonderin' will they ever git b home to see sweet old mommer. Alw singin' 'bout best friend in this wor somebody to tell trouble to. Then treat mother like fatherless child. I'm same w Can't tell you reason why, can't name Must be me an' war same thing. Ot boys same way, sorrowful, an' bl singin',

I'm gonna meet me mother,
Some day in Promised Land.
She stole away an' went to Heaven,
Hope I join her in the band.

Soldiers got homesick blues, got f away blues, got cemetery blues. Jes' set a droop around, head hung down studyi Somebody would come 'round, tryin' cheer 'em up. Wouldn't say nothin'. Ca see how other boys laughin' an' goin' o Howsomever, don't do no good mopi 'round, can't go home, jes' make matte worse.

If blues wus whiskey
I'd be drunk all the time.

eap of boys skeered. Never seen much
orld like I has, never been travellin'
. Skeered of everything. Skeered poison
in water, think German spies gonna
v 'em up at night. Wus skeered to put
ts out at night, skeered to cross that
water, can't study nothin' but wantin'
o home, Lawd, wantin' to go home.
s would git mad cause wus skeered an'
ld start joreein' an' braggin' 'bout
t they gonna do on the other side.
id you hear whut become of long tall
called Spider Brown, started off with
He wus powerful funny boy. Would
e an' sing and carry his box every-
re he went. Nobody couldn't git his
o 'way from him. Love to play. Could
on it, wus some musicianer, and song-
. Wus big talker, too, but always sing-
an' lookin' 'way off like wus seein'
pin' couldn't tell 'bout.

Vent with us to Jacksonville. Wus
hty sad case. Couldn't do nuthin' with
. Got so homesick wouldn't eat,
ldn't drink, neither would he sleep.
home folks died. Wouldn't let him go
e to funeral. Officer couldn't talk to
. Red Cross man couldn't do nothin'
h him jes' 'bout loses his mind, eyes
e an' look different. Worrination jes'
him. Officers would try everything.
ldn't do nothin' with him. Would cry
holler. Give him box an' told him to
. Didn't do nothin' but play an' sing
esick blues,:

Wish to God some old train would run,
Carry me back where I come from.

Mighty sorry to hear 'bout po' Spider.
ought a heap of that old boy. I seen
er boys tryin' to get away, makin'
ses an' tryin' all sorts an' kinds o'
ks to get back home. Remember old boy
ed Gus Bigun, big boy from Missis-
i. Well, Gus told 'em he couldn't hear
hin'. Couldn't prove he wus lyin'.
ld ask him all sorts an' kinds of ques-
s. Wouldn't open his mouth, neither
ify that he wus hearin' whut they ask.
ne officer says to leave it to him an'
he'll fix up this boy. So he does. They puts Gus in room where he can hear 'em talkin'. So they begins talkin' loud an' sayin' well they is sorry but have to send Gus back home. Says he can't hear and don't want no deef soldiers in Army. So this officer goes in room where Gus is an' says right sudden like, "Well, Gus, what you gonna do when you git home?" An' Gus he says, "I don't know yet, Captain." So they puts him in labor batallion an' first makes him work at hard labor for week.

Heard 'bout other boys tryin' all sorts an' kinds of ways to git out of Army. Would play sick. Would tie rubber bands 'round legs to make 'em swell up. Would put soap under arms. Would smoke asthma tablets rolled up in cigarette to see could they git fever. No need to play sick, gonna make you sorry sho'.

Did you hear about old boy called Enoch Hoop? Well, would jes' leave camp an' couldn't keep him from it. Maybe would slip out one way today an' 'nother way tomorrow. Would put on citizens' clothes an' get away. Punished him same as other boys but couldn't stop him. So they filled up tank of water and put Enoch in tank. Then let water run in till gits nearly to his mouth. Then gives him thimble to scoop it up with. Howsomever, water runnin' in faster than he can scoop it out. Boy gits skeered an' strangled an' begins hollerin', oh Lawdy, will he ever get out. But never cured him. Look for him to go A.W.O.L. when he gits on ship. Don't know how he's gonna do it but sho'ly look for him to git away with sumpin'.

Yeh, we had big boy in one camp jes' like that. Jes' would slip out, like magic. Couldn't tell where he got out an' how he would get back. Tried all sorts punishment. So one time officer got man an' made him dig big grave. Stood over him with guns and made him dig his own grave. When got grave dug, made him stand up at end so would fall in it when firin' squad shot.

So gets six men with rifles lined up an' tells boy to git ready to tell his Jesus good-

mornin', 'cause he ain't got long to stay here. Boy swears he won't *never* leave no mo' without orders if they jes' spare his life. So lets him off. Never did aim to kill him. All boys with guns wus on to trick.

'Bout that time boys dyin' with flu like hogs with cholera back on Tello's farm in Mississippi. Captain told me to drive truckload colored soldiers piled up dead; said thought that might keep me out o' meanness while. Lawd, never seen like since I been born!

I looks into the East,
I looks into the West;
Lawd, I sees dead a risin',
From every graveyard.

Look like Judgment Day. Folks dyin' back home an' writin' pitiful letters. Soldiers dyin' in camp. Boys sick in tents an' camp hospital. Hospital for sick, graveyard for dead. Couldn't count 'em, loaded 'em off in boxes. Never seen like since I been born.

Onliest one thing help po' boys in time of trouble. Red Cross officers in camp an' Red Cross ladies back home wus whut done it. Officers would help out in camp an' would git white folks to help back home. When my mama died an' captain won't let me go home, Red Cross man sends telegram. In 'bout two days he gits telegram back sayin' mama had good funeral, both white an' colored folks helpin', an' my sister is well an' takin' keer of all folks. So I feels better an' havin' telegram work for me helps my feelin's a heap. Thought I would try to do better.

Would say to myself, damit if I ain't patriot. Heard band play, got to marchin', buddies dyin' made me think maybe neither would I ever git back again. So I says to myself, any man that is of this country got to go an' sacrifice his life. I got to do the same. I wus principled up like this, if I had to go I could do it. Wan't no hero, wan't no coward. I can do what I have to do. Got to luck it. If I'm gonna git killed I'm gonna git killed. Howsomever, war never got me, never will.

IV

Like I'm sayin' I been to war an' I l
back. Been mighty change since I l
born. Change where I been, never char
me. I disremembers most things I don
France. Done told about some of th
Told about comin' back on big ship. W
big ship docks. Whistles blowin', ba
playin', everybody talkin' an' goin'
Red Cross an' Salvation Army meets us
passes out things to soldiers, both colo
an' white. Big crowds cheerin'. Feel
soldier in Army of the Lawd. Feel
patriot, proud to have name of sold
Gonna have good time, ain't gonna w
no mo'. Howsomever, glad we gonna
our discharge, won't be long, Lawd, wo
be long!

I'm gonna lay my burden down,
Ain't gonna study war no mo'.
Down by the river side.

So we takes ferry an' train an' goes o
to same camp which we wus in befo'
sailed for overseas. Been mighty cha
since we been gone. Many long weary d
have passed. Some buddies never did co
back. Po' Shorty Geech an' Funny Sam
other boys sleepin' in their graves
France. Feel powerful sorrowful, 'scus
glad to git back. War never got me, ne
will. Got my buddies, never got me.

We stayed there from Wednesday 'bo
three o'clock till Friday mornin' 'bout te
when we left on train for Camp Gordo
Wus long train Pullman cars windi
'round them curves. Boys mighty glad
git on board. Ridin' them cushions, sett
rared back. Ridin' them Pullman cars
the Promised Land. Mighty different no
from whut wus when we started to cam
crowded all up in day-coaches like I to
'bout. Sho God different from ridin'
French box-cars.

So we goes on out to Camp Gordon
good old Southern road. Got in them go
old cantonment barracks. Goodbye Fran
Hello Georgia, goodbye rain an' goodb
mud! Won't be long now, Lawd, I'm

way an' can't turn back! Lord, sun 't set in the morning. Got rainbow nd my shoulder, wings on my feet.

Some o' these mornin's bright an' fair
Gonna hitch my wings an' try the air.
Lawd, don't you grieve after me!

Ve stayed there jes' precisely one week. n't know what day neither hour would git discharged. So boys stayed in camp. trouble at all keepin' 'em in line. So y gives us uniform, maybe two shirts underwear, hat an' overcoat. Salvation ny done give us socks an' handkerchiefs. treated us fine, better than we been ted befo'. Thought we gonna be livin' , gonna be livin' high.

Vell, ain't no use me workin' so,
Cause, Lawd, I ain't gonna work no mo'.
ain't nobody's business but my own.

hought I would go see my sister, also her of white captain got killed, lived ame town my mama did. Been mighty nge since I been gone, felt sorry for my- my mama bein' dead an' buried lst I been in Army. Nobody to carry troubles to. Found my sister an' her dren doin' very well. Leastwise, had l all money I sent home to keep till I e back.

Vent to see white lady, mother of white ain got killed in France and lady my na worked for. Told him when he died ould do so. Felt mighty sorry for po' . Ask me how did her son die? Did I him? Wus he sufferin'? Did he talk it his mother befo' he died? an' heap questions which I wus tellin' her m best way I could.

o I didn't stay there long. White lady husband told me would give me good at house or workin' on college grounds. vsomever, I wus not ready to settle n. Wus too restless, neither had I been e my old friends, neither had I found k scoundrel that shot my buddy.

o I starts on road again. Thought I ld ride cushions till my money give So first place I stops at wus town I worked in befo'. My friends showed me good time treatin' me better, maybe better than I been treated befo'. Had my uniform on, told 'em 'bout France, made 'em think I wus talkin' French. Lawd, I wus boy back home, jes' natchelly been mo' places than anybody else.

Howsomever, white folks told me would give me half hour, whether would I take my uniform off or leave town. I tells 'em I'm soldier of Uncle Sam. I been fightin' in France, can't do nothin' with me. They tells me they don't give a dam, I ain't no soldier neither, nothin' but dam nigger an' can't have me wearin' uniform. So they sends crowd of boys askin' me will I leave or will I not. Nothin' to do 'bout it, 'scusin' maybe I'm mutterin',

'Scuse me mister, don't git mad,
Gonna raise a ruckus to-night,
'Cause you look like sumpin' buzzard had,
Gonna raise ruckus tonight.

So I leaves there, walkin' an' talkin' to myself, feels my hell a risin'. Nothin' to do 'bout it. I can do what I have to do an' maybe time come when I have to do it. Heard 'bout other boys in Tennessee an' Mississippi an' other States. Tore uniform off one boy. Nothin' to do 'bout it. White folks principled up like this, they don't keer if we been good soldiers or bad, we jes' come befo' them as man with black skin.

So we had some hard times jes' after war in South. White folks lookin' for nigger soldiers to raise ruckus. Heard 'bout sheriff's gittin' machine-gun, gittin' ready to blow us down, did we make attack. Heard 'bout whole town gittin' het up, thought colored people wus drillin' at night. Way it wus lodge wus havin' big initiatin' ceremony, marchin' round an' singin' an' goin' on.

So I starts out. Thought I would go back up North. Thought I would ride cushions till my money give out. Goin' to see my friends an' buddies, ain't gonna work no mo'. So I gits off at Philadelphia, place I been befo'. Too many soldiers back all

come under same gourd vine. Jes' lak never been to war. Nothin' to do 'bout it. So I'm movin' on, always some place better, road callin' me on.

Thought I would go to California. Been there one time. Thought I would like that better. Would walk away from bein' mistreated soldier. So I rides cushion some an' works my way some. Howsomever, don't like it out there, neither can I git much to do. Feels like po' boy long way from home, ain't got a friend in this world.

I'm out in this wide world alone,
Got nobody to carry troubles to,
Good man jes' ain't treated right,
Oh, look down that lonesome road an' cry!

So I feels my hell a risin'. Gonna roll them bones. Gonna git some money an' play bad. So I'm gamblin' man, startin' with little money an' raisin' 'em higher. Black cat-bones an' Adam an' Eve charm workin' this time.

Come on, bones, an' treat me nice,
Roll 'em, soldier, roll them dice!
Tain't nobody's business but my own.
Lawd, don't you grieve after me!

'Scusin' I ain't soldier no mo'. Been mighty change since I been born. Change where I been, ain't changed me. I'm travellin' man, I'm high brown, lean an' mean, ain't no soft-bellied green ruckey. Me an' war same thing. I been in all States an' foreign land. Been had trouble all my day. Nothin' to do about it. I'm on my way, Lawd, I'm on my way. Gonna ride them cushions to the Promised Land. Goin' where water taste like wine. Gonna see does my honey know right from wrong. Gonna hoo-doo black devil shot my buddy.

Thought I heard that K. C. whistle blow
Blow like she never blow befo';
Oh, she blow like she never blow befo'.

So my money lasts till I gits 'bout to Wyoming. An' I works little an' gambles some mo' an' goes on to North Dakota through Minnesota an' Omaha workin' on Great Northern an' on wheat fields an' whatever I could git to do. So I works gambles my way back through Minnes an' Ohio. Won't be long, Lawd, won long!

I'm goin' back to sunny South
Where sun shines on my honey's house;
Tain't nobody's business but my own.

So I comes back to Virginia an' N Carolina, then goes on to Georgia an' bama an' back up Mississippi to Mem Tennessee. Thought Memphis good if know how to git on, 'scusin' al stayed in Memphis little while in trai an' guardin' big bridge. So thoug would go on up to Tennessee see could satisfied. Had them Memphis blues, La an' can't be satisfied.

Well, it's come an' go to sweet Tenness
Where the money grows on trees,
Where the women do as they please,
Lawd, come an' go to sweet Tennessee.

Howsomever, got railroad blues, c be satisfied. So I goes on back to N Carolina an' Virginia, then on up to Ph delphia an' New Jersey. Thought I w road hustle to see if times be like used t Seen many buddies back from war. C be satisfied. Some boys say ruther be s than go to war again. Some boys say t learned heap 'bout world in war, ain' bad, Lawd, ain't so bad. Some bud mighty bitter. Say country don't treat right over fightin' in Army. Say don't why should fight fer Uncle Sam if U Sam always 'busin' them.

Me, I ain't bother yet, I ain't bother y War don't make things no better, ma neither worse. Well, I don't know, La I don't know. Heard some boys cus 'bout it. I don't give a dam. If I git thinkin' 'bout it, gits me mad as hell. S ain't bother yet, I ain't bother yet.

Thought 'bout old times, workin' gamblin'. So I starts in road gang. La Lawd, look jes' like war. A man natchelly don't count. Men an' mules wheelers an' captain an' walkin' b hollerin' an' cussin'. Let wheelers roll,

lers roll! So I wus thinkin' 'bout all
times we had in France, an' 'bout all
s I been to an' all things I done. Must
keerless 'cause 'bout that time stone-
ier come down on my arm. Thought
ashed it clean off. Captain hollerin'
e what hell I'm doin'. Oh my Lawd,
in hell I know whut I'm doin'? So I
ny left arm. Nothin' to do about it,
am.

uble, trouble been had it all my days,
uble meet me at the do',
e goin' where trouble ain't no mo',
wd, don't you grieve after me.

I starts again as hustlin' sport. Maybe
en's treat me little better with one
like po' boy needin' a friend. Can
t with my good right hand an' maybe
t git in so many fights. Leastwise, I
bother yet, I ain't bother yet. Seen
buddies travellin' 'round. Heard 'em
n' 'bout war. All come under same
d vine. Heard Pullman porters an'
s an' hustlin' sports an' rum-runners.
ight they have hard time.

hite man gives me job as night watch-
at 'lectric plant. Thought he treated
ne. He wus pleasant to me an' I wus
ant to him. Thought maybe I would
tisfied. So one night somebody come
lin' 'round. I been guardin' in Army
o I says, "Halt, who goes there?" He
t say nothin' an' starts runnin'. So I
him to halt, which he don't. So I
ts. Wus white man! Oh my Lawd,
le, trouble! Been had it all my day,
a have it till I die!

Law 'rested me an' put me in jail. Big
d white folks gatherin'. Crowd kept
n' thought better call out company of
ers. Could look out of jail bars an' see
ers settin' 'round an' standin' up.
ght about me bein' soldier, proud of
of soldier workin' an' fightin' in
e. Now soldiers guardin' me to keep
from stringing me up, all jes' cause
e whut I wus told to do in Army. Wus
other colored boys in prison. Oh my
, hear 'em singing:

I am climbing Jacob's ladder,
I am climbing Jacob's ladder,
I am climbing Jacob's ladder,
Soldier of the cross!

Do you think I'll make a soldier,
Do you think I'll make a soldier,
Do you think I'll make a soldier,
Soldier of the cross?

Never hurt white man much. Jes' shoot 'im through chest. So good white folks got me off. Thought about it, Lawd, thought about it. Been mighty change since I been born. Change where I been, never changed me. Thought about trainin' in camp. Thought about war in France. Thought about my mama's papa's tellin' me 'bout fightin' tribes of Africa. Me an' war same thing. Been had it all my day. Gonna have it till I die. Howsomever, war never got me. Got my buddies, never got me.

Lawd, been mighty change since I been born. Lawd, I wonder is good old U. S. A. gonna blow me down. Thought about marchin' in New York, peoples cheerin' colored soldiers. Thought about singin' on boat goin' over when torpedo missed us. Thought 'bout singin' on ship comin' back an' train goin' home.

Thought about boys singin' in France, 'bout pack up yo' troubles in yo' old kit bag, an' me yodlin', "Oh, where shall I go for to ease my trouble in mind?" Well I don't know, Lawd, I don't know. Been mighty change since I been born. Change where I been, never changed me. Maybe some other crowd git me some other day. Maybe neither will they blow me down. Well, I don't know, Lawd, I don't know. I'm leavin' here, won't be long now, won't be long. Gonna rock trouble to sleep, rainbow 'round my shoulder, wings on my feet. Well, don't you grieve after me.

I'm gonna lay my burden down,
Ain't gonna study no mo'.
Yes, by God, I'll be in Heaven
When I lay my burden down,
Ain't gonna study war no mo'
Down by the riverside.

LAY POPES

BY HERBERT PARRISH

Among all the cranks, crooks, thieves, pickpockets, blackmailers, adulterers and adulteresses (James IV,4), robbers of poor-boxes, social climbers, saints and secretaries, bums and beggars, bishops and murderers that one finds in the Christian churches of the land, by far the most annoying to the rev. clergy are the lay popes.

Lay popes are men and women members in good standing who aspire to run the ecclesiastical machine, to keep the clergy trimmed, to interfere in the conduct of the services, to dictate what kind of music shall be sung, to direct how the minister shall pray, to indicate the sort of sermons he shall preach and the kind of socks he shall wear, to determine the color of his ties or whether he shall be permitted to wear ties at all, to tell his wife the kind of hats and clothes that are proper to one in her station, to nag him about the number of calls he should make and upon whom they should be made, and in general to decide the business and policy of churches on the theory that they, the popes, know everything that is worth knowing about such matters and the clergy know little or nothing at all. They are great nuisances. Always nosing around, suggesting, criticising, whining, putting wet blankets on the pastor's every enthusiasm, ordering how things shall be done and countermanding his orders, they are thorns in his side and are the reason why clergymen go wrong.

The Protestant churches of this country are hotbeds of lay papacy, for in them the laity are entrenched in the very system of control. Ever since Martin Luther persuaded the German nobles to kick Catholics out of Germany and to give t money to the Lutherans and ever s Henry VIII decided that his matrimc adventures were more interesting to H self than they could possibly be to Holy Father at Rome, the lay element been dominant in the organization of Protestant churches. The temporali the property, the financial manage and very much of the regulation of services are in the hands of laymen. men determine the sites, the materials, style and architecture of the church bu ings; they fix the pastor's salary; provide and often furnish the hous which he must live. Lay boards, trus or vestrymen hire him and in most chur they have the power also to fire him.

Under this system it is easy for a lay of dominant personality to establish in church of which he is a member a posi of almost complete authority. He can often does become the virtual head of parochial organization. He is the pop the parish. The pastor becomes in all tents and purposes subordinate to him

As a rule, the lay pope is a rich m This, of course, is not absolutely necess A man of very moderate means, by din very active service of the Rotarian qua may make himself so indispensable in works that he can run things to suit h self. But an active and interested *rich* is omnipotent. The entire board of t tees, the whole congregation, as wel the pastor, accept his directions as fi He owns the place. No pastor can affor snub him. He may cut down his subs tion, he may leave the church, he

up a cabal against you that will force resignation. He may—well, there been instances.

the theatrical world a rich man who s an actor or, more commonly, an ss, is known, I understand, as an l. Such a man may give his money hly, but I doubt that he would long lled an angel if he attempted to inter- with the artists in the details of their rmance or with the business of pro- ion. In the churches a lay pope is an l gone wrong. Neither the art of the cher, his long theological training, gifts at organization, his technical wledge, or even his possible piety exer- any restraining influence upon the lay . By virtue of his wealth he is as- ed to know more about religion, about ch architecture, about the conduct of ices, about ecclesiastical music, about oral duties, about preaching than all ev. clergy in all the churches plus all professors in all the theological semi- es.

cunia loquitur. The influence of money aramount in the American churches. hing can be done without it. Not in- ently, indeed, the position of the lay is so important that the very church f comes to be known as *his* church r than by the name of the saint to m it was dedicated or the street on h it stands or the material out of h it is built. People say, "That is the t Mr. So-and-so's church" rather than at is St. Mary's, or the Fourth Street byterian, or the Brick Church," as the may be.

course, when the lay pope is on the r's side, and admires and backs him, no longer considered a lay pope. He becomes a Tower of Strength, a pillar e temple of the Lord. He is spoken of noble, loyal, self-sacrificing layman, a ndid Type of True Christianity, an ex- le for the youth of the land to follow take note of. There are and have been y such laymen, rich men who not only ked their own pastors but whole churches, or at least whole causes or parties in the churches. Such men as Lord Halifax or the late Haley Fiske were known as leaders in the Catholic Movement of the Anglican Church. Mr. Sebastian S. Kresge, the chain-store magnate, was a famous supporter of the cause of Prohibition and morals among the Methodists. John D. Rockefeller backs the Baptists, at least those who are not of the Straton type. William Jennings Bryan was a great Presbyterian Fundamentalist. Such men could and did sway the deliberations of whole conventions of pastors with their influence, their eloquence, or their money. Those who may have opposed them perhaps regarded them as the enemies of the Lord, but to those who sided with them they were mighty champions of the host of Israel.

II

A pastor who has no lay popes in his congregation, whose people are all well disposed, generally equal in wealth, station, rank and intelligence, and simple and kindly in character, is fortunate. He can be the leader of his group and the only pope in his parish. But if he has one or more lay popes, as generally happens, he must walk warily, keep them on his side or stay on their side, if he wants peace. Let him once offend a lay pope, let him tread on some corn, touch too pointedly on some concealed wickedness, rip up some dubious business or political deal in which his pope or popes have been engaged, and he will find himself in hot water. Rich men are touchy. They readily change their minds and find other uses for their money. A preacher who is too independent may find himself saying with Cardinal Wolsey,

> O, how wretched
> Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
> There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
> That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
> More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
> And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
> Never to hope again.

The support of a rich man for a religious cause is among American Protestants as

final an endorsement as a papal bull among Roman Catholics. Dives has the last word. If what he desires is heeded, he will give. If not, the sinews of war are weakened, prestige is gone, the well-spring is dried up, the cause fails. And the rich men of America are by no means adverse to letting their ideas be known about religion as about every other subject before the public. They assume and the country assumes with them that the possession of wealth is an evidence of wisdom in every department of life. No technical knowledge is necessary. Mr. Ford, for example, has universal knowledge. His opinions about war and Prohibition are as valuable in his own mind as his opinions about motor cars. If Roger Babson talks about religion over the radio, his ideas on immortality become for multitudes of Americans the ultimate revelation of divine truth. It is fortunate for the fine arts that our multimillionaires have not yet taken them up in a really serious way. So far they are content to act in relation to music and painting only as angels. But if they ever decide to regulate these arts as they have regulated religion and morals, God help the painters and the fiddlers!

Only the other day an eminent architect was telling me about an experience he had with a lay pope in New England. The architect had been summoned by the official board of a certain church to plan some necessary building and on his arrival at the place he naturally called upon the pastor. The pastor, he found, was a man of singular ability, of artistic tastes and of considerable architectural knowledge; moreover, a courteous gentleman. They discussed the problem of the new building for some time and the architect was delighted to find that the preacher's ideas were practical, reasonable and favored an ecclesiastical style that was correct. But as they went out to go over the grounds the lay pope of the parish appeared. The architect remarked to the lay pope that he was much impressed with the excellent suggestions of the pastor.

"Pooh!" said the lay pope, well wi the hearing of his minister, "don't pay attention to that fellow. He hasn't thing to do with this and he knows n ing about such things." Whereupon lay pope proceeded to outline his plans, which, so the architect told would have done fairly well for a fac but were entirely out of taste in relatic a church. The pastor excused himself slunk away in silence.

But do not let anyone suppose that only the clergy of the Protestant chur who are liable to be insulted, browbea snubbed and terrorized by the lay pop their congregations. There are lay p in Roman Catholic churches also. T sure, the Protestant organizations go ther than Holy Church; they fasten popes upon the necks of the clergy as cials and virtual owners of the chur and any busybody who can manage to himself elected to the board of a Protes church can make life miserable for his tor. Sometimes even sextons and orga occupy such positions. And it is true under the Roman Catholic system clergy are officially considered to be petent to run their own parochial aff and that the priest is generally pope i own church. He directs its buildings services, and its music, and he control finances. He is able to keep the mass o people off his neck by holding Hell be them. Not being able to meddle in th that they know nothing about, the pe do not throw monkey-wrenches into machinery. Thus the average Roman pa is a place of supernal peace compared the average Protestant church, and priest is a man of dignity and superio perience, used to business problems with an understanding of human af that is denied to the Protestant ministe

Nevertheless and even so, Roman Ca lic clergymen do sometimes have lay p on their hands. A good many Ro Catholics whose ancestors came to Ame as poor peasants a generation ago have reached a condition of affluence. And

ey they tend to become assertive. They not, indeed, attempt direct action nst their pastors as Protestant lay s do, but there is another way. For nple, a Roman Catholic priest, a man ncommon culture and excellent taste, me not long ago that he had had it all over him by one of his own laymen. priest had just completed a very hand- e new church building in the Byzan- style, complete in every particular itecturally. It was simple, dignified, stately. But one of his newly-rich lay- conceived the idea that he wished to in a memorial altar in the new church. layman was obsessed by the early rnian Gothic complex and he had en, without consulting his pastor, a t hideous example of vulgar and bla- Barclay Street design.

he pastor argued with him in vain. lay pope would give nothing else. lly, the pastor refused absolutely to ve the gift. Whereupon the parish- r went to the bishop of the diocese, hed the episcopal soul with a generous to some diocesan project, and told the op how unfortunate Holy Church was ave such a stubborn son in the person ather X. Within five minutes word e over the wire to Father X. It said, ke what's offered and keep your mouth ." So the handsome Byzantine Church ur Lady of Mercy now has a hideous lay Street altar which nauseates the t every time he says mass.

is well understood and has been under- d for ages that some bishops, Roman, lican and Methodist, will sacrifice any- g or anybody to get money from a an. Lay popes who understand this ciple of the episcopate can generally inate their pastors by going to the man er up. Even Protestant lay popes get n Roman Catholic churches—if they ich enough. I have a friend, an Ameri- Protestant lay pope, who owns a châ- in France where he spends several ths each year. He gives a good deal of ey to the local parish church there and frequently entertains the parish *curé*. He tells me that if he does not happen to like the *curé* for any reason, it is a very simple matter to get the bishop of the diocese to transfer the man to some other place and to send him somebody else.

This same man, by the way, has a sister who likes to sing in public. When she visits him in France, he arranges with the parish priest to have her sing a solo at mass. She does not happen to know any sacred music, but she tells me that the peasant congregation is always moved to tears when she sings "Old Black Joe."

Another friend of mine who is a Roman Catholic monsignor told me that when he became rector of his first parish, he thought it would be a good thing to call a meeting of his men in order to get their ideas about the needs of the church and so secure their coöperation.

"Never again," said he, in speaking of this experience. "I had there some seven hundred men, and no sooner did the meeting open than they all started to tell me just how the church should be run. Some wanted one thing, some another. *Quot homines, tot sententiae*. Well, I listened for a while and then I said, 'Thank you for your interesting opinions. Now, this is what we will do and what I intend to have done.' And I told them exactly what they were to do. I never held another parish meeting. It is too dangerous. They would all be lay popes if they could."

It is an interesting bit of history that in Colonial days, before the Roman Catholic hierarchy was established in America, the Catholic churches in the colonies were held by boards of laymen very much in the same way as the Protestant churches are yet held. In consequence, there was nothing but trouble in the organization, and as soon as Irish bishops were sent over to these shores they began the work of obtruding the lay boards and taking over the property, for they saw the cumbersome futility of the system. But it was not until well into the Nineteenth Century that they finally got rid of their lay popes.

III

Perhaps you are chuckling to yourself and thinking that it is a jolly good thing that the rev. clergy have this burden to bear—that it is well to keep us down, tread on us, kick us and otherwise maltreat us. You recall the warfare of science with theology, the battle for the freedom of men's minds from clerical domination, priestcraft and obscurantism. You hate the way preachers dodge your facts, misinterpret your philosophy, sidestep logic, muddle thought, cling to defunct hypotheses, pry into other people's business, snoop and spy and tattle.

You remember the long history of savage ecclesiastical control, when men were burned at the stake for their opinions. You detest clerical meddling with legislation, the blackmailing of legislators to secure sumptuary legislation, the disingenuous arguments and special pleading by which from a thousand pulpits fanatical agitators stir up the masses to the most insane movements of which mass psychology is capable. You laugh when you think of the pastors who imagine that they have an inside, esoteric cinch on divinity, so that they alone can talk to God in his own particular *patois*. Perhaps you recall some of the theological professors who think that they alone have the qualifications that make them socially adequate for house parties in Heaven. Or a certain bishop has given you the impression that by virtue of the authority committed unto him he is one who can make the flaming splendors of eternity light up whenever he chooses to give the word and turn on the switch.

Reader, you are right. Left to ourselves, we clergy, some of us, would rapidly reduce you laymen to a condition of subservience, of terrorized obedience, that would keep you kissing our hands and toes, bringing us gifts, inviting us to dinner *ad infinitum*. We have the will-to-power. We would own the earth and the fulness thereof. The scene at Canossa would be constantly repeated. The Brahmin caste of India would pale into insignificance compared with our greatness. There are those among us would go out to seek and to save which is lost—with a club. There Roman cardinals who would like to Einstein sizzle in a bonfire of his theories. There are Methodist bishops would express brotherly love by puttin death with cruel and unusual torments body who looked upon the wine whe was red. The Spanish Inquisition w weak and gentle sister compared with present American movement towards H ness.

Therefore, it becomes a matter of re ing that the clergy have these thorns in side, these lions in the way, these serp in the wall, these messengers of Sata buffet them, these Baalam's asses to buke them. In the providence of God lay popes are accomplishing someth that not all the opposition of sci falsely so called or all the wiles of A lyon could accomplish. They are rap reducing the Christian churches to a dition of impotence. For they require humble and an obedient clergy to do t bidding. Clerical authority, power, or nality, initiative worry them. When lay popes have accomplished their w and are tired of playing church and turn golf instead, there will be little left liberal thought to think about.

In my study of lay papacy I have fo two distinct trends. The first of these is trend toward snobbery. The lay pop not only generally a snob himself but develops an atmosphere of snobbishn among the clergy and in the congregat he rules that is slowly but surely sapp the vitals of Christianity out of churches. "Ye cannot serve God and Ma mon" is as true now as it ever was. A Christianity is essentially a religion of simple people, the poor and, if you ple the ignorant. There were not many ri not many noble, not many wise men a the flesh. (I Cor., 1,26.) This religion w a religion founded by a carpenter an gang of fishermen, peasants and crook politicians (*i.e.*, publicans). They even

x-prostitute in the group. But your rn lay pope and the social climbers, epresentatives of the oldest and most ctable families who make up the back- of our present-day churches, would ave liked that a bit. Imagine half a n of them sitting down at the Last er. Whew! The smell of fish, the un- ted peasants, the crude manners! r!

young clergyman I know, filled with siasm for a Christianity that should some Apostolic characteristics, took ly after his ordination a Southern n where he found the church about a full, the congregation composed of a ld families and the place dying of dry He got several motor-busses at his own se and after visiting the region round , succeeded in bringing in a large er of people who had never been to h before. The elderly colonel who he lay pope of the place, coming to h on Sunday morning and seeing the rrivals, sent for the clergyman.

ir," said he, "who are these strange le? I don't know them. They don't g here. This church, sir, was built by ancestors for our families and our ds. It's damned unpleasant, sir, if I use such an expression in the presence e cloth, to have such people penetrate sacred precincts and come into the le of God. Sir, I think that you have ken your vocation. Certainly we do ant you here. You had better go."

e young man went.

netimes whole congregations take on color of snobbery and high-hat any- who does not belong to their set, out of the church. Sometimes it is a e family that rules the situation and rrorizes the simpler members of the egation that nobody dares to go to nunion before its members have re- d. Religion under such conditions sets a premium upon wealth and social tance that it can not long hope to nue to call itself Christian. It may ps build vast auditoriums and erect Cathedrals of the Holy Sepulchre, but the buildings are mere tombs out of which the spirit of the risen Christ has long since fled aghast. There are quite a few of these in the land.

The other trend I have noticed is that the lay popes have now become so very rich and have so many more interesting things to do of a Sunday, playing golf, riding, going to week-end parties, that the game of amusing themselves with churches has begun to play out. It begins to bore them. It is no longer fashionable. As James Russell Lowell says, "When the Puritans made their fortunes they lost their religion." Mammon always wins, or nearly always.

As a consequence of this tendency the social climbers and the poor, who set their pace in the steps of the social leaders, follow the example of the little children of the rich and stay away from services. Hence the lay popes, having undermined religion in the churches, are now undermining the churches.

What Christianity remains is now largely outside of the churches. The churchianity that is left is quite different.

IV

It would be a bold prophet, however, who should proclaim this as the end. There have always been lay popes from the earliest days of the Apostolic period, ever since St. Paul ran up against Alexander the coppersmith, who did him much evil, and St. John wrote what he did about Diotrephes, who loveth to have the preëminence among them. The churches survive somehow. And as long as there is need for mob psychology and until light and liberty for the individual have become universal there will be the rev. clergy at their altars and in their pulpits, howling, pleading, preaching. I doubt even now that you would be quite safe driving down Fifth avenue in your Rolls-Royce if it were not for the cop on the corner with the map of Ireland on his face, who went to mass this morning and

would, perhaps in consequence, sacrifice his life to save you from a roaring mob of Bolsheviks surging up from the slums. We clergy are often fools and fanatics, but on the whole we do a certain social service in this land of ignorance and crime. For God's sake, let the lay popes keep off our necks and give us at least a free function in the sort of thing we ought to do!

In a recent report of the Commission on the State of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Province of New Jersey and New York it is stated that 25% of the clergy of this province are out of work. The general state of the church shows a calamitous decline in relation to the growing population. In suggesting remedies for this bad condition the report makes the following recommendation:

> There is need of a wave of conversion, sweeping through the whole ministerial order, bishops and clergy; a call to repentance, a renewed conviction that our clerical disposition should undergo a change. There is too much pride of power, pride of wealth, pride of material surroundings, pride of clerical preferment and office, and too little downright consecration to service in His name, all of which the laity know and wonder why. Unless our ministry has a change of heart, is willing to make sacrifices, to woo the values of humility, and cast away ambition, this church cannot prosper, it will continue to disintegrate.

Bosh!

This paragraph must have been written by a very rich clergyman who lives in a palace of a rectory, keeps four servants and a chauffeur, and fares sumptuously every day. He is a favorer of lay popes. He does not realize that humility is the badge of all our tribe, that the rev. clergy are already so poor that, unless, like himself, they happen to have private means, they have absolutely nothing to sacrifice, and that most of us are a downtrodden folk, snubbed, browbeaten, underpaid, cramped by lay popes to such an e that we can raise no voice with free What really is needed is to put th popes in their places in the pews a give us a free hand to exercise our l mate functions. The real trouble wit church is not so much a clergy wit lust for power; it is the lay popes and lust for snobbery.

Speaking for myself, I am willing t mit that you may know more abou ways of God than I do. I may be unable to convince you that my thec is better than your own. If you know than I, that is not surprising. Sir, I tal my hat to you! I kiss your hand, Mad But if I can manage to keep your min golf, business, sex, food and disease one little half hour on a Sunday morn I am doing a good service to you and world. You should thank me and pa for it. It is worth while.

In certain churches in rural England, the church at Stoke Pogis, the lord o manor, who is the lay pope of the liv sits in a pew separated from the rest o congregation, a large room glazed off the body of the church, with a rich ca and deeply cushioned chairs.

In olden days it was the custom nev begin the service until the lord of manor had taken his seat, and the pa clerk was accustomed to notify the cle man when that important event place. On one occasion the clergyman gan the service inadvertently before arrival of the great personage. He sta the first sentence of Morning Prayer.

"When the wicked man——" he be

"Please, sir," cried the parish clerk, ain't come yet."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Music

ESKIMO MUSIC

By Douglas Leechman

ving as he does in the most adverse environment on the North American inent, the Eskimo has nevertheless rived to discover more than one pre- s jewel to reward him. Not only does ank first among our aboriginies in me- ical ability, not only does his ivory ing give him a high place in the plastic , but in musical ability he is unsur- ed by any group of people whose mate- culture is in any way comparable.

nd this in spite of a total lack of mu- l instruments capable of producing a luated scale of notes. A single-headed n, frequently of admirable workman- , resembling a large tambourine minus jingles, is his only substitute for a full estra. For music, to the Eskimo, is nymous with song. Since the coming he white man, the gramophone, the rdion and a crude home-made violin e made their appearance, and the bull- er has long been known as a child's but these have had no part in develop- the Eskimo's love for, and ability in composing of, music. Isolated as he from contact with other tribes since irst migrated from Asia across Bering it, for fear of the Indians to the south ibited frequent intercourse between two peoples, his music is absolutely chthonous.

inging and dancing, with or without accompaniment of the drum, are the n diversions of the Eskimo. When a e on trek encounters another tribe, or roup of their own people, a dance is mptly arranged as a kind of welcoming mony. Each group sings songs, which eagerly learned by the others, new songs are sung for the first time by their composers, and ceremonial dances between dancing associates are performed.

Dancing songs form the largest group. Frequently they relate the adventures which have befallen the singer or they may take the form of travelogues which detail the various places he has visited and what occurred in each one. Lullabies are usually merely dance songs which the mother sings to her child, though what may be described as petting songs are used as lullabies in Greenland. Weather incantations are numerous, many of them being very old. Frequently they are sung by a whole group of people, with the *shaman* standing in the middle. The words are quite often archaic and understood by nobody, though their potency is in no way lessened thereby and the *shaman's* ascendancy tends, if anything, to be increased, a state of affairs not unknown among more sophisticated peoples.

Other songs are the rigmaroles sung by children while playing various games, and the interesting *nith* songs of Greenland. War songs are quite unknown, for the Eskimo did not indulge in war as an organized undertaking; love songs also are absent: love-making is for warmer climes and more leisurely hours than fall to the lot of the hard-headed Eskimo. Ceremonial songs, which are very highly developed among the Indians, are practically nonexistent in the Eskimo répertoire.

As is to be expected in a tribal music which has developed for thousands of years without influence from exterior sources, there are certain features peculiar to it as well as interesting omissions. One feature, quite rare in other parts of the world, is the Eskimo habit of changing in the course of a song from a major to a minor tonality. The major tonality pre-

dominates in the songs as a whole, as seems to be the case everywhere. Among the Eskimo, however, this type of modulation happens so often that it may almost be considered a definite characteristic of the music. The minor appears to have the same psychological effect as among ourselves, being used to express various modes of the Eskimo inferiority complex.

Among the Indians there is a tendency for a song to begin on a rather high note and to show a downward trend. The Eskimo tends rather to begin his song on a lower note, to describe an ascending curve and to return to the level at, or near, which he started, often the keynote. In other, less common cases, the curve may be thought of as downward and then up. Again, the melodic content of Eskimo music is far richer and more varied than is that of the Indians to the south, and the Eskimo, also, is in the habit of fusing two or more songs, a thing comparatively unknown in Indian music.

It is impossible to represent Eskimo songs accurately in our method of notation. Tone intervals recognized by these people are not those with which we are familiar. Their fourth and seventh are especially strange to our ears, and to the listening white man it frequently sounds as if the Eskimo were flattening some of his notes, while others are too sharp: but if the same song is recorded several times on the phonograph it will be seen that these variations from our practice are not accidental.

While, as we have already seen, there is no musical instrument known to the Eskimo, accompaniments of a sort are played on the drum. Almost invariably, the drum rhythm bears no relation to the song rhythm. A song may be in 3-4 time and the drum accompaniment in 2-4. Usually the drum starts before the singer to get him warmed up, and sometimes it continues after he has stopped. Often also, and especially in Alaska and the Mackenzie River delta, the drum plays a series of tremolo passages with twelve or fifteen rapid, fluttering beats in each, but bearing no relation to the time of the song. in spite of the fact that the singer i quently also the drummer. In dan which is often indulged in while sin the tendency is for the drum rhyth mark the dance time, the song rema independent of both.

Many of the Eskimo songs consi words which have been adapted to s ard tunes, familiar to almost everybo any given group. New words are comp on almost instantaneous notice to re some striking incident, the improviso ing in any awkward hiatus with mea less burden syllables, *ai ye yanga*, or other local form of *fol-de-rol-de-riddle-d*

In "Songs of the Copper Eskimos Helen H. Roberts and D. Jenness, Roberts says:

> Perhaps the beauty and melodic richness of kimo songs as a whole may be mentioned ag without over-emphasizing a truly remarka gift of these people, who live in a land wh there might seem so little to inspire them. find plenty of single songs here and there in Ind music that are beautiful, along with many t are not, but from the country where it nea always is Winter is brought a collection of so that for their generally high musical merit, real loveliness, it is hard to find a counterpart more favored lands.

Turning away from the musical as of the songs, their verbal content demands attention. Many of the songs topical, as we have already seen. T are generally quite ephemeral comp tions, enjoying a wide-spread popula for a few months or a year, only to be placed by other songs which in turn ture a popular fancy as fickle as am ourselves.

Another rather large group of so including the shamanistic incantation much more permanent and freque widely distributed. Among these peo too, we find words which are used in poetical contexts: the caribou ma referred to as "the one with the branch antlers," while the seal becomes blubbery one" or "the animal which plies hot broth." In addition to arc and poetic expressions we encounte

cases songs, the words of which are
nderstood at all by the singers, so
ly have they been transformed in the
e of time. The same phenomenon is
seen in some of the now meaningless
bles in our children's counting-out
es.

hong the more remarkable of the Es-
songs from the standpoint of content
he *nith* songs of Greenland and Hudson
These are composed long beforehand
nging in what may be described as a
al duel, in which the opponents sing
rn, each to the disparagement of the
, with the assembled tribe in audience
g as judge.

ch of the contestants calls to his aid
long-pondered item of scandal, his
his satire, his sarcasm, his oft-re-
ed invective, until one or the other,
le to revile his adversary longer,
uls to the audience. Travellers agree
this is a most useful and satisfactory
itute for the blood-feud. It has been
bited by the missionaries.

ud Rasmussen, in his recent book
oss Arctic America," quotes a number
kimo songs which have been trans-
with a certain amount of freedom.
of them he entitles "An Old Song of
un and the Moon and the Fear of
liness":

There is fear
In the longing for loneliness
When gathered with friends
And longing to be alone.
Iyaiya-yaya!

There is joy
In feeling the Summer
Come to the great world
And watching the sun
Follow its ancient way.
Iyaiya-yaya!

There is fear
In feeling the Winter
Come to the great world
And watching the moon,
Now half-full, now full,
Follow its ancient way.
Iyaiya-yaya!

Whither is all this tending?
I would I were far to the eastward.
And yet I shall never again
Meet with my kinsman.
Iyaiya-yaya!

William Thalbitzer, in his "Language and Folklore of the Ammassalik Eskimo," quotes and translates a large number of songs from Greenland. One refers to "The Kayak Paddler's Joy at the Weather":

When I am out of the house in the open
I feel joy
When I am out on the sea at haphazard
I feel joy
If it is really fine weather
I feel joy
If the sky really clears nicely
I feel joy.

May it continue thus
For the good of my sealing!
May it continue thus
For the good of my hunting!
May it continue thus
For the good of my singing-match!
May it continue thus
For the good of my drum-song!

The following lullaby, according to Thalbitzer, shows European influence in the use of the Eskimo word *wisalo*, derived from the Danish *visselulle*, a lullaby:

Lulla-lullaby my son!
Thy couch now is ready
To make thee fall asleep.
Thy mother talks to thee
To make thee fall asleep.

Two examples follow from the collection of Mr. Diamond Jenness, of the National Museum of Canada, which are possibly among the finest, and are translated with as close an adherence to the original as possible:

My arms, they wave high in the air.
My hands, they flutter behind my back.
They wave above my head like the wing of a bird.
Let me move my feet, let me dance.
Let me shrug my shoulders, let me shake my body.
My arms, let me fold them; let me crouch down;
Let me hold my hands under my chin.

The above is a Herschel Island dance song, sung by two women of the Mackenzie River delta, and gives a vivid picture of the typical movements of the women's dance. The one which follows is an old chant, which was repeated four times as an incantation to obtain good weather:

Falling tears
Falling tears
The old knee down there
The old knee down there
It splashes on it, it splashes on it.

Economics

THE "FAVORABLE" BALANCE OF TRADE

By H. Gordon Hayes

The foreign trade position of the United States is anomalous. The greatest possible effort is exerted to extend the sale of American goods abroad and to curtail the purchase of foreign goods. To the extent that we succeed in this, we are using our resources for the benefit of foreigners rather than for the benefit of Americans. And our success is marked.

During the calendar year 1928 our exports amounted to $5,129,132,000 and our imports to $4,089,930,000, or a billion dollars less. Such a situation is denominated a favorable balance of trade. It has been so designated for over 300 years and has been so regarded, one may guess, for a still longer period. National groups, at least the more vocal elements, always extol selling goods abroad and condemn buying them there.

Our total imports include the services rendered to American tourists abroad, the services of foreign insurance companies in which Americans carry insurance, the services of ship-owners who transport freight for American shippers, etc. There are, too, some export services of this sort, but they are of less value than the imports. After deducting the net value of such imports of services from the excess of goods exported, there is still a large surplus of exports, both goods and services, over our imports of goods and services.

The bank credits with which Americans are paid for these excess exports come principally from the sale of stocks and bonds of foreign industries to American investors. During the calendar year 1928 there were offered for public sale in this country approximately $1,500,000,000 in such securities. After allowing for refunding, there was a net purchase of over a billion dollars' worth. These securities were paid for with goods. American automobiles, electrical equipment, food stuffs, materials, and other commodities we pay for them. All such things are u goods and if they stayed at home would contribute to the economic we of the American people; or the mat and labor they represent could be use produce goods for the satisfaction o economic wants of our people. We ca eat, nor wear, nor ride about in the p claims which we got in exchange for t

These securities do, of course, giv claims on foreigners for goods and ser to be delivered later. But the present tional policy, which promises to be tinued, does not warrant the conclu that goods are ever to be imported in change for the goods now being expo in payment for bonds and shares of st The coupons on the bonds will be use buy more bonds, and the coupons f them to buy still more bonds. Never, if present doctrine survives, are the peopl the United States to receive in usable go the equivalent of the usable goods now comprise our net exports.

In terms of labor, reckoning wages $1500 a year, which is above the prevail standard in American industry, the for securities that we purchased last year re sent the services of over 666,000 men other words, during 1928 we devoted services of over 666,000 men to the pro tion of goods for the use of foreign peo rather than for the use of our own pop tion. At the current rate of capital exp two-thirds of a million workers in Ame are working for the people of foreign la And the chief regret of the leaders opinion is that there are not a full mil thus engaged!

The situation, of course, is seldom in these terms. Instead, it is commo said that "American dollars are work abroad," or that "our surplus capita seeking the most profitable market," that "our savings are being invested wh they will earn the highest rate." And

ication is that all this is to the ad-
age of the entire population of the
try.
esident Hoover's attitude is typical.
ecretary of Commerce he gave especial
tion to the extension of our exports,
resisted any extension of our imports.
ng his campaign last Fall he empha-
this feature of our national policy.
rgued that our capacity to produce ex-
s our capacity to consume, and that it
us necessary to find outlets for exports.
no sooner had he been elected than he
ed on a trip to South America, for the
ose, in part at least, of extending our
ng trade.
sell, not to buy—to exchange goods
paper claims—that, it appears, is the
l road to national economic welfare!
well off we would all be if we should
ten our belts and use less food—if we
ld use fewer cubic feet of house space
we should use fewer automobiles,—
export the amounts thus saved and
our pay in due bills that are never,
r to be paid for with goods! The truth
at the current practice advances the
omic welfare of the people of the
on in precisely the same manner that
economic welfare of the family of a
r is advanced when he uses his gains
xtend his investments, the while he
in a hovel and keeps his wife in rags
his children on short rations. The chil-
may get something later—but not
. To be sure, any saving means the
ponement of consumption, and that,
nay assume, is advantageous to the per-
doing it, whether the saving takes the
of purchasing domestic or foreign
rities. But investment abroad, under
present policy, means an *indefinite* post-
ement of the utilization of economic
ls by the national group.

ne people of this nation have economic
forts beyond those enjoyed by large
ps in any preceding age. But we are
inly far from the condition indicated
President Hoover's argument, referred
bove. The Bureau of Economic Research estimates that 85.9% of the income receivers of the country received less than $2,000 a year each in 1918, and that 72% got less than $1500. Undernourished and half-clad children in every American city cry aloud against the suggestion that we cannot extend our consumption—that we now produce beyond our needs. But despite the inadequate standards of living that thus abound, we take delight in the export of a billion dollars' worth of goods a year more than we import!

And most paradoxically, in order to maintain even the standard of living that we have, we must continue this policy. The National City Bank, in a bulletin of April 18 last, decries the credit stringency and dwells especially upon the fact that the rate of interest has risen to such a height that the bond market has been destroyed, and that as a result the sale of foreign securities in our markets has been checked. This in turn endangers our export trade and our national prosperity. The argument is clearly valid. Our industrial system is geared to exports. Our consuming public is not able to buy the whole produce of our farms, factories and mines, nor its equivalent in imported goods, at prices which are satisfactory to the producers. So with things as they are, things must be as they are. An alteration in policy would disarrange the machinery.

In the long run, of course, it is probable that our export surplus will be changed into a surplus of imports. But this is a long run view. As already emphasized, it is contrary to the policy which is currently advocated by the leaders of opinion. For years to come, any suggestion of increased importations is certain to provoke the erection of even higher tariff barriers than those now standing.

Why does this condition prevail? We find it not only in America but in England, Germany, France,—indeed, in all modern industrial nations. Everywhere the cry is for foreign markets—not markets in which goods may be exchanged for other goods, but markets in which goods may be sold

for money. The situation seems to arise out of the quest for private profit. If the national economy were conceived in the interest of the entire population it is unlikely that the present foreign trade policy would be followed.

To further clarify the point, suppose that government units owned and operated all of the leading industrial plants of the country. Under such conditions it is hardly probable that a President-elect, eager to extend the economic welfare of the nation, would attempt to do so by providing ways and means whereby our export of goods would be extended and our import of goods curtailed. It is not likely that exports would be held to be desirable, except as they resulted in the importation of goods. Viewing the problem of economic welfare in terms of the entire population, it doesn't seem possible that men could conclude that economic welfare varies directly with the excess of exports. The issue in this paper is not socialism versus capitalism, but only a consideration of the reasons for our foreign trade policy. But one inevitable conclusion is that the present policy depends upon private ownership.

Any producer of goods wishes to extend the market in which he sells. He wishes more buyers. And at the same time he wishes fewer competitors. Hence, the business men of any nation desire assistance in finding markets abroad and in restricting the competition of foreign sellers in the home market. Not all business men profit by this double-edged policy, but large numbers of them do, and they are sufficiently influential to make it wise for politicians to support their view. Hence the pæans that arise when exports increase and imports decrease.

But this does not explain how we come to have an excess of exports, or in other words, how we come to export capital to buy foreign securities. Obviously, such securities are purchased because the buyers thereof believe that it will be profitable to buy them. Investment outside the country yields—or is expected to yield—larger returns than it would bring at home. W this true? The explanation offered h comprised of two elements: first, th equality in the degree to which our co and foreign countries are supplied capital, and, second, the inequality i distribution of income in the United S

The fact that the people of the U States are better supplied with indus equipment than the people of many c regions tends to make it profitable t port equipment. After some nine or billion dollars' worth of equipment been added during one year to our alr large supply, it is more profitable t the next billion elsewhere rather tha home. But what determines the rati profitable investment in the two regi Why is it, say, 9 to 1, rather than 5 t Why might it not be 100 to 1? This c up the second element noted above.

Investments are made for the expe money return. It is not physical ou that capitalists are interested in, but pr One region may possess a large supply capital, and yet offer better money-ma opportunities for additional equipm than a region that is almost solely lack in equipment. In the one region the n of the people may be so well supplied w buying power that the builders of eq ment will find ready sales for the cons able products which they make availa while in the other region there may such a paucity of buying power tha would not be profitable to produce go for sale. Hence, inequality in the degre which two regions are supplied with eq ment does not of itself make it profit to invest additional capital in the re that is the less bountifully supplied. relative ability of the two regions to the produce is the vital consideration.

Within any country that is well plied with industrial equipment there group of persons that may be design as savers and another that may be ca spenders. The line between the two gr is not clearly cut, but for the present pose we shall assume that it is. The sa

effect, produce goods for sale to the nders. Now, the point at which it will nore profitable for the savers to provide ipment and produce goods for sale to igners rather than extend such proc- s at home will depend upon the ability he spenders to spend. The lower the ity of the masses to spend, the sooner the point be reached at which invest- t abroad will be more profitable than estment at home. In other words, the ity of the masses to spend, relative to ability of the few to save, might con- ably be such that the production of ipment for the sale of goods at home ht be more profitable than the export such equipment abroad. Hence, the nomenon under review, namely, the in- sing necessity of exporting more and e goods in order to keep the economic hine going, seems to depend upon the quality in the distribution of incomes in own domestic market.

he most widely accepted estimates of me distribution in the United States to the effect that the upper 1% of the ple receive 14% of the yearly money in- e. In terms of dollars the richest 1% are estimated to have $8,000 a year or more a person, and the poorest 72%, as noted above, less than $1500 each a year. These figures indicate great ability on the part of the few rich people to save, and but little ability relatively on the part of the masses to buy. It is because of their poverty that the masses cannot use the products which they produce—that 666,000 of them must produce for the use and benefit of foreigners.

The peoples to whom we sell our excess of exports are, as national groups, far less able to buy than are the people of this country, but the upper economic groups in such countries have more money to spend than do the lower groups here. Or, considered *en masse*, our foreign customers are more able to buy one billion dollars' worth of our goods than are the people here after they have bought what goes before. The larger the buying power of our masses relatively to the saving power of the few, the less will be the amount that it will be profitable to dispose of abroad in return for promises to pay later. The more even the distribution of incomes, the more able we would be to use our resources for the use and benefit of our own people.

THE CASE OF COMRADE KARACHUN

BY CHARLES RECHT & ADOLPH E. MEYER

When, some years before the invention of the original Red Terror, Antoni Karachun quit his native fastness in the steppes of Imperial Russia and migrated to our great Republic, his motives were as simple as they were direct. All that he wanted in the New World, it seems, was a chance to earn some needed money. Once enough gold had poured into his bag, he hoped to lose no time in embarking for his beloved native hearth. Wisely enough, this simple-minded Karachun started to make his dreams come true in the best American style by going to work at the very bottom of the success-ladder as an unskilled laborer. As such he toiled for several years, drifting from place to place, and going wherever the lords of the labor agencies were pleased to send him. In this way he saw not only a vast slice of the American scene, but being normally sober and steady, he was actually able to stow away some of the Republic's treasured lucre. The process of hoarding up the shekels was of course slow—much slower, indeed, than he had ever anticipated. Yet if his march to fortune was a bit tedious, then it was more than offset by his extraordinary advance in education.

Thus, when the Republic joined the Allies in the war to end war Karachun had already advanced sufficiently to understand the meaning of their high ideals. And so he promptly laid down the pick and shovel and went to work for democracy in a munitions mill. Here for a time things went along fine. Not only was Antoni's new job much more dignified than his old one, but its rewards were infinitely more juicy. But in the end, as usual, Fate got tired of Karachun's unmingled bliss. And so, to mai change, it shoved the old régime in Ru down the chute, kindled the revolut and invented the Bolsheviks. Then it w pered into the ears of Karachun that A ican doughboys were to be shipped to steppes to help the few remaining ri eous Russians to exterminate the horr Reds. No doubt Fate must also have w pered something about Democracy Higher Patriotism, for in the end K chun, forsaking his fine job, dashed to nearest recruiting station and enlisted service in Russia.

Life in the Army, as everyone kno isn't quite as pleasant as in a powder m especially in times of war. At first th was the usual irksome rigmarole—fitt into misfit uniforms, drilling with dec tated broomsticks, and even perfecting astounding intricacies of what was ever ally to become a passable salute. All th never-ending *détails de guerre*, and m others, Karachun finally mastered, an ever he had any doubts about the sw ness of patriotism, certainly he alw kept them graciously concealed. Inde throughout the whole dreary routine daily drill Karachun only grinned. that he had suddenly plucked the l sought gold, or failing in this, that he at last been converted to American o mism. No. If Karachun grinned, it simply because he rather liked this ide getting a free trip to his home in Rus True, his American buddies talked mai of fighting and freezing. Sometimes, thou not often, they varied their stupid clic with facts about the vastness of Sibe and pointed out unerringly the utter idi

ntoni's childish hope of being sent to
nvirons of his native village.
t all this didn't trouble Karachun.
hat he saw was a snowbound cluster
uts, soaked in the cold silence of the
nlight. He fancied himself coming
e late at night and knocking at the
of a log cottage. A frightened female
e would shout out "Who's there?"
he would hear his own laughing reply
the night's stillness. The door would
nbolted, and soon the warmth of hap-
ss would melt away forever the mem-
of the strange coldness of the Yankee.

II

arachun's cynical buddies laughed at
rivate hopes, clearly they knew noth-
about the plans of Fate. In its best
ful manner it brought the American
adiers to a spot in Siberia known to its
ty denizens as Sviagino. Though barely
gnizable even to map-makers Sviagino
he time being was important. For one
g, it was the basis of what the Ameri-
s called a sector; for another, it was
a short distance from Kraefski, where,
ngely enough, lay the original model
he log cabin which the imaginative
oni had so clearly visioned in his
ns.

reach Kraefski all that Karachun
ed was a little luck. And this fortu-
ly was at hand. To be precise, luck
ed Private Karachun at the exact mo-
when his buddies were absorbed in
job of hooking up telephone connec-
. It was then that he, bundled and
ily laden with guns, munitions, and
xtra pair of shoes, slipped away from
oiling *Kameraden* and began his trek
the frozen plains to his snowladen cot-
at Kraefski. The next day, unaware to
vandering Antoni, his name graced his
nander's daily report. After it was the
but interesting pronunciamento that
ni had been taken prisoner by the
tisan guerrilla Bolshevik bands."
ssfully ignorant of his terrible fate,
Karachun eventually landed at his destination, and for a time was happy. But only for a time. For under the gifted direction of his fellow *moujiks* his American education began to be modified and even amplified. Thus he gradually learned that the Bolsheviks, just like the Americanos, had noble ideals, that in fact they, too, were quite willing to make the world safe for democracy, and were even ready to fight their own private war to end war.

What was more, all of Karachun's neighbors were actually doing their bit to advance the Great Cause. All these chaps, Antoni knew, were good, gentle fellows who despite their sad lack of the requisite guns and bullets were yet doing their hardest to make their noble intentions real. But that was indeed difficult; the damned Americanos were in the way. This irritated Karachun not a little. Hadn't these fellows from the Republic been publicly bawling their high altruism for the last several years? Indeed, hadn't they even crusaded across the Pacific for the express purpose of spreading democracy among the barbarous Russians? And now these damned jackasses were interfering. Plainly, something must be done.

Taking his guns, munitions, and the extra pair of shoes which he had once lugged from Sviagino on his trip across the plains, Karachun now struck out for the Bolshevik headquarters. What he said when he got there no doubt was brief and simple, and the Red commander listened gravely. Indeed, in the end he even handed Private Karachun an assignment and a rank. Still working for democracy, Karachun now, however, was an officer, and so obviously he had a great deal more to say. So impressive, in fact, became his exploits that most of them have been permanently embalmed in the annals of a court martial. Here, for example, is a report from Captain Johns, Twenty-seventh Infantry, A. E. F.:

> I took over this Sviagino sector about May 20, 1919. The day that I relieved Company F, of the Thirty-first Infantry, I received a telephone message from Kraefski . . . that the station had been raided the previous night, the station-master ar-

rested by the Bolsheviki, and quite a lot of telephone accessories taken from him in the station. I took an interpreter and eight men and went to Kraefski. We found the station-master's wife there . . . I asked her to identify or tell me some of the persons who were in the band. . . . She said the only man she knew was a man named Karachun. About one o'clock in the morning of June 12 the railroad was cut. . . . At 4:30 in the morning—about 4:30—a Bolsheviki detachment of 250 men attacked the American camp of 25 men of Company F, Twenty-seventh Infantry, at Kraefski, and killed one American, wounded one, and captured two. . . . I took over four Bolsheviki prisoners who had been captured by the Americans, and helped bury eleven that had been killed. . . . Two days later I received a message from the partisan commander, Bolsheviki commander, that he would release the private at a certain hour on a certain day, and requested me to release one man at that time, which I did. . . . At the same time I received a note written in longhand which read like this:

> Commanding Officer, American Troops Kraefski: Give my regards to all the Americans. Ex-American soldier, Antoni Karachun.

Up to this time I didn't know who this man was. I had heard of him after the raid on the Kraefski station when the station-master had been captured and taken away. So I reported to Vladivostok. . . . I received a telegram from the Chief at Vladivostok to make every effort to capture this man; that he was a deserter from the Thirty-first Infantry, and they sent me a thousand rubles—they were worth about $110—to help secure information against him.

Plainly enough, Karachun wasn't privy to the fine points of war, but as a high Bolshevik commander, at least he had a theory. Complicated like most theories, its implication however was perfectly simple, *viz.*, that the Americanos had been sent to the Siberian plains to guard a railroad. Now, reasoned the astute Karachun, if the boys from the Republic could be chased from that railroad, they would of course go home. So he spat on his Bolshevik hands and went to work with a vim. Again his doings reached the heights, as witness these words of Corporal Batchelder of the Thirty-first Infantry:

Part of the month of June I was stationed in Spasskoe, Siberia. . . . There was a detachment of my platoon stationed at Kraefski; we were stationed there about three days. I was sent out by the platoon commander, Lieutenant Rich, the morning of June 11. In returning about 3:30 the morning of June 12 I was captured with a private. And this man Karachun was there. I didn't know him from anyone else until he passed the rema that he belonged to the Thirty-first Infantry. marched back up the road towards Renov about two miles. . . . Commander-in-Chief Gur with a few men started toward Renovka taki Private Burt and myself as prisoners. The balar of his men under the command of this Karach here was sent down to attack the station. . The next day, about 9:00 or 10:30 o'clock, t Karachun showed up. He went on to tell me abc what a great scrap they had down there; that had shot the platoon all to pieces; that Lieutena Rich was dead because he took a shot at him hi self and saw him fall.

Despite Karachun's vast efforts Americans continued to hold on to the r road. In a way, however, this wasn't q so bad. For, as the former doughboy discovered, the freight-cars running up down those Siberian tracks were loa with marvelous canned meats, to say nc ing of clothing and munitions. Natura all these Antoni and his comrade Bols viks could well use. So during the wh Fall they kept their eyes open and t guns greased, sniping and swiping as m as they could. When Winter came little mained to be pilfered. The few remain first-rate cars and their contents had b pulled in by the Americanos, and abandoned ones were empty. Karachun h a presentiment that the doughboys wo soon depart. With them, alas, would go these fine supplies. The situation was ag critical. But true to the demands of rank, Commander Karachun again rose the occasion. Here is the way Private J nings reports it:

On this night that I was walking post, Kar chun was coming down the railroad track; it w about dusk. I challenged him and in answer to m challenge, he said, "A Russian." I then advanc toward him and he says, "Aren't you going advance me?" I then challenged him again. H began talking about the shipping—the shi leaving there, the property from the base, a asked me what was in the three cars that we there. I then told him. Then he wanted to kno if I should like to earn some money. I asked hi what he meant, and he told me to let him ta some of the property from the cars and he wou give me half of anything that I wanted from hi I told him I could not very well do it. As I w the only man there that night . . . I told him come back the next day at four o'clock. As soo as the Corporal of the Guard returned that ev ning, I reported it. The next day at four o'cloc the Corporal of the Guard walked out of the ca

Karachun was out there. I started out behind Corporal and met him as he was bringing him He was then turned over to Lieutenant Metler.

)w that Antoni was once again in the the question naturally arose as to was to be done with him. Had the icanos lived up to their reputed wis- no doubt they would have hanged)n the spot. Certainly this would have everybody a lot of trouble. But this, ems, isn't quite proper even in the , and so Antoni was shipped to Ma- for further investigation. Here, after pondering by the army *noblesse*, it was y decided that Karachun's case was rtant enough to merit the staging of rt-martial. As usual, this turned out a gaudy show, wherein everybody d a star part—everybody, at least, ex- Karachun. In the end, however, even)t a fleeting bath in the spotlight, as ss the following pronunciamento:

eupon the court is closed, and sentences the sed Antoni Karachun (2348422) Machine Company, Thirty-first Infantry, to be hanged he neck until dead; two thirds of the members he court having concurred in the sentence.

t in the Army, as in the circles of the , a death sentence means precisely ng until it is actually put into effect. e this could be done it needed the ion of the judge-advocate. Like all Daniels, the judge-advocate found terrible flaws in the reasoning of the -martial:

he foregoing case of Private Antoni Kara- , Machine Gun Company, Thirty-first Infan- the findings of Specification, Charge II, are pproved because in the opinion of the review- authority it is at least doubtful that the Rus- s with whom the American troops came in act in Siberia were "enemies" in the meaning he Eighty-first Article of War. The findings of ification, Charge III, are disapproved because sufficient evidence to support them.

riously enough, however, the judge- cate also wrote this:

sentence is approved, but the execution eof is suspended until the pleasure of the dent is known, and the record of the trial is arded for action under the Fifty-first Article ar, recommending that the sentence be com- d to dishonorable discharge, total forfeiture, and confinement at hard labor for twenty (20) years.

If the simple-minded Karachun was now somewhat in doubt as to whether or not he was entitled to the noose, he was certainly not the only one. Indeed, even such an eminentissimo as the Judge-Advocate General appeared to be rather puzzled. However, while the judge was making up his mind Antoni was being kept in readiness. For this purpose he was thrust into the celebrated bastille at McNeil's Island in the State of Washington. Finally, after the correct delay, the Justinians of the Army concluded that Karachun was not to hang after all, but that instead he was to make McNeil's Island his mailing address for the next twenty years.

III

Antoni, of course, agreed, but he also wrote a letter to a New York lawyer. Dashing down to the capital, the lawyer called upon the Judge-Advocate General. What he had to say, while somewhat wordy, was none the less interesting. Briefly, he held that Antoni's "transportation here was legalistic kidnapping," and that obviously one "cannot acquire jurisdiction over a prisoner by kidnapping him." Furthermore, one "could not court-martial him in his own country." And finally, to make an end, "your whole Manila proceedings have no basis and his imprisonment here has no sanction of law."

The astonished General muttered something about the Articles of War. But the lawyer from New York politely reminded him that "you can't have a war without having enemies," and that "we went to assist Russia as a friendly nation." As the lawyer's harangue spun along it grew bolder. Not only, he added, did the Republic have no jurisdiction over Antoni, but it couldn't "even claim that Karachun was a deserter." Strangely enough, the lawyer here cited the military law itself, thus:

Arrests of deserters must be effected within the territorial jurisdiction of the United States unless

authorized by international convention. (Davis Military Law, p. 423; Dig. 346, par. 21; p. 347, par. 29.)

And also thus:

Further, not only has the United States Army no authority to arrest deserters outside the territorial jurisdiction of the United States, but the forcible removal of such deserters *from their own country* is illegal unless there are proper extradition proceedings. (4 Moore, *op. cit.* 245.)

Obviously, the lawyer was banging on sound ground, and almost anyone but a hard-headed general would have admitted it. Still, even if the Judge-Advocate General wasn't willing to go quite that far, he was nevertheless ready to make some altruistic concessions. He would refer the lawyer's arguments to the Secretary of War, and in the end the lawyer from New York was to be "duly informed."

This promised information was handed out on August 17 by the illustrious Assistant Secretary of War Wainright. Stripped of its legal lingo, it told the New York lawyer where to get off:

This plea to the jurisdiction was raised at the trial by the accused, and was overruled by the court. The question was carefully considered in this office when the record of trial was reviewed herein, and the conclusion reached that the plea was properly overruled, and that the court had jurisdiction of the person of the accused. . . .

With reference to the desertion charge the gifted Wainright found that "there can be no doubt . . . that Karachun deserted the service of the United States in the face of hostile forces." Accordingly, it was recommended that Karachun continue his sojourn at McNeil's Island.

Officially the Karachun affair was now closed. At least that's what the tired but hopeful jurists of the War Departmen announced. But the New York la wasn't quite so positive. In fact, he loaded with strange doubts. At the p psychological intervals, therefor tickled the sensitive ribs of the mil brethren on the Potomac. Outwardly appeared impervious, but actually weren't quite so pleased. Indeed, one m almost suspect that they were beginni get worried.

The worst blow to their blood-pres however, came just about two years the unfortunate Antoni had been se the rockpile. This was the occasion v the jurist from New York assisted late Captain Paxton Hibben, also u court-martial, against the charge of loyalty. Not only did the lawyer suc in dragging off all the available laurels an acquittal for the captain, but he had the high joy of having read into record his unflattering opinion of the Department and of its behavior in the of Antoni Karachun.

Clearly, things were beginning to h up for Antoni. All that was needed just a little time. Specifically, this three more years. Then one day, wit any preliminary horn-tooting at all, suddenly opened the door of Antoni's and told him to vamoose. He drifted and stopped off at Manhattan. There burghers, generous as usual, took up a lection for him. Some weeks later he la once more at Kraefski. Virtually ev thing was as he had left it—except, th God, there were now no altruistic An canos there to spread the messag democracy.

BILLBOARD PREACHER

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE average American parson, alarmed by empty pews and a dwindling congregation, thunders that the Fourth mandment is as sacred as any of the r nine; probably more sacred. He utters hing denunciations of Sunday golf motoring, and journeys to the State al to lobby against the laws which it professional ball teams to desecrate abbath. He takes up a special collec- for the Lord's Day Alliance, and re- bers the Rev. Harry Laity Bowlby, ilitant leader, in his prayers.

t the Rev. Dr. Christian Ficthorne ier, A.B., S.T.B., D.D., has never l it necessary to call down fire and stone in that way upon those who hookey. Although he clings to the Time Religion, and has no use for nonsense as Modernism, he can afford mplaisant smile when he hears the ntations of his clerical brethren. y years ago he discovered that an in- us Methodist preacher, assisted by or two hard-working curates and an ent secretary, could beat the Devil at wn game. For thirty years, now, he ut on a better show than the movie es or burlesque dives whose competi- is feared by less talented ecclesiastics. as welcomed to his pulpit such emi- lay figures as Richard Barthelmess and e Coogan, and in return for the pub- they have said a few discreet words s gaping thousands. A news reel is n before every evening service, hymns histled, and such delicatessen as big pples, bananas and loaves of bread ven away. Bird imitators, the Gloria peters, bell-ringers and other favorites of the Chautauqua circuits are on hand to insure what Dr. Reisner has so aptly christened the Happy Sunday Evening.

"I get them in," he boasts, "and then I give them the Gospel."

For some years, it is true, this was more of a defense than a boast. Dr. Reisner used modern publicity methods to save mankind long before Gloria Vanderbilt and other *grandes dames* made advertising genteel. There were some, lay churchmen as well as fellow clergymen, who sneered that it was unethical to buy advertising space in the newspapers, to call on city editors with advance copies of Sunday's sermon, to adopt a rigid rule that reporters were never to be turned away without a story. The use of billboards, particularly, aroused their indignation; they were suited, it appeared, to chewing gum and cigarettes, not to spreading the word of God. But Dr. Reisner was in no way dismayed. He pointed out that the rainbow which followed the Flood had been called "the first advertisement," a form of sky-writing invented by the Lord. He quoted the Scriptures to prove that many of the prophets, if alive today, would be advertising men. And since 1897, when he first applied high-pressure salesmanship to religion, he has seen his ideas attain complete respectability. Now he has imitators, although none is as good as the original, in all parts of the land. His textbooks, "Church Publicity: the Modern Way to Compel Them to Come In" and "Workable Plans for Wideawake Churches," are eagerly read by all up-and-coming young preachers, and lie, more dog-eared than the Bible itself, on the table of many a parsonage study.

Dr. Reisner's title, the Billboard Preacher, given to him two decades ago, may once have been a term of reproach. It is so no longer. He takes pride in it, and spreads the ideas behind it through his numerous books and pamphlets. He has lately been made president of the Church Advertising Department of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. Yet he is not misled into the delusion that he is a man with an Outstanding Spiritual Message, or that he shines by his oratorical gifts.

"The difference," he says, in explaining his success, "is not in my preaching. It is in my advertising—my window display, if you want to call it that."

Dr. Reisner's crowning achievement is the colossal Broadway Temple, now slowly rising on the highest point of land on Manhattan Island. Located at Broadway and 173rd street, this latest and most magnificent house of God will soar twenty-four stories above the street and will cost about $6,000,000. On top of it there will be an ærial beacon, dedicated to Commander Richard Byrd, in the form of a seventy-five foot cross. It will shine 694 feet above Broadway, and, flashing in orange and red rays, will be visible to aviators for one hundred miles. It may also be seen, the fog and soot of New York permitting, seventy-five miles at sea.

To no small degree, the Broadway Temple typifies Dr. Reisner and his work. It is, as he phrases it, "a compromise with modernity"; the building will contain stores, offices, dormitories and apartments. All of these will bring in revenue. In the basement will be swimming-pools, a gymnasium and assembly rooms, and high in the tower there will be a playground for the kiddies. Dr. Reisner is confident that the resultant income will be large enough to meet the interest on the bonds and mortgages; he has, indeed, worked out an astute plan whereby he will be certain of tenants until the structure crumbles into dust.

At a luncheon in 1924, when he began his campaign for the $6,000,000, he revealed that there would be dormito where unmarried young men could l and courting parlors where the lads w have an opportunity to meet the rav ing girls of the parish. He has no do that many an affair of the heart, ge nurtured in these cubicles, will resul marriage. Then, if all goes well, the ha couple will sign a lease for one of apartments. Nor does it end there; Reisner hopes that there will be chil and has called attention to the nurse to be located in the tower.

"You can't build a home with children; without them it is only a bo ing-house," he said. "Our roof ga playground will be a little bit of Hea up in the purest air in Manhattan."

II

Although he is an ardent Prohibitio and was one of the countless Metho who crusaded for the adoption of Eighteenth Amendment, Dr. Reisner is sentially a cheerful and optimistic m He believes in laughter, in clean am ment, in healthy fun, and once expre himself on these matters as follows:

> There is a time to laugh and a time to weep. If laugh cleanly we will be stronger to meet t tears. I am sure that New York needs to laugh be saved. But the kind of laugh is importa The schoolhouses ought to increasingly be open as recreation centers. The churches should furni not only a Sunday service of vital religion, a that is the most necessary, but they should pr vide clean, sweet, vimful and attractive fu That is why we have put a motion picture pla in.

"Failure to smile," he said on ano occasion, "is an indication of poor hea and explains sensuous jazz, poison ho lewd cabarets and disgusting stage play

Particularly is Dr. Reisner bullish newspaper reporters. Often, during an terview, he will pay earnest tribute to t sterling, but sometimes unappreciat virtues.

"I am always great friends with newspapers," he told one New York porter. "Newspaper people are a fine

nk they are much maligned. I always the reporters a story when I can. I ys am willing to talk—but never as ivate individual, you understand, al- s as the pastor of my church."

ne Billboard Preacher looked search- y at his visitor as he said this. "Do get my thought?" he asked, anx- ly. The reporter replied that he did. . Reisner is thus happy in his con- with the press, and in his treatise on ch publicity he gives his fellow min- s innumerable tips on how to deal with rters. He also offers the opinion that e work on a newspaper constitutes lent training for the pulpit. The suc- ul modern preacher must base his ons on the news. There is a text in r headline, and he must know what ing on. Having been a newspaper man elf, Dr. Reisner can speak with au- ity on these matters, and to prove it he his success, when pastor of Grace ch at Denver, Col., in writing signed rials for young people. The first of was captioned "To Succeed: Lay l, Hang On, and Hump," and made a ound impression on the youth of the n.

t even more important than the knack riting well is the gift of handling re- ers so that they will condescend to put thing in next day's paper. Dr. Reisner is that too many clergymen are in- d to be aloof toward the newspaper and girls; this is a grave error.

y of the difficulties [in obtaining publicity] ld be removed if the ministers would thor- hly cultivate the newspaper in a humble and not cringing way, but with the recognition the editor may be serving God and man as ainly as the minister. We must under no cir- stances fawn and gush. They quickly sense insincere attitude. They cannot be easily ked. We must be glad to freely give inter- ws whenever requested. A minister should r be too busy to see a newspaper man.

e resultant notoriety will, of course, ceedingly distasteful. It is, however, of the Lord's work and so "it will be sary for us to swallow our reserve ative modesty and be willing to endure all kinds of publicity." It is manifestly easier, Dr. Reisner adds, to endure the publicity turned out by skilled reporters than the garbled stories likely to issue from the typewriters of the cubs usually assigned to cover the churches. Here, too, he has a constructive thought. "When the church spends more money for paid advertising," he writes, "and comes into closer contact with the paper—it can begin to command better reporters." Phrased more realistically, the business office will come to its aid.

Dr. Reisner does not tolerate, it is superfluous to add, any form of vulgarity. His morning services are models of decorum, with all the high-jinks reserved for the evening, when church attendance normally drops off to a few dozen of the superfaithful. He warns, however, against too much dignity. There is always danger that the pastor "will walk so straight as to be only a stick." Electric signs, posters, blotters, postcards, three-sheets and handbills all come within the line of respectability. On one occasion, Dr. Reisner found the use of red ink on some window cards very effective.

"The red words," he explained, "caused folks to turn around to see if a contagious disease were placarded."

In gathering the data for "Church Publicity" he sent questionnaires to many of his brethren of the cloth and found, to his regret, that some were dubious about the propriety of billboards. To refute their arguments, he wrote an article for the journal of the outdoor advertising men, and was gratified to receive a letter which demonstrated that the Lord was on his side. The communication was from the head of a billboard concern, and recited the magnate's conversion to Christianity. He wrote:

> The article urging church publicity on billboards led me to appeal to the local Presbyterian church for business in advertising their Sunday evening services and as an outcome I became acquainted with the church and finally joined. In "We Boys" Sunday-school Class, out of a membership of 107, I was the only one who had perfect attendance for the whole year.

"Jesus used outdoor advertising extensively, and so caught the masses," said Dr. Reisner after he got this testimonial. "When we employ the kind that will catch the masses of our day we will be imitating Him."

A student of the technique of advertising, familiar with the mysteries of mass psychology and mob appeal, he feels certain that any clever preacher can turn out excellent copy if "he will read a few good books, watch display advertising, and study the effect of the printed matter he gets out." A number of simple rules should, however, be followed. Copy should answer the questions, Who? What? When? Where? Why? The vocabulary of the writer should be "this-worldish, not other-worldish." The churchly publicist will "practice brightness and brevity" and avoid "overly pious and monotonous language." Alliteration is always excellent, Dr. Reisner has found; among the quips which have come from his own fertile brain are: "Sociability and spirituality are Siamese twins," "Cheerfulness suns sin out of the heart," "Happiness puts honey in the heart; hectoring always hurts," and "Grin and Grip win, while Growl and Grope lose." A few years ago, requested by a New York editor to evolve a list of New Year's resolutions, he dashed off these:

> I will cultivate health-making, happiness-scattering habits.
>
> I will think and talk clean things, tame my tongue to avoid tattling, and train my taste to refute testy words.
>
> I will build a hopeful faith, bless with a brisk and brimming optimism, and brighten with a bracing cheerfulness.

III

Like so many of New York's most eminent citizens, Christian F. Reisner was born on a farm; in this case just outside Ed Howe's Atchison, Kansas. The date was June 3, 1872. It is a legend on the Kansas prairies that the youthful Reisner dedicated himself to the ministry at an early age—that, as a mere lad of fifteen, he was exhorting his neighbors to mend their ways and avail themselves of the blessings of Method The facts do not, though, bear out t tales. My own guess is that he was le the church through the influence of parents, who must have named him Cl tian with the work of God in mind. seems, at all events, to have strayed f time. Immediately after graduating f Midland College, a pious institution learning at Fairmount, Neb., he becan newspaper man; and that he shone in work is indicated by his elevation to high post of city editor of the *Daily Ch pion* of Atchison six weeks after wri his first stick of news. He snarled at staff of the *Champion* for the entire Sum of 1893, and perhaps it was during th weeks that he first realized the connec between journalism and preaching. T Fall, at any rate, he closed his desk journeyed east to the celebrated Bos University, where, three years later, received the degree of Bachelor of Sac Theology. It was not until 1906, a prac ing parson for a decade, that he recei his degree of Doctor of Divinity from Ba University at Baldwin City, Kansas.

Dr. Reisner's first church was the L don Heights Methodist Episcopal of K sas City, Kansas. He there began the novations which were, in time, to becc nationally known. To the London Heig church flocked the residents of Kan City, overjoyed to find a Metho preacher who varied his pleas for Proh tion with light-hearted laughter, b ringers, monologuists and other novelt Within six years the parish grew fr fifty-eight discouraged members to hundred hustling enthusiasts, and th additions to the church building w needed to hold the crowds. This unp edented increase in business was called the attention of the Methodist prelates the Middle West. It seemed uneconom to waste the talents of so go-getting preacher on Kansas City, Kans., and 1903 he was transferred to Grace Chu at Denver. Here was a problem worthy his gifts. There was an excellent build

any number of potential Methodists in town, but a congregation that was ndling by the year. In seven years, Dr. ner had brought in fifteen hundred members.

rhaps it was the bracing, heady air of Mile High City which convinced him there were no limits, within reason, ıe attractions which might be offered unday night. He bent every effort to e Grace Church, in fact as well as on billboards, a Homelike Church. No came in without having his hand ıg by at least two athletic ushers. enirs were frequent and varied. It was Denver that the arrival of the noted sy Smith, world-famous evangelist, signalled with red fire, brass bands parades. Sermons based on the news a weekly feature, but were always and snappy. Dr. Reisner invited Gov-rs, Senators and mayors to adorn his it.

ıring the Summer he always conducted ast one Snow Service, with a wagon-of real snow from the Moffatt Tunnel l in front of the rostrum. In Denver, he discovered that people enjoyed a ce to whistle hymns.

vas common [he recalls] to ask the audience to istle the chorus of songs such as "Will There Any Stars in My Crown?" To hear an audience istle such a song is to be convinced of the uty of the method. Whistling, for men, is as mal as singing for women, and is only done twisting the mouth in a different way. Noth- is more beautiful than a whistling solo. ce Church [New York] has heard Miss Helen tha Chase a number of times. She is a skilled gifted whistler, and a consecrated Christian ker, who whistles as earnestly as any devout er performs her task.

ıce again, as the Denver flock increased r Dr. Reisner's guidance, the call came epart for wider fields. In 1910 he was noned to Grace Church in New York , and he took up his new work with misgivings. New York, he had heard, as cold as it was sinful. The acts which filled the house in Denver might not on the big time circuit. Yet he did falter, and immediately upon his arrival he gave out an interview in which he reiterated his contention that religion must be made practical:

> If I ran a store and could not find customers, I would be a business failure. If I am a pastor and cannot save souls I am a failure in my chosen work. But I do not intend to fail. I am going to apply up-to-date business methods to my work and make a success of it. It is a great chance, this city, a great chance.

His doubts regarding the efficacy of the new religion in Manhattan were quickly lifted. The reporters swarmed to interview him, and the crowds flocked to the Homelike Church. It soon became apparent, indeed, that even this eminent New York parish was not an adequate challenge to the good doctor's talents. Slowly, in his mind, began to take shape the dream of a skyscraper cathedral, a house of worship with bowling-alleys, swimming-pools, nurseries, huge electric signs and a vast bonded debt. Soon after the war, he resigned from Grace Church to help the Methodists raise an endowment of $107,000,000, and then he went to the Chelsea Methodist Church, a few blocks north of the new Broadway Temple. The Chelsea Church, which then had a small congregation and a $50,000 debt, served merely as a foundation for Greater Things. By 1923 Dr. Reisner had found a site for the cathedral, and the Chelsea Church will merge with the Broadway Temple when the structure is ready.

It may be a year, however, before enough of the building is finished to house the congregation. Meanwhile services continue to be held in the basement of the Chelsea Church, in a large, somewhat desolate room with chairs instead of pews. Directly behind the pulpit is a large cross, which gleams with red electric lights when the room is darkened for prayer. There are one or two stained-glass windows, a screen for the news reel which precedes each Happy Sunday Evening, a few floral decorations, and the heartily cordial ushers who pounce upon every stranger with a glad handclasp.

The Billboard Preacher is not a small man. But he is inclined to slouch when in the pulpit, and so he does not seem more than five feet and a few inches. He has broad shoulders, wears a ministerial frock coat with a black tie, and is bald except for a fringe of white hair. This is no suavely polished, big city clergyman with his name in the Social Register and officiating at high-toned weddings. Upholding the Old Time Religion, questioning nothing in the Bible, his voice still has the twang of the Middle West. His grammar is not without its originalities. He has one or two simple gestures; such as hands raised with clenched fists toward Heaven. And when he wants to drive home a homiletic point he shouts a little more loudly.

"I don't ask people to serve a hazy thing called goodness," he cries. "I don't even ask them to be good. I tell them that the only way to live is to believe in a personal God and to love Him. Goodness follows; not wishy-washy goodness, but goodness-for-something! You're a useless zero without a personal belief in God!"

When he prays, it is the prayer of a country minister, sometimes confidential and low of voice, sometimes thunderous as he calls upon the Lord to lead sinning mortals into the paths of righteousness. Praying, Dr. Reisner screws up his eyes as though blinded by the celestial splendors he sees. But even a Methodist cannot be spiritual seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day. Laboring in his office, he might be the head of a high-speed sales force, the manager of an advertising agency. He is very busy, enormously efficient. On his desk is a row of push-buttons, and near it a dictaphone into which he voices sermons, articles and books. Typewriters and multigraphing machines rattle. Telephones ring. A secretary intercepts those who wish to see him and, unless they are newspaper reporters, makes an effort to attend to their needs. On the wall is a motto, "All things come to him who hustles while he waits."

I commend to the attention of th
who would know their America an even
at one of the happy Reisner services. H
is the answer to why America votes
Prohibition, why birth control clinics
raided, why "An American Tragedy"
officially pronounced obscene and dang
ous. In the congregation are a few yo
people, a handful of small boys lured
the prospect of movies and an apple, an
great many middle-aged men and wom
There is an air of rusticity about the
They are, I suspect, chiefly country pec
who have been dropped into the center
great and unfriendly city. They are Fun
mentalists in spirit, even if they are qu
without theological concepts, and th
like the old hymns, the sermons prais
the religion of their fathers. Probably th
are quite unaware that they have b
drawn in by the hypnotic power of sa
manship. All they know is that Reis
gives them what they want: an atmosph
like that of the strawberry festival b
home. Perhaps all the advertising a
ballyhoo is quite superfluous. It may
that Dr. Reisner would pack his churc
without spending a dime for display spa
without talking to a single reporter.
has, it would seem, stumbled upon
truth appreciated by few of his fell
preachers: that New York has no scarc
of narrow, conservative, rurally-minc
men and women.

They live in New York, but in spirit a
in point of view they are as far from it
the farmer who still turns back the mud
an Iowa cornfield, and this even if th
have dwelt on Manhattan Island throug
out their lives. Prohibition and its pr
ervation give them a feeling of virt
Not for them is Broadway with
glittering lights. All that is new
dangerous and probably sinful. Dr. Re
ner, it should be added in justice, does
fan their prejudices into flame. He w
among the few Methodist preachers
protest against the slanderous attac
during the last campaign, on the Hon.
Smith.

IV

e preachers achieve renown through ory, and some, as in the case of the Dr. John Roach Straton, by violent unending onslaughts upon all varieties in, particularly the dark ones con- ed with sex. Dr. Reisner is not pri- ly a crusader, except maybe on Pro- tion. Nor is he much of an orator. gift, as he is the first to admit, lies in vmanship; and in the ability to cap- ze this talent in advertising. It may nly subconsciously that he views the ch as a theater. He is probably not e that in all his writings and inter- s he refers to his congregation as the ence. It is entirely natural for him to those who attend the performances to aud and laugh and whistle. Moreover, s skilled enough in the art of show- ship to know that no act can be pro- ed for any length of time. In Kansas , in Denver and now in New York, the e programme is changed weekly, and Reisner does not permit himself to continuously on worn-out ideas.

1911, for example, he was raging nst rouge, pet dogs, and slashed skirts. predicted the horrors of the divorce t for men who stepped out with ted women. He had little use for nist activities, and yearned for the t and wholesome girls of the Golden . In 1913 he said, regarding suffrage ities:

> n some of your zeal toward reforming dress you will not only gain the vote more quickly you can help advance the morals of our city. modern style for women is disgraceful. The skirt, the airy stockings with low shoes, the -cut dress, and the painted cheek create a shal- artificiality in women and appeal to the est in man. Woman has always been man's erior, but such habits unseat her from the ne of helpfulness. It is not even civilized, h less Christian.—We must go West for nt styles. We had better take our styles from girl who lives in God's Out of Doors in the ad West than go to the underworld of Paris.

is was very effective. It aroused the s-for-women girls to frenzied denun- ons and the resulting publicity was excellent. Many a lesser preacher has continued to talk about woman's dress ever since. But Dr. Reisner is not a master of advertising psychology for nothing. It is no longer news to say that the girls wear less clothing than they did in 1902, or to predict that the hussies are sending America careening to ruin. Instead, the Billboard Preacher now defends the Younger Generation. If girls and boys drink booze, it is because their parents jazz to cocktail parties and open their doors to bootleggers. New York is not the city of the Devil, a notion which still prevails in Kansas. She may have her dens of vice, but most of the citizens know nothing about them. New York is filled with godly, homey folks. And while the Rev. Dr. Straton and others were viewing the flapper with righteous alarm, he said:

> Underneath the flapper is a royal soul that will die for a great cause or grow up to fill a large place, if inspired and nourished.

A man of great originality, Dr. Reisner rarely finds it necessary to repeat the features of his Happy Sunday evenings. A few well-tried programmes are repeated annually, it is true, but always with certain changes and a novelty or two. He has given several baseball services, for instance. At the first of these, in 1913, he distributed 25,000 handbills captioned "You're Out!" and announcing that most of the New York Giants would attend. Some years later he held another baseball service, and this time he advertised that St. Paul, if alive, would certainly be a ball fan, that it was sinful to strike out, and that the successful religious life could rest on the text, "Not as one who beateth the air." On another occasion he had the famous infielder, Hal Chase, in the pulpit with him, and Mr. Chase said a few words in support of the theory that baseball and Christianity are, indeed, first cousins. Having thus sponsored the national game, Dr. Reisner was invited to write a full-page baseball sermon for Spalding's "Book of Rules," and graciously consented to do so.

There are other standard services, such

as the one at which a rose is given to each member of the "audience." There is an annual Snow Service, an idea born back in Denver. But the snow is now scraped from the pipes of a nearby refrigeration plant instead of from the sides of the Rocky Mountains. And Dr. Reisner frequently accepts the offer of a baking or milling company to supply a loaf of bread or a bag of flour for all who come. His sermon is then based on the souvenir, and a programme acknowledgment is given to the donor. Yet these programmes, so effective that they are offered year after year, constitute but a small proportion of the Sunday evening jollifications. For the great majority, Dr. Reisner must draw upon his unfailing stock of ideas. Within recent months he has been able to produce Eddie Dowling, star of "The Rainbow Man," Morris Gest, young Mr. Coogan, and Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt Shrump, who guarantee to imitate any bird called for.

With the years, probably as a result of his contacts with wealth during his campaigns for money, Dr. Reisner has grown increasingly conservative on matters not connected with the church. Fifteen years ago he might have been heard advocating public ownership of utilities and hurling verbal rocks at millionaires. Still further back, in 1910, he was among those who saw nothing Christian in the creation of the Rockefeller Foundation, and said that the elder Rockefeller had "grown a corporation heart." By 1921, however, he revised his opinion of the Rockefellers, and paid eloquent tribute to the character and personality of John D. Jr.:

> Mr. Rockefeller has a most delightful home and possesses, himself, one of the most delightful and helpful personalities to be found anywhere. He is humble and rich in friendliness. He is trusted and admired by all who know the facts about him. Why? Because he devotes himself to giving to every kind of cause that will uplift his fellows. In this very habit he builds a soul, a spirit that creates its own happiness and sees where to give so that it will count.

A few years later, Mr. Rockefeller bought a $250,000 block of the bonds of the Broadway Temple.

V

Dr. Reisner has softened in his attit toward the modern girl, and he no lo fears the menace of predatory wealth. he has not retreated a single inch Prohibition. In 1911 it was his custom peel off his coat and roll up his slee when, from the pulpit, he launched attack on Demon Rum. He was alw well supplied with statistics to prove evils of drink. Three beers a day twelve days, he said in December of t year, would lower the efficiency of man by 25%. Then he revealed the scient fact that liquor killed 440 out of ev 1,000 dead each year.

"Even women are among the victim he roared. "God pity the woman w boozes!"

Prohibition having blessed the land, Reisner is troubled by no doubts regard its permanency, and is filled with scorn those who advocate a repeal of the V stead Act. When some member of audience, disturbed by news that s another innocent man had been killed Prohibition agents, asked whether a Chr tian could approve, Dr. Reisner gave emphatic affirmative reply:

> I'm as chicken-hearted as the next man; it is well known that I do not approve of capital punishment. But I've no use for sentimentality over racketeers who corrupt our civilization by selling booze. I say we have a right to arrest men suspected of violating the law, and when they resist arrest officers have a right to shoot. The people really to blame, however, are the wealthy society people who patronize the bootlegger.

He believes that only Social Regist snobs are drinking these days, and nev loses an opportunity to reproach "t people down town" who go to "cockt parties and carry hip flasks." Sometim he is discouraged, if only momentarily the spectacle of the best people joini such organizations as the Associati Against the Prohibition Amendmen Although he did not mention her by nam he expressed himself as scandalized wh Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, formerly a memb

:he Republican National Committee
the wife of a New York banker,
ounced that she would henceforth give
ner time to telling women they must
k for repeal of the Volstead Act.
imagine," said Dr. Reisner, aghast,
yone going up and down the land
ng for return of the legal sale of
hol!"
eling as he does, it was natural that
Reisner should have been highly
d when, on a night in January, 1928,
net the Hon. James J. Walker at a social
tion and was informed by that func-
ary that he had clambered on the
r-wagon. The good doctor's face
ie with righteous joy the following
lay, and he told his flock that he had
important and gladsome news for
n. The mayor of New York, he said,
revealed that he had taken the pledge.
had become a total abstainer. God was,
all, in His Heaven. Was this not a
testimonial from "our capable and
rvedly popular mayor, whom I am
id to call my friend?"
his startling news made the front pages
ll morning papers on Monday; it is truly headline material, these degenerate days, when an important politician announces that he will personally obey the Volstead Act. Coming from Jimmy Walker, who had been neither a public nor private dry, it was little less than a sensation. Arriving at the City Hall that day, Jimmy found a dozen reporters clamoring for a statement.

"Tell us it ain't so, Jimmy," they pleaded. "Tell us it ain't so!"

Surely, they went on in great excitement, the mayor had been misquoted by the pastor of the Chelsea Methodist Episcopal Church! What about the Democratic party? What about Al Smith? What about the whole horrible Prohibition question?

Jimmy looked at them with the poker face he can assume at will. He said that Dr. Reisner had been technically correct. It was true that liquor would no longer touch his lips; at least not for the present.

"You see," he murmured, "I came back from Europe last September with indigestion. The doctors said I must take care of myself. I'm on the wagon, all right."

A NEGRO LOOKS AT POLITICS

BY JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

I was once asked if the Negro in the South had accomplished anything in politics. I answered that he had at least furnished the South with its chief political issue. The fact is that he himself is that chief political issue. Southern statesmen may make a pretense of talking national and world politics, but it is only a pretense, for the thoughts and actions of every politician in the Southern States are inexorably limited, circumscribed, interdicted, shackled, handcuffed and muzzled by the omnipresent Negro question.

But the Negro as a political issue has now passed over the boundaries of the South and, in a degree, become national. He is a passive factor in both of the major parties. The Republican party doesn't want him, but finds it too much trouble to get rid of him. The Democratic party won't have him, and uses all the ingenuity and force it can summon to keep him out. The Negro is literally the *bête noire* of both parties. In the political game played on the national gridiron he is the ball.

He may see in various lights the political situation in which he thus finds himself, depending on his frame of mind. If angry, he may damn the whole bunk-shooting, lying, nefarious political business to Hell. If cynical, he may gloat over the embarrassment and fear that he is the cause of. He may get an unhappy satisfaction out of the fact that he is the wrench that clogs the political machinery of a whole section of the nation; that he has made political hypocrites of men who would otherwise be ordinarily honest; that he has done more than any other factor at work to make a ridiculous sham and failure out of this grand and glorious experiment democracy. If humorous, he may see whole business as a farce, and so smile get a sour laugh out of the knowledge t America can't actually have any more mocracy than it gives to him. But 99% the Negroes in the United States do look at the matter in any of these ligh Anger, cynicism and humor fade out bef the serious problem of life and the strug to attain a goal that is necessary to survival.

How did the Negro, starting after Civil War with the Fourteenth and F teenth Amendments and the ballot, where he is politically? Suppose we fi find out where he is. There are appro mately twelve million Negroes in United States, which means that there nearly six million of voting age. Notwi standing this, the Negro demands and cures less through the ballot, not only concrete results but even in mere resp for himself as a voter, than any of all groups that go to make up the Americ citizenry, though many of these grou are weaker numerically and economical Despite his mass of numbers and his crease in education and wealth, he remai in a positive sense, as near being a politi zero as it is possible for a group of peo in a country with anything that resemb a democratic form of government to be say in a positive sense because, in a ne tive sense, he has for a hundred years be a dominating political factor. How count for this condition of political i potency on the part of twelve million p ple, one-tenth of the whole nation? T political condition of these people is

vitally and pathetically interesting
e reason that they, above any other
, need whatever benefits the ballot is
o gain.

Negro did start with the war amend-
and the ballot, and did for a period
onsiderable political power. In that
Negroes participated in the govern-
of various States, and sent two Sen-
and a score of Representatives to
ess. But within twenty years after
cipation, by means of corruption,
-box stuffing and stealing, K. K. K.
dation and a general shotgun and
jack policy, the Negro vote had
endered nugatory in every Southern
At the beginning of the present
y, by quasi-legal expedients, the
in the South had been thrown back
cally to about where he was in 1866.
uiry into how he was disfranchised
face of the explicit guarantees of the
itution opens up a limitless field for
udent of the processes of democracy.
leals a political cunning, a crafty cir-
ention and brazen defiance of funda-
l laws that cannot be matched, I dare
y any other country in the world,
arring our sister republics south of
io Grande. And it shows what has
ve generations been consuming the
cal sagacity of the South, the section
n from the beginning of the country
to the Civil War furnished so large
portion of the outstanding figures in
nal politics. Thus, starting with the
nistration of Hayes, the course of the
o's political fortunes has been steadily
ward; downward, until today the
ge Negro in the States of the old
is as voteless as a life-termer in the
al Penitentiary at Atlanta.

II

, the Negro in the South did not take
isfranchisement lying down. He put
pretty good fight, but was over-
med by the forces against him. When
outhern whites regained control of the States of the former Confederacy they lost no time in serving notice on him that he would not be allowed to vote. However, he had great faith in his lately bestowed constitutional guarantees and went to the polls clothed in his rights of American citizenship. When he was met there by denial and force he took his case into the courts, relying on that section of the Fourteenth Amendment which says:

> All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

and that section of the Fifteenth Amendment which says:

> The right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

More than once he took his case to the Supreme Court of the United States, but the court pointed out that he had failed to show that the State had abridged or denied his right to vote or that the persons who prevented him from voting had done so because of his *race, color or previous condition of servitude*. So the Negro, unable to prove that the committee which met at the polls with shotguns was actuated by any such base and unconstitutional motives, found his case thrown out. In the ultimate analysis, he lost in his fight to vote because of the attitude of the Supreme Court. Through hair-splitting sophistry and astute evasion the court so emasculated the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments that, so far as the Negro was concerned, no sense or meaning at all was left in them. If the court had entered into a conspiracy with the amnestied leaders of the Rebellion to nullify these two amendments it could not have gone about the work with greater dispatch and effectiveness. It was not until 1915 that there was any change in this

attitude. It was not until then that the court showed a definite change from its traditional pro-slavery bias.

Eventually the excesses to which corruption and force went appalled the more decent-minded element of Southern whites, and they began to devise means to do the unlawful thing by methods which would at least simulate legality and decency; so they proceeded to abrogate the Federal Constitution by revising the constitutions of the States. Mississippi began this reform in 1890 by so amending its constitution that the right of suffrage depended upon payment of a poll tax, and the ability to read any section of the constitution, or to understand it when read, or to give a reasonable interpretation of it.

This section looked entirely fair on its face. Indeed, it looked like a forward step toward intelligence and responsibility in the electorate, even if not toward a realization of democracy. But the joker lay in the interpretation clause. The average Negro could easily get hold of a few dollars and pay his poll tax, and it was in his power to learn to read a section of the Constitution with some evidence that he understood what he was reading; but when it came to a "reasonable interpretation" he was likely to find himself up against an unsurmountable obstacle. The election officials had absolute discretionary powers and could ply the applicant with questions that would divide the Supreme Court.

There is the story of the Negro in Mississippi who applied to the registration board, and who understandingly read a section of the Constitution and answered with average intelligence a number of questions. When one of the officials, thumbing a law book, asked, "What does *habeas corpus ad subjiciendum* mean?" the applicant took up his hat and replied, "It means that a nigger can't vote in Mississippi." No secret was made of the fact that the sole purpose of this section and of similar sections in the revised constitutions of other Southern States was to keep Negroes from voting.

But the bars of this barrier were not quite close enough; for without going to undisguised fraud and violence, it impossible to keep a percentage of intelligent Negroes from slipping through, perhaps, depending on the temper and tegrity of the particular officials, in sible not to keep out some of the crassly ignorant whites. So Southern litical ingenuity set itself to the task making the disfranchisement of all groes, ignorant and intelligent, a proce precision, while saving the most civilized white the embarrassment of having to make a show of his lack qualifications.

III

It was out of Louisiana in 1898 that came the cry, "Eureka!" It was there was evolved the famous grandfather cla Speaking generally, these grandfa clauses in the amended constitutions o Southern States enumerated as neces to the right of suffrage a list of prope literacy, and character qualification high standard, and then provided none of these qualifications need be me any persons who had the right to vo had an ancestor who had the right to at the time of the close of the Civil W There were, of course, numbers of col people who could have qualified under ancestor proviso, but the right to ca negligible vote was hardly worth the of its establishment. So it looked though, with the grandfather clauses, come the end of Negro suffrage nightm which for three decades had hara Southern politicians. But the Negro not ceased fighting. Oklahoma's br new constitution was equipped wit first-class grandfather clause. On clause a test case was finally brought fore the Supreme Court, and that cou 1915 declared grandfather clauses un stitutional.

The reasonable interpretation cla were still working, but not with the sired effectiveness. Something needed t done, and the statesmanship of the S

again rose to the exigency. (It is nding to think how much Southern nanship has been used up in these ses!) The decision of the strategists ; the politicians was to abandon any r frontal attacks on the Fifteenth lment, and to defeat it "legally" by king movement. So all the laws on tute-books which, in any manner at ce with the letter of the Fifteenth dment, abridged or denied the right Negro to vote were annulled or al- to become quiescent.

new move was to substitute primary ns for general elections; that is, to the primary election decisive and eneral election merely perfunctory; en to provide by law that the Dem- primary was a function for white xclusively. A Negro, if he succeeded tting by the registration officers, vote in the general election, but vote was like seconding a motion ad already been passed. For in some candidates for nomination were ated in two or even three primaries. ndidates finally chosen were already d as elected.

ite voters in the Southern States have, ratively, stopped voting in the gen- elections. For illustration: in the gubernatorial campaign of 1926, at st Democratic primary election, held y 24, with six candidates in the field, tal vote cast was 735,186. In the run- ld on August 30, with the candidates wed down to Dan Moody and Gov- Ma Ferguson, the total vote cast was 56. But at the general election in the campaign only 89,263 votes were Under "white primary" laws the vote cannot have any effect what- pon the choice of those elected.

e innocent might ask why the doesn't vote in the primaries of other party—the Republican, for ce. The answer is that in the States Old South there is actually but one and one primary. The Republican is not a political party; it is simply a Federal-office-holding oligarchy. The bosses are interested only in carrying hand-picked delegations to the Republican National Conventions and using them as pawns in securing control of the Federal patronage in the South. There is, despite the upset in the last national election, what amounts to a gentlemen's agreement between the Southern Democracy and the Republican bosses in the South; to wit, that the States be left, without opposition, entirely in the hands of the Democratic politicians and the Federal offices in the hands of the Republican bosses. The Negro is left out on both sides. This is not a bad bargain for the Democrats, since their chance at Federal offices comes on an average of only once in every quarter of a century. Nor is there any desire on the part of the Republican bosses to build up an effective opposition with the aid of the Negro, for his allegiance in the South embarrasses the whole Republican party; it disturbs its dream of breaking up the Solid South, hence the persistent lily white movement.

But this latest move did not stop the Negro from fighting. In 1925, the Negroes of the country united in making a definite test of the Southern white primary laws. They made a test of the primary laws of Texas. The fight was carried on from the court of first instance through the Supreme Court by their most powerful defense organization, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. A section of the Texas law regulating primaries reads as follows:

> All qualified voters under the laws and constitution of the State of Texas, who is a *bona fide* member of the Democratic party shall be eligible to participate in any Democratic primary election, provided such voter complies with all laws and rules governing party primary elections; however, in no event shall a Negro be eligible to participate in a Democratic party primary election held in the State of Texas and should a Negro vote in a Democratic primary election, such ballot shall be void, and election officials are herein directed to throw out such ballot and not count the same.

It was on this section that the contest was made. On March 7, 1927, the Supreme

Court handed down a unanimous decision declaring white primary laws unconstitutional. In its decision the court said, in part:

> The important question is whether the statute can be sustained, but although we state it as a question the answer does not seem to us open to a doubt. We find it unnecessary to consider the Fifteenth Amendment, because it seems to us hard to imagine a more direct and obvious infringement of the Fourteenth.
>
> That amendment, while it applies to all, was passed, as we know, with a special intent to protect the blacks from discrimination against them.
>
> It gave citizenship and the privilege of citizenship to persons of color, but it denied to any state the power to withhold from them the equal protection of the laws. . . . What is this but declaring that the law in the States shall be the same for the blacks as for the whites; that all persons whether colored or white shall stand equal before the laws of the States, and in regard to the colored race, for whose protection the amendment was primarily designed, that no discrimination shall be made against them by law because of their color?
>
> The statute of Texas, in the teeth of the prohibitions referred to, assumes to forbid Negroes to take part in a primary election the importance of which we have indicated, discriminating against them by the distinction of color alone. States may do a good deal of classifying that it is difficult to believe rational, but there are limits, and it is too clear for extended argument that color cannot be made the basis of a statutory classification affecting the right set up in this case.

Texas and other States have already taken steps to circumvent this decision by deleting from the statutes any specific denial to Negroes of the right to take part in primary elections, and by passing laws enabling State Executive Committees of political parties to formulate their own regulations as to who shall have the right to participate. But it is very doubtful if these evasions of an express decision of the Supreme Court will stand when they are tested in that court. The Advancement Association has already begun a test case in Texas; and in June of this year the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Virginia held such an enabling act to be contrary to the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. So it appears that on legal and constitutional grounds the Negro has driven the Southern politicians to their last extremity.

IV

But what is beyond? There is little ability that those who have not hes to ignore and defy the Constitution stand awe-stricken before Supreme decisions. The Negro is squarel against the grim determination o Southern politicians never to allow H take part in politics—his educatio onomic progress and moral fitness withstanding—and the specter of violence and murder lurks not ver behind.

This determination is expressed no by such plebeian demagogues as Sen Heflin of Alabama and Blease of S Carolina, but by such aristocratic s men as Senators Glass of Virginia George of Georgia. Not long ago, widely circulated weekly magazine, ator George, formerly a member o Supreme Court of Georgia, was quot saying in the course of an interview:

> Why apologize or evade? We have been very c ful to obey the letter of the Federal Constitutio but we have been very diligent and astute in lating the spirit of such amendments and s statutes as would lead the Negro to believe H self the equal of a white man. And we shall tinue to conduct ourselves in that way.

Senator Glass was quoted by the interviewer as saying:

> The people of the original thirteen Southern St curse and spit upon the Fifteenth Amendmen and have no intention of letting the Negro v We obey the letter of the amendments and Federal statutes, but we frankly evade the sp thereof—and purpose to continue doing White supremacy is too precious a thing to render for the sake of a theoretical justice t would let a brutish African deem himself equal of white men and women in Dixie.

Yet, bold as Southern politicians both the lower and the higher type, a expressing sentiments of this sort; are all, nevertheless, busy rationalizing justifying their position. Justificatio generally based on two considerations evils of Reconstruction and the mena black domination. Neither is sound; first passed away completely more

ears ago, and the second can never
n.
evils suffered by the South from
pt rule by ignorant Negroes" dur-
e Reconstruction period were far less
hey are reported to be. It can be
that the governments of the States
Negroes were in political power
ot more corrupt than they came to
er the restored Confederates; in fact,
cords show that in several instances
were even less corrupt. Nor was the
wholly responsible for such corrup-
did exist. Moreover, the resentment
whites sprang not so much from
us recoil against corruption as from
ation and chagrin at seeing Negroes
es of power. But in looking for po-
corruption we need not go back
h musty records to Negro politicians
Reconstruction or to Southern
politicians immediately thereafter;
ed only read the newspaper files for
st three or four years to find enough
in some of the most progressive
ern States; we might, indeed, pursue
bject with fruitful results to the
al capital.
udy of the Negroes who represented
outh in Congress shows that most
m measured up in intelligence and
l fitness to the average lawmaker
ets to Washington today. However,
record as bad as it may have been,
egro of the present year of our Lord
the Negro of the Reconstruction
.
o black domination, that is either a
rate fabrication designed for use on
stings or a hallucination. In either
it is too high a compliment to the
s and abilities of the Negro to say
he one-third black population of the
, if given the right of the ballot,
dominate the two-thirds white. It
be impossible by any method what-
—short of black magic.
medieval position of white South-
ders is not tenable either in logic,
tenment or common decency; and

they realize it. Their only defense is to get mad or to refuse to discuss it. Their embarrassment is not reduced by the inconsistency between their stand on the Fifteenth Amendment and their stand on the Eighteenth. They defend their right to ignore or annul or defy the Fifteenth, but froth at the mouth when a sovereign Northern State suggests taking some similar action regarding the Eighteenth. The effort to set the moral intent of the Eighteenth Amendment, which is purely a regulatory ordinance, above that of the Fifteenth, which deals with a fundamental citizenship right, only adds absurdity to the discussion.

V

What will be the outcome of this political situation in the South? There can be only one of two results; either the Negro will win full political rights or he will be permanently reduced to the status of a voteless, voiceless peon. Looking over all the forces involved and weighing the probabilities, not as a partisan, but as would a cool and careful gambler, I bet on the Negro to win. In the final outcome I don't believe the whites have a chance.

There appear to me to be certain practical steps the Negro in the South can take to hasten the time for throwing up hats. He has already drawn first blood and scored a knockdown in his fight against the white primary, the main device for keeping him out of political life; continuing in the parlance of the ring, he must press his advantage to a decisive knockout. As soon as he is able, he should go into the Democratic primaries and vote for what he believes to be the best men for local offices. For a long time he should not bother himself about helping to elect Republican Presidents—or Democratic ones either. By eschewing national Republican politics he will undermine all arguments about his being a mere tool and monkey paw of alien Yankee domination.

By this course of action he will be build-

ing from the ground up. In common sense, the chief concern at present of a Negro in the South is to have a voice in electing the judges of the local courts, the county prosecuting attorney, the sheriff, the members of the school board. Unless he holds a Federal job, it is sheer nonsense for a Negro in Mississippi to boast that he voted for Hoover. If he can't get equitable school facilities for his children or is in danger of being railroaded in the courts, or mobbed or lynched, President Hoover can't help him—in Mississippi. Of course, if he were in China the President could send the Navy to his assistance. Such a course on the part of the Negro would eventually lead to making a real two-party system in the South. White men would divide, and both sides would want and seek Negro votes. The Southern politicians are wise in their narrow way, and this is what they foresee; and it is exactly what they are fighting to stave off. The Southern political oligarchy fights to preserve the *status quo*, both to keep out the Negro and also any class of white men who might become recalcitrant and aspire to the pleasure and power of controlling the public offices.

I have used all my space discussing the situation of the Negroes in the South, and properly, because they constitute three-fourths of the entire number, and because it is by their status that the race as a whole is measured and graded. In the States outside of the South, Negroes vote and have their votes counted; and in a number of States such as New York, where they vote Republican or Democratic or Socialist, they are politically free and independent. But on a national scale the Negroes in the North are almost as impotent as the Negroes in the South. They are impotent because as a whole they dare vote nationally for but one party—the Republican party. And that party knows it, and therefore feels that it needs to do only the very

for them.

Most Negroes in the North, like Southern brethren, are still in the mental stage of politics; they feel tha owe a great debt of gratitude to th publican party and Abraham Lincol they continue to vote the Repu ticket—regardless of the fact that ham Lincoln is not a candidate. This tude is childish. These Negroes ne learn that politics is a hard-boiled culating game in which gratitude futile virtue and in which Sunday-s ethics have no place. They need to e lish and maintain political indepen as rapidly as possible; voting for me measures rather than parties. Ther now many Negroes in the Northern S who chafe under the Republican ch They want to break out of them, and will do so as soon as the Democrat some other party gives them half a ch As it is now, they feel bound by the s tion of their fellows in the South- they hesitate to place any more power them in the hands of their enemies. feel it is the better part of wisdom to with lukewarm and apathetic friends

As much as anybody in the countr Negro wants to be a good American he is bending all his energies to that But he is also determined—as griml termined as the Southern politician to keep him out and down—to wea rights as well as bear the burdens of A ican citizenship. This desire, backed t tireless and constant effort, has t taken into account. I have said he will He must win not only for himself bu the South, because there cannot pos be an enlightened, progressive and state of politics in the South unles Negro does win. He must win for th tion, because if he fails, democrac America fails with him.

EAST SIDE MEMORIES

BY MICHAEL GOLD

e livery stable was a busy scene of ife and death. It was a dépôt for wed- ing and funeral coaches, and head- rs for the Callahan Transfer Express. expressmen were leather-faced young en, the coach drivers were leather- young Jews.

veen jobs these citizens of the two persecuted and erratic small nations world loafed on a bench. They , philosophized, and drank buckets together in the sunlight.

ir bench was on the sidewalk in front stable. There were always ten or drivers sitting here, and at least eighborhood prostitute and a goat og.

stable was an antique five-storied building standing next to my own ent. In Summer it was a dynamo ting bad smells. It added, to the dors of the street, the miasma of g manure. I should like to see that e sprinkled in Congress. I know that ars it clung to me. It filled my life. soned my sleep. It was beloved by ns of flies. They grew fat in the , and then visited my home.

nt orchids grow in the South Amer- ngles. I have seen them; some weigh eds of pounds. Their manure-like nce makes them a magnet for whole s of flies. The Indians fear these or- for they occasionally collapse on a ng man, and kill him. Our stable had ctims, too, but no one realized it young Dr. Solow, who hated the nd warned us against them.

ed to go to funerals with the Jewish drivers. What glorious Summer fun!

Nathan was a tall Jewish ox, with a red, hard face like a chunk of rusty iron. His blustering manner had earned him many a black eye and bloody face. It was a warm bright morning. Three coaches rolled down the ramp of the livery stable on their way to a funeral. Then out bounced Nathan, cursing his horses. I begged him to let me go along. He was grouchy, but slowed down. I scrambled up beside him on the tall seat.

Three coaches and a hearse: a poor man's funeral. We rolled through the hurly-burly East Side. The sporty young drivers joked from coach to coach. The horses jerked and skipped. Nathan cursed them.

"You she-devil!" he roared in Yiddish at his white horse. "Steady down, or I'll kick in your belly!"

He tugged at the check-rein and cut the mare's mouth until it bled. But she was nervous; horses have their moods.

We came to the tenement of the corpse. Many pushcarts had to be cursed out of the way. We lined the curb. There was a crowd gathered. Weddings, sewer repairs, accidents, fires and murders, all are food for the crowd. Even funerals.

The coffin was brought down by four pale men with black beards. Then came the wife and children in black, meekly weeping. The family were so poor that they had not the courage to weep flamboyantly.

But some of the neighbors did. It was their pleasure. They made an awful hullabaloo. It pierced one's marrow. The East Side women have a strange keening wail, almost Gaelic. They chant the virtues of the dead sweatshop slave, and the sorrow

of his family. They fling themselves about in an orgy of grief. It unpacks their hearts, but is hell on the bystanders.

These mourners egg on the widow; they don't want her to hide her grief; she must break down and scream and faint, or the funeral is not perfect.

I sat on the high driver's seat, and watched; I felt official and important, somehow.

Then came the ride across the Brooklyn Bridge, with the incredible sweep of New York below us. The river was packed tight, a street with tugboat traffic. Mammoth skyscrapers cut into the sky like the teeth of a saw. The smoke of factories smeared the bright blue air. Horns boomed and wailed. Brooklyn lay low and passive in the horizon.

"A man is crazy to live in Brooklyn," said Nathan the driver, pointing with his whip toward that side. "My God, it is as dead as a cemetery; no excitement, no nothing! Look, Mikey, down there. That's the Navy Yard. That's where they keep the American warships. Sailors are a lot of Irish bums. Once I had a fight with a sailor and knocked his tooth out. He called me a Jew."

"Ain't you a Jew?" I asked timidly, as my greedy eyes drank in the panorama.

"Of course I'm a Jew," said Nathan, in his rough, iron voice, "I'm proud I'm a Jew, but no Irish bum can call me one."

"Why?" I asked.

I was very logical when I was seven years old.

"Why?" Nathan mimicked me with a sneer. "Why? You tell a kid something, and he asks why? Kids give me a headache!" He spat his disgust into the river. The blob fell a third of a mile.

They put the coffin into the ground. The old rabbi in a shiny high hat chanted a long sonorous poem in Hebrew, a prayer for dead Jews. A woman screamed; it was the dead man's wife. She tried to throw herself into the grave. Her weeping friends restrained her. The graveyard trees waved strangely. The graveyard sun was strange. The grave-diggers shovelled earth int grave. I felt lonesome and bewilder wanted to cry like the rest, but ashamed because of Nathan.

Then it was all over. All of us we a restaurant at the entrance to the tery, and ate platters of sour cream cheese and black bread, the Jewish fu food. Even the widow ate. Nathan me half of his portion. Then we rode over the bridge.

I was glad to feel the East Side engulf our coach. I lost my vague fu loneliness in the hurly-burly of my s On the stoop of our tenement sat the friends, my sister Esther and my Nigger's sister Leah. In the purple golden light of sundown they were ing a book of fairy-tales and eating and butter. Their faces were calm satisfied. But I made them envious.

"Nathan took me on another fune I crowed, "and I saw another man bur

The girls were gratifyingly env Girls were never taken on such ride the coach drivers. My sister Esther al wanted to go, but couldn't. She blame for it, and said I told the drivers n take her. She cried now, as I teased and described to her how wonderfu adventure had been. She grew very je of my good luck. My poor dear sister! Soon she was to go on that fu ride, and not return and boast like

II

It was Summer. My father was a painter; he worked on a scaffold i sun. One day he grew dizzy with painter's disease—lead poisoning.

Paint is made with white lead. W house painter mixes oil and turpe with the dry pigment, its lead seems released in fumes which the man breathe. Or this free lead also through the skin. It eats up the pai stomach and nerves, and poisons his b

My father suffered from painter's na One Summer night he came home aft

tomed hour. His pale face under its
o of green and red paint was twisted
squely, like a Chinese dancer's mask.
ripped off his overalls in the kitchen
ank into a chair.
uick, give me the bucket, Katie!"
oaned to my mother. She held his
and patted his shoulder. "I have
sick all afternoon," he groaned.
u, nu," said my mother gently, "it
ass, Meyer."
body shook with spasms of violent
ing, and he cried. My mother never
but my father wept easily.
hy must I work at this accursed
," my father wept, hiccoughing, "to
ff a scaffold some day, maybe, and
my legs, and then come at the lunch
every day to other painters, to beg
for a little money? Every day there
s one of them, the sick painters."
u, nu, Meyer," my mother soothed
"it will not happen to you."
will happen," my father wept. "I am
s the unfortunate one. And if that
't happen, I will die of this paint-
ess, I am sure of it. And once I owned
pender shop of my own! Once I
ed for myself, and laughed and lived!
ow I must die! It is all useless. A
on Columbus! A curse on America,
ief! It is a land where the lice make
es, and the good men starve!"
u, nu, Meyer," my mother said
y, tying a cold towel around his head.
felt better after the supper of ham-
r steak and beer. Some of his friends
ed in, and there was talk. His vola-
nind drifted from its own troubles,
efore an audience he grew talkative,
vitty. Talk has ever been the joy of
wish race, great torrents of boundless
d talk. Talk does not exhaust Jews
does other people, nor give them
-fag; it refreshes them. Talk is the
all, the golf, the poker, the love and
f the Jewish race.
e whole tenement was talking and
g its supper. The broken talk came
gh the airshaft window. The pro-found bass of the East Side traffic lay under this talk. Talk. Talk. Rattle of supper dishes; whining of babies, yowling of cats; counterpoint of men, women and children talking as if their hearts would break. Talk. Jewish talk.

Even old Mrs. Fingerman's parrot talked more than other parrots. Mr. Fingerman had been an invalid for years, and his one distraction before he died had been to teach his parrot to curse in Yiddish.

As we sat at supper we could hear the parrot snarling down the airshaft at some imaginary enemy:

"Thief! Bandit! Cossack! I spit on you! A black year on you! Go into the earth! Grah! Grah! Grah!"

My father laughed heartily.

"What a good Jew that parrot is!" he said. "He can curse, and he hates Christians! I am sure we will find this parrot in the synagogue next Saturday, leading the prayers."

My father drank another glass of beer. He slammed his fist on the table, as with a sudden inspiration.

"Boys, let's go to a wine cellar tonight!" he said. "I have had a bad day, and need a little fun."

His friends agreed. To my great delight, my father took me with him. My sister protested; she wanted to come too. But my father gave her a nickel, kissed her and said: "Little girls belong with their mommas. They must be good."

Jews are not drunkards; they think it is disgraceful and Christian to be heavy drinkers. But wine has been a part of Jewish life for thousands of years. There are holidays in the Jewish year when wine is brought into the synagogue, and pious old graybeards leap and dance and drink much of it, to show their joy in God.

My father rarely drank in saloons like an American. He liked his parties at home, when friends came with their women and children, and everyone, from grandfather down to one-year-old, drank wine, talked, and sang songs.

Wine drinking was either religious or

social. There were dozens of Russian and Roumanian wine cellars on the East Side. They were crowded with family parties after the day's work. People talked, laughed, drank wine, listened to music. That was all; no one smashed chairs about in the Christian manner, or cursed, or fought and slobbered.

Moscowitz runs a famous restaurant now in Second avenue. In those years he kept a wine cellar in Rivington street. It was popular among Roumanian immigrants, including my father and his friends. Moscowitz was, and is, a remarkable performer on the Roumanian gypsy cymbalon.

I remember his place. It was a long narrow basement lit by gas-lamps hanging like white balloons. Between the lamps grew clusters of artificial grapes and Autumn leaves. There were many mirrors, and on them a forgotten artist had painted scenes from Roumanian life—shepherds and sheep, a peasant, a horse fair, peasants shocking wheat, a wedding.

At one end of the room, under a big American flag, hung a chromo showing Roosevelt charging up San Juan Hill. At the other end hung a Jewish Zionist flag—blue and white bars and star of David. It draped a crayon portrait of Dr. Theodore Herzl, the Zionist leader, with his pale, proud face, black beard and burning eyes. To one side was an open charcoal fire, where lamb scallops and steaks grilled on a spit. Near this, on a small platform, Moscowitz sat with his cymbalon. Strings of red peppers dried in festoons on the wall behind him. A jug of wine stood at his elbow, and after every song he poured himself a drink.

A cymbalon is a kind of zither-harp, and is played with little ebony hammers. It is unmistakably a gypsy instrument, for the music it gives forth is soulful and wild. As Moscowitz played, his head moved lower and lower over the cymbalon. At the *crescendo* one could not see his face, only his bald head gleaming like a hand-mirror. Then, with a sudden upward flourish of his arms, the music ended. One saw shy, lean face again, with its gray tache. Everyone cheered, applauded whistled. Moscowitz drank off his w and smiling shyly, played an en (Moscowitz is a real artist; after tw years he still makes restaurant music his heart, and has never saved any mo

A hundred Jews in a basement blue sea-fog with tobacco smoke. The men their derby hats. Some were bearded, loud, sporty and young, some brow nuts. The women were fat and swe happily, and smacked their chil Moscowitz played. The waiters bu like crazy bees. A jug of the good Roumanian wine decorated the white cloth on every table. The cash reg rang; Mrs. Moscowitz was making cha The artificial grapes swung from the ing. Teddy Roosevelt, with bared te frightened the Spaniards. Moscowitz pl a sad and beautiful peasant ballad. A l blubber-faced man with a red beard his glass on the table, wept and s Others joined him. The whole room s

Then talk, talk, talk again. Jewish t Hot, sweaty, winey talk. A sweats holiday. Egypt's slaves around the ca fire in the shadow of the Pyramids. T drank wine even then. Thousands of y ago. And talked as now. The Bible rec it. And their hearts were eased by it. Moscowitz played the Babylonian for them.

We sat amiably around our own ju wine, eating from a dish of nuts, pret raisins and pickles. I drank a little and uttered words of wisdom.

"Pop, I like this place," I said.

My father chuckled with pride.

"Is he smart?" he asked his frie stooping over and kissing me, so th smelled the wine and tobacco on mustache. "Is this boy smart, or They nodded their heads solemnly, as were a genius.

"He will be at least a millionaire," Mottke the Blinder, smiling his br gentle, foolish smile that traveled

ear. He was a vestmaker who was amed the Blind One because he was ss-eyed.

o," said my father, "my Mechel become a doctor. I will make the y for him. Learning is more precious wealth; so it stands in the Talmud, ke."

agree with you," said Mottke y, smiling again all over his gentle yle's face. "Of course, Meyer; but can't he be a millionaire, too, e?"

uld not take my eyes off the gleaming head of Moscowitz, the musician. op, what song is he playing now?" I

on't you know?" my father asked in urprise.

o."

i! yi! yi!" my father sighed, sentially. "I see, Mechel, you have really ne an American. That is the song, el, the shepherds play on their flutes umania when they are watching the . It is a *doina*. How many Summer have I heard it in the fields!"

is better than your American rag-" said Mottke severely. "It is music—his pah-pah-pah ragtime."

Iusic of the soul," said my father nentally.

ertainly," Mottke agreed.

ttke always tried to agree with my r. Mottke thought my father a very ed man. And it is true that when ing wine with his friends, my father ne unusually profound, deep, schol- He was also very witty. His talk d alternate between ribald jokes Talmudic epigrams and anecdotes.

father liked to pass himself off as a ud scholar. I am sure now that he had studied in that strange book of eval Jewish wisdom. The truth is that Samuel, the Chassidic umbrella maker ir tenement, used to tell him these s. My father would remember, and t the tidbits on all occasions. The pleased his dramatic soul.

"The Talmud is the greatest book in the world," declared my father solemnly, as he drank another glass of wine. "And why shouldn't it be? Wasn't it written by the greatest rabbis in history? They took time for the work; not a week, not a month, but hundreds of years. No, they did not hurry themselves the way writers do today."

"Certainly not," said Mottke.

"From the Talmud one can learn anything," said my father. "For instance, it takes the Angel Gabriel six flaps of his wings to come down to this earth. The Angel Simon it takes four flaps. But the Angel of Death, Mottke, him it takes only one flap of the wings. Thus it is written in the Talmud."

"Wonderful!" said Mottke. "It is wonderful to be learned."

Mendel the Bum began to laugh raucously.

"Ha, ha," he sneered in his hoarse, humorous voice, "you others may believe in the Talmud, but I don't! It is all grandmother stories."

"You," my father answered, with a look of deep disgust, "you, Mendel, are nothing but a bum. You sleep in parks, you beg cheese sandwiches, you sell your soul for potatoes to the Christian missionaries. What can a bum like you know of the Talmud? It was written for Jews and men, not for bums."

"Yes, Meyer, but listen," Mendel began, shaken by the fury of this sudden attack.

"Silence, Epicurean!" my father shouted, striking the table. Mendel laughed and shrugged his shoulders. He offered no further argument. He did not wish to offend my father. Mendel was living gratis at our home. He was too sensible to give up his meal-ticket for the sake of a little thing like the Talmud.

We drank wine, we cracked the walnuts between our jaws, we ate pickles and talked; talked, talked. Moscowitz played the sweet gypsy dulcimer, and a hundred Jews in derby hats filled the basement with smoke and laughter.

III

My father made me stand on a table, and recite a poem I had learned in school:

I love the name of Washington
I love my country, too,
I love the flag, the dear old flag,
The red, white and blue.

Horny hands applauded. A fat woman with a red, enthusiastic face gave me a pretzel. Moscowitz smiled at me and rattled his sticks across the strings of the cymbalon in approval. Some men at a table banged their glasses on the table. My father helped me down, and kissed my flushed cheeks.

"Look," said my father proudly, "did you ever hear such good English? Already he speaks English, and I am in the country ten years and can't speak a word!"

"This is a scholar!" said Mottke, patting my head fondly. "A millionaire he could become, but it is better he should be a doctor and scholar."

Then the heat, the smoke, the excitement and wine weighed on my eyelids like lead, and I could not hold them open. I fell asleep on my father's lap, my head resting on the table.

Suddenly I was on my feet, blinking in the gaslight. Mottke held my hand, and was urging me to walk. Where was my father? Bewildered, I stared about me through the fog.

"Where is my pop?" I asked Mottke. His foolish, good-natured face was creased with disquiet. He pointed toward a table near the door. There stood my father waving his arms, and shouting at a little pock-faced man in a gray suit and derby hat. The little man was frightened. His fishy blue eyes bulged from their sockets, and were tearful with helplessness. He tried to get up, but my father pushed him back into the chair.

"Jews and friends!" my father shouted to everyone around him, as he grabbed the little man by the coat, "honest Jews, look at this worm! He is a swindler, a murderer, a bloodsucker! He has tried to destroy
to eat my flesh! Look at him! He shiv
with fear, he knows I will have
revenge!"

Mendel, Aaron Katz, and several w
ers were trying to persuade my father
stop his shouting. The whole wine ce
was watching. I trembled with exc
ment; I wanted to rush to the help of
father.

But Mottke pressed my hand, and
me out into the street. My father and
others soon joined us. The men were s
trying to calm my father. He shouted
them. We parted at the corner, and
father and I walked home alone. He w
in a fever, and stopped to wipe his face

"That thief, that Sam Kravitz!"
muttered, "why don't I kill him? He s
there so cool, so proud, so fat with
money he stole from me!"

It was a warm night; the street w
crowded with people slowly walking
and down. The store windows glared w
light; a few peddlers were still calli
their wares. I could see the moon in t
dark-blue sky over the black tenemen
I felt dizzy, as if I had spent the day
Coney Island, and had stuffed in too ma
hot dogs.

My father stopped in front of a saloo
and stared at me in the bright electr
blaze. His eyes were like burning coals
was frightened.

"Little son," my father said in a strang
intense voice, "I am a man in a trap. A
is lost unless I can borrow $300 som
where."

"Yes, poppa."

"Promise me one thing, my sweet son

"Yes, poppa."

"Promise that you will become
doctor."

"Yes, poppa."

"Your mamma and I will work o
fingers off to make you a something. Yo
will not be a pauper and worker like yo
unfortunate father. We will yet show th
thief, that Sam Kravitz, that he has n
destroyed us!"

'Yes, poppa."

'I will make money for you; don't fear, son. But you must study. You must not y hookey from school, or go around th that Nigger. He is a bad boy, and ll come to a bad end. But you must be- ne a learned one."

'Yes, poppa."

IV

ree hours later the tenement sleeps, the eets mutter in their sleep. Darkness, the l mother, has not forgotten my East e. We are at peace in her womb. The nps sleep. The cops sleep. The old Tal- d dreamers sleep. The Rocky Moun- ns, the Atlantic Ocean, my Chrystie eet and Bronx Park are in darkness.

Sleep. I sleep and have bad dreams. I hirl through space, and fall down huge lfs of nothingness. Then there is an ex- sion. Five great red stars crash all out me. . . .

I awoke with a cry. And then my other came rushing out of the bedroom, le as a ghost. The gas was lit. Everything in my familiar house was queer and startling, as if I were still in my nightmare.

I heard my father groaning in a strange voice. "Quick, quick, a doctor! I am dying!"

My sister woke, and cried; Mendel and my aunt Lena woke and dressed. My aunt and I scurried for the doctor. First we rang the bell of Dr. Mirelscu. He did not answer at first. We waited on the dark lonely stoop with beating hearts. Then he stuck his head out of the window, in a nightcap.

"The doctor isn't in," he mumbled grouchily. "Stop ringing that bell."

I knew it was he, but he slammed down the window before I could tell him so. My aunt and I then called the other doctor on our street, the young Dr. Solow. He came at once, bringing his little black satchel.

He examined my father and assured him he would not die. It was just indigestion and nerves. He gave my father some pills.

My father was sick for three days after seeing his cousin Sam Kravitz in the wine cellar.

THE RICH MAN IN AMERICAN HISTORY

BY HOFFMAN NICKERSON

THE rich man we shall have always with us, at least as long as we remain civilized. There is not now and apparently never was any human society without diversity of income; economic equality is approached only among the lowest savages. Since this is so, it is perhaps a little astonishing that no literature concerned with the past fortunes and present tendencies of the American rich seems to exist. In particular, the relation between the two permanent types into which rich men have always fallen, *i.e.*, the landed man and the commercial or business man, has been little studied, nor has there been any inquiry into the fortunes of both types in the face of the recurrent explosions of egalitarianism.

In the Europe from which the colonists came the medieval scheme was dying, and the landed class was rapidly declining in importance relatively to the business man. Moreover, in England and Holland—the mother countries of most of the early settlers—the monarchies which had vaguely stood for popular rights and the defense of the weak were losing ground. This being so, one might have expected American society to take shape as an aristocracy of wealthy merchants reverenced by the mass of their poorer neighbors. We find nothing of the sort. Over a good half of the Thirteen Colonies the early type of rich man corresponded far more closely with the old European landed class than with the business man. In the Puritan type of colony, of course, the merchant prevailed, and as soon as rich men appeared in Quaker Pennsylvania they were of a commercial sort, but even here they were more or less balanced by egalitarian feeli among the masses, while south of Pen sylvania and also in New York the m who counted most were not merchan but landowners who prided themselves being in the traditional sense gentlemen.

In the South the thing is all the mo astonishing since few among the origin immigrants had enjoyed in Europe even small measure of distinction.

> The first Virginians were sons of peasants
> But Powhatan's magic reddened their blood.

as Vachel Lindsay has it. Further, unli the traditional type of European landown and unlike the great families of coloni New York, whose wealth sprang fro rents or dues, the Southerners had som thing to sell. They were planters—that i cultivators on a large scale who sold the produce—through factors, to be sure—i the open market. Nevertheless, their soci tone was essentially non-commercial.

Indeed, in one important matter th Southerners even harked back beyon the European gentry of their own time t the landowners of the Dark and Midd Ages in that they had no great passion f scholarship. One must be careful not t overstate the point; there were learne Southern gentlemen like Jefferson an Madison and the tone of Southern societ was one of cultivation. Nevertheless, on does not find there that deep and genera respect for learning possessed, to thei honor, by the commercial rich of earl New England. Distinguished Southerner frequently had as little Latin as Wash ington, and as little love of books a "Roony" Lee, son to General Lee an Harvard classmate of Henry Adams, wh

s recorded of him that, while he had the pit of command, yet "no one knew ough to know how ignorant he was; . how helpless before the relative com- xity of a school."

The Southern landed men resembled their ropean predecessors of ruder times in ther respect: they had a considerable litary instinct. After independence num- s of them went into the United States my, as not a few of their descendants ll do. Those who stayed at home culti- ted a soldierly sense of honor and were ntinually fighting duels. They spent ich time in the saddle. They willingly k part in government, and except for casional flurries, such as that which co- ided in time with the French Revolu- n, the mass of poorer white men in the uthern States seemed to have been con- nt to be so governed.

Of course, the presence of Negro slaves unted for much in all this. The slave- ner is accustomed to courteous and ferential service about his person, and in rmal men the permanent human associa- ns involved make for affection on both les. It has been well said that there is a rld of meaning in the familiar old song:

All dem darkeys am a weepin',
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

At the same time, to live among slaves longing to a different race requires cour- e and the constant exercise of absolute mmand. Moreover, the presence of a vile race makes for solidarity between h and poor whites. In this connection we ould note that until 1817-27 the wealthy ew Yorker, too, might have black slaves wait on him.

The great New York landowners, led by e patroons and manorial families, al- ough of less effect upon the country as whole than the Southerners, were an ually distinct type. They were of better ropean blood than the Southerners and e economic basis of their power was re consonant with European tradition. their colony the typical farmer was the tenant of some rich man. They have been accused of retarding development through their reluctance to divide their vast tracts of land, but those who accuse them can bring forward little evidence of friction between them and their poorer neighbors. Indeed, frontier conditions are no fertile soil for class feeling. Such a scene as that between Schuyler and his tenants and poorer neighbors, who gathered around him after church to ask his opinion of the news from Lexington, is full of confidence and affection on both sides.

In New England and in Pennsylvania, on the other hand, the typical rich man was the merchant, and the typical farmer was a small man cultivating his own ground. Since in every simple society the controlling interest is agriculture, and since the mother country took pains to keep down American manufacturers and thereby increased the relative importance of cultivation, we may say that the type of agriculture—small independently owned farms versus large plantations or estates—was the distinguishing mark of the two types of colony. Moreover, in the Puritan colonies the small farmers were often jealous of superior wealth and highly resentful of being ordered about by anyone whomsoever.

Such was, in general, the society of Revolutionary America. The lines between the two types of colony were sharply drawn. During the Revolution we find a disgusted New Englander complaining that the president of the Continental Congress, John Hancock, was altogether in the hands of "the Yorkers and the Southern Bashaws." Thenceforward, until our own day, the social history of the Republic may be summarized as the reduction in power, first of the New York and then of the Southern landed class, and the corresponding increase of power of the traders or business men, together with the recurrent activity of the egalitarian or democratic dogma, inspiring passing moods of hostility against one or both of these permanent types of wealth.

II

Over much of Christendom this doctrine, native though it seems to strains and catastrophes, has been actively preached in good times as well as bad. In America, despite the presence of alien races—first the Indian and then the Negro, the latter for a long time a slave—the theory that men are equal has been the acknowledged philosophy of politics since the Declaration of Independence.

Recent research has shown in New England, even just before the Revolution, not a little friction between the frontier farmers and the wealthy business men of the coast towns. In part this was due to the permanently human but not altogether praiseworthy desire to get out of debt without paying, but in part it seems to have been a resentment against the dominance of wealthy traders as such. The farmers or their immediate ancestors had come from an England in which the economic morality of the Middle Ages, although dying, was not yet dead. At all events, you have the curious spectacle of these Calvinists, whose activity in Seventeenth Century England had been that of puppets destroying the popular monarchy for the benefit of the rich, bestirring themselves actively in their own behalf in Eighteenth Century America.

The social contrast between Cromwellian England and the Puritan colonies in America was by no means absolute. No more in his new home than in his old did the rich Puritan think of himself as a man of the people. On the contrary, he and his wife, finding themselves without superiors of a traditional sort, insisted upon all the social distinction they could command. Nor did the masses entirely lose their English respect for wealth as such. The English courtesy title of squire was not unknown in New England. Even within the last ten years, the writer once noted an instance of its survival in the mouth of an old Connecticut countrywoman. A young man, having recently bought land in her neighborhood, had had the forbea ance to save her face when he had caug her stealing his apples. Passing him ne morning, she saluted him with "Marnin 'Squire!" Nevertheless, even after all d qualification, the contrast between t Puritans in England and the Puritans America is sharp enough.

The causes of so marked a political r versal defy analysis. It is not clear why t initiative and self-reliance bred of the dai struggle with the wilderness here mai tained cultivation by small owners wor ing with their own hands, whereas other colonies the same conditions soc brought about plantation economics. T practice of community self-government h town-meeting was also a distinguishin mark rather than a cause. Perhaps it is n altogether fanciful to say that a certa aggressive energy lurked in the very air the continent, which energy, thoug thwarted in the plantation colonies h the chance which set up large estates ther found its natural vent in the activities the independent farmer.

That his antagonism to the wealth trader has persisted in the Republic an that in spite of it the trader has not onl survived but has actually outlived th landed man as a distinct social type, is on of the many ironies of history.

As far as internal politics were co cerned the movement of the Revolutionar era was against wealth. A European of th last few generations would have said tha its tendency was towards the Left. Co temporaries recalled the movement of th Levellers, an eccentric eddy contrary to th main stream in the Cromwellian rebellio of the rich against the English Crown mo than a century before.

It is true that in essence the Revolutio involved no point of social policy. Neve theless, Jefferson's resounding formul "All men are created equal," together wit the circumstances of the time, made strongl for egalitarianism.

Both during and after the war th centers of egalitarianism were precisel

se States, *i.e.*, Pennsylvania and New gland, wherein the rich were traders. is in August 1776 we find a Pennsyl- ia lawyer writing to that General St. ir whom Burgoyne drove from Ticon- oga to tell him with a sneer that the istitutional Convention of his State had nbraced levelling principles." And in, with fine sarcasm:

ir principle seems to be this: that any man, en the most illiterate, is as capable of any office a person who has had the benefit of education; at education perverts the understanding, eradi- tes common honesty, and has been productive all evils that have happened in the world.

t was in New England after the peace— be accurate, in Massachusetts—that y's Rebellion and its related egalitarian orders broke out. Of these we find neral Henry Knox, who had been Wash- ton's Chief of Artillery, writing in 6 to his former commander that

e insurgents feel their own poverty, compared ith the opulent; and their own force, and they e determined to make use of the latter, in order remedy the former. Their creed is, that the roperty of the United States has been protected om the confiscation of Britain by the joint ex- tions of all; and therefore ought to be the com- on property of all. And he that attempts opposi- on to this creed is an enemy to equity and istice, and ought to be swept from the face of e earth. In a word, they are determined to nnihilate all debts, and have agrarian laws. . . . his dreadful situation has alarmed every man f principle in New England.

But if the Revolutionary time and the rs immediately following showed an reasing egalitarian agitation, on the er hand the ratification of the Federal nstitution was a victory for the rich, pported as they were by a general fear of rchy born of the social disturbances of time. The counter-attack against the versives was prompt and well directed. e intellect of Hamilton, aided by Madi- n and backed by the practical sagacity l commanding presence of Washington, duced a Constitution based upon popu- sovereignty hemmed in by checks and ances designed to protect the individual m the tyranny of majorities.

Calvin Coolidge somewhere tells us of the influences brought to bear upon Sam Adams in the ratifying fight on the Constitution. The peerless agitator who had raised Massachusetts against the Crown was at first against ratification and his change of front decided the action of his State. It seems that he

was finally convinced by a gathering of the working men among his constituents, who exercised their constitutional right of instructing their representatives. Their opinion was presented to him by Paul Revere. "How many mechanics were at the Green Dragon when these resolutions were passed?" asked Mr. Adams. "More, sir, than the Green Dragon could hold." "And where were the rest?" "In the streets, sir." "And how many were in the streets?" "More than there are stars in the sky." This is supposed to have convinced the great Massachusetts tribune that it was his duty to support ratification.

Mr. Coolidge goes on to quote the speech of a farmer from Berkshire county who had seen Shay's Rebellion:

I don't think the worse of the Constitution because lawyers, and men of learning and moneyed men are fond of it. I am not of such a jealous make. They that are honest men themselves are not likely to suspect other people. Brother farmers, let us suppose a case, now. Suppose you had a farm of fifty acres, and your title was disputed, and there was a farm of five thousand acres joined to you that belonged to a man of learning, and his title was involved in the same difficulty; would you not be glad to have him for your friend rather than to stand alone in the dispute? Well, the case is the same. These lawyers, these moneyed men, these men of learning, are all embarked in the cause with us and we must all sink or swim together.

III

The Constitution once ratified, down to the beginning of the present century all social movements originating within the Republic have had a two-faced character. On the one hand, they have been mixed with democratic envy; on the other, they have at most injured only a minority of the rich, and in most cases they have even increased the opportunities for the wealthy business man to make money.

The young Republic changed little politically or socially until the election of Andrew Jackson. No deep scars were left either by the disturbances springing from

the general sympathy with the French Revolution or by the presidency of Jefferson. Neither the one nor the other compared in importance with the invention of the cotton-gin that was to enrich the South, or with the appearance of the first American millionaire—Elias Derby, a shipping magnate of Salem, Mass. Furthermore, the one constructive thing that stands out above Jefferson's fumbling statesmanship was his Louisiana Purchase, by which he repudiated his most cherished principle of limiting the power of the Federal government. It was, indeed, destined to increase enormously the power of that government by nearly doubling the area over which it ruled.

Perhaps the most significant incident of the pre-Jacksonian time was the gradual weakening of the aristocratic spirit of New York State. Edith Wharton has embalmed in a paragraph "the cautious generation of New York gentlemen who revered Hamilton and served Jefferson, who longed to lay out New York like Washington,[1] and who laid it out instead like a gridiron, lest they should be thought undemocratic by people they secretly looked down upon. Shopkeepers to the marrow, they put in their windows the wares there was most demand for, keeping their private opinions for the backshop, where through lack of use they gradually lost substance and color."[2]

Jackson was touted as a man of the people, whereas Adams was pilloried as an aristocrat. Accordingly, the former's election marked an increase in strength for the democratic dogma. Some of the doings of the new democracy could hardly have pleased Jackson himself. The mob which had moved on Washington to see him inaugurated invaded the White House during the inaugural reception, upset the punch-bowls, and broke the glasses like so many spoiled children. Good natured but uncontrollable, their jostling crowded the President against a wall and might have done the old man serious hurt had nc group of gentlemen locked arms formed in front of him. The disgust Jackson, who, whatever else he might was not only a successful lawyer bu soldier and a good one, is easy to imag

In constitutional forms his influence powerful. In drafting the Constitu Hamilton and Madison, intent on serving popular sovereignty while blo ing the immediate force of popular se ment, had twice availed themselves of device of indirect election. United Sta Senators were not elected by the peo the latter voted for the members of th State Legislatures, who in turn elec Senators. Also, there was no direct v for President: the people of the differ States could at most vote for presiden electors and the Electoral College was tended to be and originally was a delibe tive body whose members were free to v for anyone they wished as President. Or inally, there might be even a third gree of indirection: of the fifteen Sta taking part in Washington's second el tion no less than nine had chosen th presidential electors, not by popular vo but by vote of the State Legislatures. 1828 this last feature at least was alrea on the change; in that year electors we directly chosen by eighteen of the twen four States.

These indirect elections seem to ha been imitated from the aristocratic R public of Venice, which had used the with a grotesque luxuriance; the electi of a Doge, beginning with the Great Cou cil, required no less than ten successi elections of committees and drawings l lot. But probably Jackson had never hea of the constitution of Venice, and certainl had he known it, he would have detest it. He and his supporters destroyed the d liberative function of the College of Ele tors by means of the simple device know to the French as the imperative mandat The pro-Jackson candidates for the offi of presidential electors solemnly promise if elected, to vote in the college for

[1] That is, in Rond Points, with radiating avenues.
[2] "Old New York," Vol. II; New York, 1924.

er name than Jackson's; a procedure in-iably followed ever since, although not rranted, still less compelled, by so much syllable of written law. By Jackson's nd election only two States, Delaware South Carolina, still chose their presi-tial electors through their Legislatures. urther, during the Jacksonian era most tes amended their State constitutions as to substitute manhood suffrage for property suffrage previously custom-. In a community where the masses lingly consented to be governed by an tocracy—for instance, in the England the mid-Nineteenth Century under the try—such a change would have been of le moment; it would merely have adened the base on which the power of aristocracy rested. But given the alert, newhat jealous and suspicious temper of American masses, the change from perty suffrage to manhood suffrage was altogether unimportant.

he other side of Jackson's activities is be found negatively in his support of very. Positively, it is to be found in his nomic policy, of which the effect was foster speculation and therefore eco-nic inequality in its crudest and most ling form, and, above all, in his new nception of the President as an elected ng.

As to slavery, he was a Tennesseean and e most Southerners of his time seems to ve taken it for granted. The combina-n of slavery with Whitney's cotton-gin s lifting the South on an ever rising tide prosperity; by 1830 the annual exports cotton had reached a million bales. For kson the democratic dogma applied y to white men. Instead of prodding at very in the manner of his master Jeffer-, he actively supported the institution m which sprang the wealth of the nter class.

His economic policy may be judged by action in the matters of internal im-vements, the public lands, and the ited States Bank. With regard to in-nal improvements his predecessor and unsuccessful rival, Adams, had supported a far-reaching programme of road and canal building to be done at Federal expense, and had at the same time opposed the immediate and unrestricted throwing open to private ownership of the Western public lands on the ground that such action would mean a scramble in which many would lose money and a few shrewd or merely lucky speculators would get rich. In each case Jackson acted upon his passionately held dogma of Jeffersonian democracy, and in each case his limited knowledge hid from him the unintended but inevitable fruit of his devices. It was nothing to him that a thought-out scheme of internal improvement would effect a steady and balanced development of the country, a development in which productive effort would be at a premium and the speculative cunning that thrives on fluctuating prices would be at a discount. Since such a scheme would increase the power of the Federal government and since Jeffersonianism preferred to decrease that power, therefore the scheme was of the Devil and the communications of the country must develop haphazardly.

So with the public lands. It was nothing to him that to turn them over to land speculators would enrich the latter at the expense of the country as surely as if they had been allowed to loot the vaults of the Treasury. Unrestricted individualism was orthodox according to Jefferson; the Westerners wanted immediate development and Jackson acted accordingly.

In his treatment of the United States Bank the same tendency appears. He was bitterly opposed—not altogether without reason—to the new and growing power of finance. Accordingly, he destroyed the bank's charter only to see the mushroom growth of clusters of wildcat banks fostering the freest gambling in currencies until panic put an end to their orgies.

Such were the limitations of Jackson's knowledge and such was his simple faith in his own honesty of purpose, that to the end of his life he never suspected that by

promoting unrestricted competition he had labored to set up economic inequality in perhaps its basest and least amiable form.

Far more lasting than the effects of his economic policy was the long step he took toward elective monarchy. The foundations of the thing had been strongly laid in the Constitution itself, which had made the President undisputed master of the executive departments. For good or ill he was therefore responsible for all executive acts. There was none of that divided responsibility which had cursed Cabinet government in Europe. But until Jackson's time custom had made the official class semi-permanent. Not a few Cabinet members and practically all the smaller fry of officialdom would hold over from one administration to another, so that a President found himself acting often through men he had not himself chosen. Since the practice had no warrant in written law, Jackson was able to deal with it directly as he had with the Electoral College. Acting on the familiar principle that to the victors belong the spoils, he wiped out the existing personnel of every Federal department from top to bottom, and replaced them with appointees of his own. In so doing he added to the constitutional functions of the President the enormous power of a party leader virtually in complete control of his own party. To do so was to make the President a personal chieftain equal, in his years of office, to the most powerful prince on earth.

IV

From the Jackson period to the Civil War "the myth of the people," as Joseph Hergesheimer has phrased it, continued to gain ground while the Southern planters went on increasing their wealth and the commercial rich of the North enormously increased theirs.

A single important incident marked the '40's and even that was not so much a social change as a formal registering of a change already accomplished; I mean the pass of Rent Laws in New York, which snu out the last flicker of political aristocr along the Hudson. Thenceforward South, still dominated by the slave-hold planters, was confronted by a North which no landed class socially disti from the commercial rich any lon existed.

In the Civil War the military spirit the Southern rich was of great effect. E allowing for the greater difficulty of w ing offensive as compared with defens war, still for a community of 6,500,000 m of whom only 3,500,000 were white to sist for four years a far wealthier co munity of 22,000,000 is an astonishi achievement. Moreover, the rank and f of Northern volunteers, particularly at t beginning of the struggle, were excelle raw material for soldiers and Grant was great captain. The one compensating a vantage of the South was the soldier spirit of her gentry, which gave her officer corps a higher professional standard a her government a wiser military poli than the North, with its superior numbe could boast.

In its results the dual character of t Civil War period is most striking. On t one hand, the anti-slavery movemen while essentially sound in morals, had bee deeply colored with mob fanaticism; pe haps never before in the Republic had ra mob enthusiasm more affected public po icy. Furthermore, the humble origin Lincoln, the martyred war President, ga rise to a sort of democratic Chris-myt again a lowly savior had arisen. It ma tered little that the scanty evidence r corded in the Gospels gave only very lim ited support to such an idea, showing O Lord to have been literate in an age whe illiteracy was the rule and Our Lady givin orders to the servants at the Cana weddin after a fashion that suggests a guest som what distinguished in her simple com munity.

In the South the destructive charact both of the war and of Reconstructio

ether with black emancipation, des-
yed the power of the planters. It is true
t thanks to the solidarity forced upon
Southern whites during Reconstruction
Southern quality were able for a time
retain local political leadership. For
re than two decades after 1865 the
ing prevailed that "politics was qual-
s." But with their wealth they lost
uence upon national affairs, and since
o even their local leadership has been
en from them by those whom they used
temptuously to call hill-billies and
r white trash.

But if the war and Reconstruction de-
oyed the Southern landed rich (who,
l they survived, might have made com-
n cause with the Northern and Western
mers to prevent the urbanization of the
public), the same period set up in the
rth a group of commercial and industrial
llionaires, energetic and confident, in
se alliance with the dominant Republi-
n party under its soldier leaders. This
t point, that down to about 1900 leader-
p in the Republican party was chiefly in
e hands of former soldiers, has received
s attention than it deserves and to it we
ll return.

The conditions thus set in 1865 still de-
mine our social structure. Thencefor-
rd, until the recent beginnings of a
sure class, the United States enjoyed or
dured no sort of rich man other than the
siness man. He and his interaction with
e egalitarian dogma have written our
tory.

For more than a generation the rapid
pansion of the country continued to in-
ease the numbers and wealth of the com-
rcial rich. For a time the latter even
owed signs of developing into a true
stocracy, ruling with the enthusiastic
nsent of their poorer fellow-citizens.
e millionaires who were leading on their
untrymen to the conquest of the unde-
loped continent were held up to the ad-
ration of all. Pointing with worshipful
miration to a self-made man who had
ed together a fortune, the American
father would urge his son to go and do like-
wise. Outbursts of discontent like the labor
troubles of the '70's or the Chicago riots of
the '90's made little difference. No more
did the dissatisfaction of the farmers, who
saw themselves left behind by the advance
of industry. Even the brazen wickedness of
financial sharks like Gould, Fiske and
Drew failed to shake men's confidence in
American institutions and the average
American leadership. In the '90's, when
business began to consolidate into trusts,
political organization too was centralizing
itself in an ever closer alliance with busi-
ness, and all this was going on amid pub-
lic approval, interrupted only by the feeble
outcries of a few eccentrics. Looking at
such men as Mark Hanna or the elder J. P.
Morgan an observer might have been par-
doned for believing the United States about
to become one of the very rare mercantile
aristocracies known to history.

A glance at society—that is, at the man-
ners and recreations of the rich and espe-
cially of wealthy women, for the absorp-
tion of men in business has allowed women
a somewhat undue authority over other
than money getting activities—might well
have led to the same conclusion. The defer-
ence accorded Mrs. John Jacob Astor,
granddaughter-in-law to the original fur-
trading Astor, was certainly a sign of the
times. The tendency to make Newport a
social Summer capital for the country car-
ried into the social sphere the principle of
consolidation and combination active in
the business and politics of the time.

Popular esteem for the business man,
however, was eventually lowered, and the
aristocratic tendency of the '90's, such as
it was, fizzled out in the muck-raking pe-
riod. Although the very real economic
abuses of the time following the Civil War
helped to give power to muck-raking, and
the presence in the American cities of great
numbers of recent and unassimilated immi-
grants helped to determine its form, for our
purposes its significance is in its egalitarian
hatred of the rich. Its chief architects were
five: in journalism, the younger James

Gordon Bennett, Pulitzer, and Hearst; in politics, Roosevelt and Wilson.

Passing over, although with regret, both Bennett and Pulitzer, let us consider the most powerful, the least likable and least estimable of the muck-raking journalists—Hearst. He by no means confined himself to attacking the rich; any scandal or lurid crime, be its author never so humble, was good enough to help sell his papers. But in particular he loved to preach to the poor that those abler or in material things more fortunate than themselves were scoundrels. All this was done in his newspapers with an essential baseness and crudity which had to be seen in order to be believed. Irving Babbitt has hit the thing off admirably in his dry way; having paid his compliments to the war-time intelligence testers, he goes on: "A more convincing proof of the low mentality of our population is found, perhaps, in the fact that the Hearst publications have twenty-five million readers."

On the political side Hearst's creed in the days of his greatest power might have been summed up as follows: first, any check whatsoever upon the immediate accomplishment of the popular will as expressed in votes is evil; and second, the masses should use their power to increase their material comforts by the simple process of taxing the rich. Numbers of publications under other owners diligently raked the same muck, and Ida Tarbell's articles in *McClure's* on the Standard Oil Company and the Rockefellers were of great effect. Nevertheless, Hearst was the chief of the clan.

With all his wealth and his high ability as a commercial journalist he was unable to climb to political power on the considerable pile of muck raked together by himself and his lesser allies. His limitations of intellect, character, and personality defeated each of his persistent efforts to get himself elected to office. Those who reaped the harvest he and his fellows had so generously manured were Roosevelt and after him Wilson.

V

Roosevelt was born a New York gent man of the solid and traditional sort. though a Beekman, a Van Cortlandt, a V Rensselaer, or, for that matter, anyone a score of old New York families, wou have smiled at the idea that the Rooseve as such were born to high distinctic nevertheless they were of some linea Theodore himself combined superlati energy with first-rate political abili With his background, his natural wo would have been to consolidate and bu up the institutions of his country. It is t tragedy not only of the man himself H of his generation of Americans that, af much good work, he should have deli erately turned rabble-rouser.

In dealing with so vivid a personali fairness is difficult. Nevertheless, the effo must be made—all the more since it seer likely that our disgusted descendants, their reaction against the present grotesq effort to set him up beside Washington a Lincoln, will treat his memory ill.

The last years of his life may be pass over. From 1914 to his death in 1919 H rôle, although considerable, was far le than that which he had hitherto playe Moreover, both he and the world we then chiefly concerned with issues arisi from the war.

Neglecting then this last period, Roos velt's career falls into two parts, the div sion coming somewhere around the ye 1907. In the first period his activity w mainly constructive. In the second his gre ability made him almost a perfect type the well-born and wealthy demagogue.

In his first period he was a strong i fluence for reconciliation between th classes. He even made of his friendships sort of bridge between widely varying s cial groups, for his acquaintance include cowboys, prize-fighters, and all sorts vivid miscellaneous folk. Accordingly could make Robert Bacon his Secretary State notwithstanding the latter's clo connection with the house of Morgan, a

ould appoint to an important Treasury a young professor of economics from vard, that proud aristocrat among uni- ities, without laying himself open to charge of being undemocratic.

he can be said to have had a social cy during this phase it was the correc- of such abuses as had already become e or less unpopular. There was some- g to be said for his action, while ernor of New York, toward taxing oration franchises in that State, not- nstanding the comment of Tom Platt Republican boss—to whom he owed nomination—that such a measure was ere bid for the support of "yellow news- ers and yellow votes." There was some- g to be said, also, for his action in the thern Securities case. Doubtless he er intended and did not entirely cause panic of 1907.

ven in the early period, however, there something unstable about the man. vehemence passed all bounds; no cari- ure could do it justice. He could not p himself in hand and would shriek ur!" at anyone bold enough to disagree h him. He himself was not above whole- lying on occasion; Joe Cannon's recent obiography has preserved some choice ances. Nevertheless, he long retained faculty of seeing where good advice , and—in private, of course—the wis- n to subordinate his enormous desire for ver to the better judgment of others.

Gradually, as time went on, his mood nged for the worse. Perhaps he was fed up with his enormous majority of 4. Perhaps, as some have said, his read- of Ferrero's "Caesar" helped convince n that America was ripe for a radical nge. A contemporary sneer not without grain of truth was that after leaving the ite House he ceased to advise with men listened only to women and reformers. e old soldier leaders of the Republican ty, men annealed in the furnace of the il War, who could not be bullied or npeded, were now very old or dead. He l knew they had been replaced by a softer breed. Out of power, he saw the beginnings of political and social disintegration, and noted how far the muck-rakers had gone in undermining public confidence in American institutions and in existing American leadership. Instead of seeing this situation as a calamity he leaped upon it as a personal opportunity. He decided to appear as a prophet of "social justice."

The trouble with Roosevelt's social justice period was that neither he nor the other Americans of his time had any clear idea of what social justice might be. Neither he nor they had definite standards which might have helped them determine which changes would be for the better and which for the worse. Accordingly social justice boiled down in practice to the old cry for pure democracy and the age-old hatred of the rich.

With Roosevelt in this mood, the campaign of 1912 became a sort of carnival of the subversives. A single speech of his showed in a lurid light how completely he lacked coherent social policy, how free this educated gentleman felt himself to flirt with any folly that seemed popular. In campaigning for the Republican presidential nomination he actually favored the recall of judicial decisions—a proposal, both subversive and silly, to the effect that, when a judge had rendered an unpopular decision on the basis of existing law, "the people," without being at the pains of changing the law might nullify the decision by their vote. Such a measure would have wiped out the entire American system of constitutional guarantees without even repealing them in a straightforward and orderly way. When the Republican party, a voluntary association bound by none but its own self-made rules, declined to renominate him, he founded a new party of his own and went about the country railing at his former friends and co-workers as if they had been common thieves and pickpockets. It was in vain that he denied subversive intention, crying out that he was not against wealth as such but only for a square deal for both rich and poor—the net

result of which would presumably have left the virtuous rich man still rich and the virtuous poor man still poor. His activities went far toward convincing the masses that all rich men were, in his own phrase, "malefactors" —that successful employers had somehow made their money by robbery. The year 1912 remains a shameful memory to his admirers.

It would be idle for any of the latter to maintain that Roosevelt in his subversive period never directly attacked the social order, that his targets were always the abuses of individual liberty or private property and not the institutions themselves. Such a claim, however true in detail, would be unimportant because such a campaign must be judged by its general effect. Since human imperfection, known to theologians by the more vigorous term of original sin, will bring in some abuses under any system, to carry beyond a certain point an attack upon the abuses of a given system is to attack not only the abuses but also the system from which they spring. The classic example of such action is the Sixteenth Century religious revolt known as the Reformation. Men in the mass care little for niceties of speech and everything for the atmosphere or drift of what is said.

Politically, Wilson was Roosevelt's legatee. To the Roosevelt split in the Republican party he owed his election in 1912. In 1916 the bitterness still remaining from that split was just enough to reëlect him. Moreover, he had closely studied Roosevelt's political technique and although he wisely and regretfully judged much of it not to be suited to his own less expansive personality, nevertheless he patterned himself as closely as he could upon his predecessor. It is true that he added to Roosevelt's qualities certain other characteristics peculiarly his own. For instance, in his submission to the political blackmail which procured the Adamson Act he descended to a depth Roosevelt never reached. Nevertheless, as far as internal American affairs go, his career was a sort of aftermath of Roosevelt's.

VI

For all its noise and fury the muck-rak period did not last long enough to be the impoverishment of the rich. On contrary, most of them continued to crease their wealth. Doubtless this expla why their resistance to the agitators not more intense. Moreover, such resista as there was on their part was not ov skilful. The leaders of business passed fr contempt to an angry bewilderme Throughout they permitted themselve mere arrogance—like that of Biddle towa Andrew Jackson—which did them no go Even in the feverish year of 1912 no herent press campaign was made; Republican opponents of Roosevelt lowed themselves to appear defenders, of an idea, but only of a party label. F haps the most striking single episode of resistance was the stubborn stand of New York State delegation at the Repu lican Convention. That delegation, ma up chiefly, not of politicians but of bu ness men, remained throughout the co vention the citadel of the anti-Roosev forces.

In the long run the effective oppositi to the subversives was chiefly the work popular instinct. The desire for secur bred a return to traditional political habi especially to that of voting the Repub can ticket. Indeed, this last habit showe good deal of vitality merely as a hab thus in 1913, the year which saw the hi tide of the subversive movement, when t Jew Untermeyer, as counsel for a co gressional committee, was allowed browbeat J. P. Morgan, a straight Repu lican majority was elected to the Assembl the lower house of the Legislature of Ne York.

By the next year the reaction to Repu licanism was marked. Issues growing o of the war, combined with the after effec of 1912, were just able to prevent the i mediate success of that reaction, but wi the end of the war its victory was ove whelming. The observed inefficiency

government in business, particularly
ying to run the railroads, contributed
his result. The decisive thing, how-
, was the example of Russia; the
lesale murders there and the general
of that unhappy country were enough
discourage radical experiment. Ex-
les on a small scale nearer home, such
ne Seattle strike and the Boston police
ce, had driven home the lesson of what
chy might mean.

ow far subversive ideas have for the
nent receded may be judged from a
le instance. In the Spring of 1929, as
e lines are written, a Hearst magazine
rinting articles by none other than
in Coolidge, whose economy and self-
aint are an exact antithesis to all that
rst stood for in his prime. The sub-
ive or, if you will, the aggressively
itarian tendency is of course not dead
sleeping, and no one knows when it
wake, but for the present no active
ility to the rich can be found.

legislation, however, the muck-rak-
period has left two legacies: the Six-
teenth and Seventeenth Amendments to the Constitution, both ratified in 1913. The Seventeenth is concerned with political machinery; it provides that United States Senators shall be elected not by the Legislatures as heretofore, but by the people of their respective States—a change in the direction of pure democracy. Of far greater importance is the Sixteenth, which gives Congress the power to impose a Federal income-tax.

As far as the rich themselves are concerned, the war and post-war periods have restored substantially the situation of 1865. The changes of the last sixty years have been matters of detail rather than of essence. Of these changes perhaps the most significant, the appearance in appreciable numbers of wealthy Roman Catholics and Jews, has so far not greatly altered the mind of the class the newcomers have entered. The most conspicuous and most discussed change, the abundant crop of new millionaires since 1915, is after all only a quickening of the pace of recruitment, not a change in organization or in outlook.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Score One.—The greatest virtue of the United States in a cultural direction lies in its gradual diminution of one's primitive impulse to indignation. The truly cultured man is never indignant, and toward that civilized desideratum the country operates in a proficient manner. It is impossible for a man to live in the United States for long and still be indignant over its laws, acts, invasions of right, lack of honor, hypocrisy, sordidness and vindictiveness. Of these there is such a surplusage, constantly on the increase, that the indignation initially engendered gradually becomes worn out under the strain and is transmuted into either a sardonic humor or a mood of *laissez-faire*. The American over thirty-five or forty who can still work himself up to a red face over the indignities, chicaneries and hypocrisies practised so generally in the nation is invariably an American of the lower and negligible human order. The more civilized American can only, after his long acquaintanceship with the state of affairs, sadly blow his nose and let out a derisory groan. After a man has fought in the trenches for many verminous years, his indignation is much less against the enemy than against his own commanding officers and the principles and the country that they serve.

The Wail of the Negro.—In the current widespread ululations over the unhappy lot of the Negro in this, God's own country, voiced by certain educated and intelligent members of the black race, I find myself able to join with scant sympathy, for it seems to me that not only is the lot of our licorice brother today better than ever it was but that it is steadily getting better and better—and that, further, he often actually enjoys indulgences and con sions withheld from the rest of us hue folk. The indignations of the spokesm for him are discovered to have small r in fact. While it may be true that he is s ineligible for certain of the higher pr leges of Caucasian civilization, such, example, as paying $5.75 for a half-port of guinea hen at the Ritz or joining exclusive Arverne golf club, he soon covers himself happier by far than he e was, which is more than his average wh brother-democrat can say for himself.

The chief point made by the arguers the black man's misery is, as it long been, the matter of lynching. But arguers, in order to support their case, generally driven back to the vague unreliable statistics of the Reconstruct days, which, in any study of the Negr condition today, is something like hark back, in a study of the white man's, to Neronic period. The compilation of ex statistics regarding lynching may be s to have begun only as late as 1885 and been the labor of Monroe N. Work, he of the Research and Record Departm of the Tuskegee Institute and editor of Negro Year Book. These figures, bring the statistics up to 1928, show that alm one-third of the total number of pers lynched during the period in question w white men.

From 1889 to 1928, thirteen white m were lynched in Arizona as against solitary Negro; thirty white men in C fornia as against four Negroes; twen four white men in Colorado as against black; twelve white men in Idaho against a single Negro; seven whites in Io as against a single black; thirteen white Kansas as against twelve Negroes; f

tes in Minnesota as against three blacks; ty whites in Montana as only a single gro; twenty-two whites in Nebraska only four blacks; eleven whites in ada and no Negroes; eighteen whites in v Mexico as against three Negroes; ten ites in North Dakota as against a single k man; eighty-eight white men in ahoma and less than half that number, y to be exact, of black; nine whites in gon as against three Negroes; eighteen ites in South Dakota and not a single gro; nineteen whites in Washington and a single Negro; four whites in Wisin and not a single Negro; and thirtyee white men in Wyoming as against y seven black men.

n Delaware, only one Negro has been ched in the last thirty years. In Illinois, rteen black men have been lynched but re been kept company by twelve of their romatic brothers. In Indiana, since 9, only four more Negroes have been ng up than white men, the score being rteen to ten. In Michigan three Negroes e found one white man accompanying m. In Missouri considerably more than f the persons lynched have been white. New York the lone Negro lynched was alled by one white man. In Ohio, alst half the very small number of ropings nd a white man at the end of the string. Utah, only one Negro has been lifted to ee in thirty years. Not a single Negro been lynched during all the years in stion in Connecticut, the District of umbia, Maine, Massachusetts, New mpshire, New Jersey, Rhode Island or rmont. In certain of the Southern States, ably Mississippi, Negroes have in the t been lynched out of proportion to ite men, but lynching down there has n steadily on the wane until today it is ost as uncommon a local phenomenon white literacy. Last year, in the entire ion of 120,000,000 persons, there were y eleven lynchings in all.

thus would seem that the whoopersof the Negro's woes are relying upon ching as hokum.

But, aside from the question of lynching, the Negro is in even luckier state than he appears to realize. No Negroes in any part of the Union have been treated so cruelly and so shamelessly by their bosses as, say, the Pennsylvania or West Virginia white miners. No Negro in any part of the United States, whether in New York or Atlanta, is made the target by moralists and public opinion that his white brother is; he may live his private life as he pleases, without fear of snooping or intrusion; he may play the Lothario, violate the Mann Act, commit bigamy, gamble, make his own gin or anything else he wants to without white or black hindrance, interference or scandal. He today plays on the big college athletic teams; acts on the New York stage and subsequently on the London and Paris stages; marries white women; crowds the concert halls with his vocal performances; gets admirable notices from the white literary critics for his literary performances; has his plays produced on Broadway; gives parties, invitations to which whites struggle for; steals French beauties away from the Argentinians; controls and leads some of the best and most profitable jazz orchestras; teaches white débutantes how to dance; has finer church buildings than many Southern white Methodists; exhibits his talents to high reward in glee clubs; holds public office in the South as well as in the North; gains the sympathetic and often eulogistic attention of white novelists, essayists and critics; comes to *Kudos* as a prize-fighter and Derby jockey; is a figure at the Bar; becomes famous in the movies; passes as a professional critic upon the arts practised by white men: figures as the hero in modernistic opera: is to the number of 159,651 the full owner of his own farm lands and to the number of 34,889 the part owner; composes 636,248 of the tenant farmers in the South as against a white total of 965,051; through the Julius Rosenwald bequest has better schooling facilities in many Southern States than the whites; has church property at the present time valued, according to the United States

Bureau of Census, at more than $215,000,000; has enjoyed a doubled number of institutions for the higher education and a sixfold increase in enrollments since 1917, the institutions having an annual income of more than eight and a half million dollars, a total value of almost thirty-nine million and productive endowments of twenty-one million; has thirty-one universities and colleges, privately supported, and twenty-two publicly supported institutions under State government and control; has seen the percentage of illiteracy among his people steadily decrease; has his society journals with news of his high-toned doings; sees the Pulitzer prize awarded to an editorial writer on a Montgomery, Georgia, newspaper, no less, for editorials arguing against racial intolerance; and commits suicide, according to the statistics of the last ten years, in the ratio of one to every thirty of his white brothers.

So let us save our tears.

America and the Artist.—The lamentation, so often ventilated by incompetent and disgruntled craftsmen, that the United States treats its artists badly—if, indeed, it even so much as gives them a passing thought—is hardly borne out by the noticeable affluence of most of them, by the exaggerated amount of attention they get from the public press and by the abundance of invitations they receive to lend their not always too *soigné* presences to dinners, banquets, ladies' club teas, movie openings, lecture platforms, blindfold tests of cigarettes, dedicatory celebrations and booze parties on the ocean liners. I have grave doubts that in any other country in the world is a meritorious artist so rewarded and petted as he is in this one. And I entertain even graver doubts that he wouldn't be a blamed sight better off if well-intentioned idiots would let him alone, allow him to keep his mind solely on his work, and so permit him to function in peace and quiet to his greater glory. The United States not only does not disdain its artists; it goes to the extreme of coddl them so greatly, both in the way of p sonal attention and financial reward, t it often damn nigh ruins them.

The trouble with the lamenters, e those few who have a share of sense, is t they allege against the country as a wh an inattention and lack of sympathy t one actually finds mainly in a sm quarter, and that quarter a high one. American artist's chief neglect is not at hands of what may be called the aver American, but at the hands of Americ of wealth, Americans conspicuous in pu affairs, Americans of position in wha dubbed society and Americans who mig be presumed, however erroneously, to h some breeding, discrimination and taste is this class, which in another nation of offers a warming hospitality and cordial to the artist, that here is hostile and a thetic to him or, if not precisely host and apathetic, that regards him with sniffish casualness and unconcern. With single exception of the late Henry Rogers, I can think of no rich Americ who has ever intelligently befriended worthy American artist. The Maecena of the present day decline to endorse arti like O'Neill and prefer to visit th patronage instead upon cabaret jazz ban and leg shows.

The American artist must look for reward from the masses of the people, n from those who might ordinarily be e pected, by the standards of other countri to take a perhaps greater and more friend interest in him. This reward the Americ in the mass accords him. But this reward almost invariably withheld from him the American of relative eminence. T Presidents of the United States, for exa ple, for the last twenty years, with o exception, have proudly announced the selves to be devourers of cheap detecti stories. The exception, Roosevelt, caus a national consternation by announci that he had once read a novel by Ow Johnson and had liked it.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Critical Reprise

The modern European musical comedy
mposer is concerned chiefly with the
otions of the heart. The modern Ameri-
ditto is concerned chiefly with the
otions of the feet.

. In the business of female acting, senti-
nt demands slenderness. The moment
timent weighs 135 pounds, it becomes
nedy; the moment it touches 136, it be-
nes farce; the moment it goes to 140, it
omes burlesque.

. The numerous schools and cults of
called æsthetic dancing, interior and *al*
co, are grounded less upon the honest
ire to make a beautiful art of the dance
n on the Freudian desire of unwanted
tals to play indirectly with the mascu-
e passions. The moment a woman runs
und Central Park clad only in a bed-
et, under the dubious impression that
is Psyche in the Arcadian Wood,
t moment is it pretty certain that she
reached the conclusion that her charms
unavailing against men.

. Vaudeville is a species of entertain-
nt derived from the dregs of drama and
sical comedy assembled in such wise
t they shall appeal to the dregs of
ma and musical comedy audiences.

. The average man in a theatre audience
om sees the rôle interpreted by the
ess but the actress interpreted by the
nan. It is nonsense to say that this or
stage young woman is this or that
's favorite actress. It is much more
rate to say that the actress is his favor-
tage young woman.

6. The basic difference between a comic opera libretto and a drama is generally this: in a libretto the interest of everybody on the stage and of nobody in the audience is centred on the successful culmination of the hero or heroine's love affair. In drama the situation is the reverse.

7. When plays having mixed identity as their theme fail, they fail not because the audience is unwilling to grant that a man might conceivably be unable to distinguish his wife from her delectable twin sister but because it is unwilling to grant that the man would conceivably try to.

8. Why is it that theatrical audiences always laugh at the blunders of the innocently ignorant characters in drama and are moved to compassion by the blunders of the intelligent? Is this not directly opposite to the practice in actual life?

9. To the composition of even the most artificial of comedies, an intrinsic sense of touch and go with life is patently essential. Without it, the result is a play artificial not in the intentional and appropriate sense, but artificial in the sense of a street-light left unwittingly to burn after dawn.

10. It is not the fact that the French dramatists acutely understand women that makes their plays interesting, but the fact that they acutely understand their fellow-men's understanding of women.

11. Literary drama, as it is called, is simply drama that is written, as opposed, in the case of other drama, to drama that is carpentered.

12. Of critics, the one most difficult of

stomaching is the thunder-stealer who slyly and regularly resorts to the dodges: "As someone has aptly remarked" and "As someone has cleverly observed." He is the kleptomaniac of criticism, the shop-lifter in the critical jewelry store, the critical phonograph. He borrows the cigar, borrows the tip-clipper, borrows the holder, borrows the match—and then congratulates himself warmly upon achieving by himself the climacteric grand spit.

13. The so-called religious spectacle is generally as ill-suited to the stage as the hoochie-coochie would be to the altar. The theatre is no more properly the place for a pious theological exhibition than the church is for a bed-room farce. In the theatre—an institution rightly devoted to humor, gaiety, color, romance and passion—the religious play is as out of place as a saxophone in "Nearer, My God, To Thee." One doesn't go to the theatre for such things any more than one goes to a circus for hymns or to a prayer-meeting for zebras.

14. The commonest subterfuge of the incompetent critic is the concealing of ignorance either in warm amiability or acrid disparagement.

15. A good theatre should be like the library of a charming and cultivated man; it should possess all the virtues of such a library, and all the pleasant little vices. It should display what is best in the old, for that is always fresh; it should display what is best of the new, for that is always arresting; it should contain also the agreeable and unimportant trifles that go pleasantly on occasion to chase away thought and soberness with loud, low chuckles. It should be a theatre, like the library, upon whose shelves stand in juxtaposition reflection and belly laughter, poetry and gay low fig-stuff, wit and the bladder, imagination, honest sentiment, searching comment, custard-pie literature—and all with fair and lovely human illustrations. It should, like the man's library, take h culture largely for granted. It should, wi its fond rememorations and reflections, as an old trunk in the attic of his mind c with its lively beauties and humors, as sudden cocktail.

16. Nothing is so essentially undramat as clear, straightforward thought. It is t first rule of the acting stage that the pr tagonist must not think out the drama *its* conclusion but that, *per contra*, t drama must think out the protagonist *his* conclusion. The protagonist must influenced not from within, but from wit out. If, for example, one were to write play with, say, Nietzsche as the hero, t drama would needs be generated a carried on to its climacteric consummati not by that gentleman's energetic mind a philosophies but rather by the objection them on the part of the leading lady. The can be no substantial thought in sta drama. Such drama is created rather out a contradiction and negation of thoug by proving either that the thought point, while sound up to eleven o'clock, then and finally impracticable if not, i deed, ridiculous (as in the instance Shaw's Tanner) or that, while the thoug may have been quite rational at quart after ten in Act II, it had not at that tim yet realized that its wife was in a fami way or that its loved one was dying tuberculosis, and so felt its own intrins dubiety. Drama in its entirety consists the surrender of calm and judicious thin ing to emotionalism.

17. There is a type of critic who always greatly surprised when a goo looking actress gives a performance competent as a homely one.

18. Very young men and very old m alone are cocksure. The soundest critic thus in all likelihood the man of midd years. He has temporarily outgrown t cocksureness of youth and he is still th side of the cocksureness of age. He

emporarily free from empty prejudice, free rom youth's revolt and from age's revolt gainst revolt, and beset by a healthy kepticism and doubt. He is of open mind; e is without indignation; he doesn't give damn.

19. Melodrama is that form of drama in which the characters are deliberately obbed of a sense of humor by the play-vright; problem drama that form in which he characters are deliberately robbed of a ense of humor by the audience.

20. What passes for sharp observation n the theatre is actually most often a nere apprehension of some trivial and en-irely negligible phenomenon, the novelty f which audiences mistake for genuine ercipience. Thus were I, turned play-vright, to remark in a play that it always ooks like rain through a screen, or that he most uncomfortable thing in the world s trying to eat dinner without a napkin, r that there is always something that ounds drunk about a hansom cab late at ight, or that no one ever knows the last ame of one's letter carrier even when one as been served by the same fellow for ears—I should doubtless be swallowed s a professor of shrewd observation.

21. There is room for banality in the heatre. It is less a thing for critical con-emnation than we are often persuaded to elieve. The theatre is an institution vherein one seeks sanctuary from the urors and stressful inconstancies of life, vherein one may sit before the doings of mock world and sigh one's self into a leasurable temporary forgetfulness and everie. Life itself and the outside world hrill and torment the individual with heir ceaseless changes, ceaseless alarms nd excitements—a shifting panorama of oves, labors, triumphs, defeats, fears and opes. From all this the theatre offers a efuge. And that refuge may, obviously nough, be had only in spectacles of an ntithetical and relative dulness and mo-notony. One may amuse and divert one's self only by more or less violent contrasts. Napoleon, after the battle of Abukir, for-got himself in watching a cockfight.

22. Drama may apparently often be de-fined as a theatrical composition which treats of a variable number of characters at that point in their lives when they have all just bought themselves new clothes.

23. It is one of the commonest delusions that the Negro is by nature a musical fel-low. The truth, of course, is that he is not at all musical, but rather merely rhyth-mical. He has an acute feeling for rhythm, but of music he knows nothing.

24. There never was a first-rate critic who wasn't something of a faker.

25. Beauty makes idiots sad as it makes wise men happy.

26. All that is necessary to raise imbe-cility into what the mob regards as pro-fundity is to lift it off the floor and put it on a platform.

27. There are men who do not like talk of sex or writings on sex. There are men who have dyspepsia and can no longer eat.

28. I wonder why it is that male authors who are excessively homely almost invari-ably excel in descriptions of beautiful women?

29. Oscar Wilde is condemned by a certain school of critics as having been merely very clever. Could criticism reach sillier heights? To be merely very clever was precisely what Wilde strove for and precisely what he successfully achieved. He had no other intent, no other aim. To criticize Wilde for not being a profound philosopher but for being merely very clever is to criticize Kant for not being very clever but merely a profound philos-opher.

30. Art is developed and furthered not so much by criticism as by criticism of criticism.

31. The tragedy of talent is that it so often essays to be genius.

32. I find that nine-tenths of those plays which certain of my colleagues describe as an insult to the intelligence do not get close enough to the intelligence even to address it.

33. The current prevalent habit among playwrights of regarding a good old-fashioned, rousing act climax as something beneath dignity and artistic propriety and of sedulously avoiding all such dramatic emphasis is far from my own peculiar taste. When a big dramatic climax has been foreshadowed and is rightly to be expected with a high anticipation, it is disturbing and disappointing to have the playwright shush it aside with a great show of tony disdain and substitute for it a nonchalant reference to the weather or a drawling ironic allusion to the villain's spats. If a playwright works me up to expect a hot scene in which the hero will face the villain, pull off the dog's whiskers and disclose him to be none other than the knave who seduced the chambermaid and set fire to the old mill, I feel that I have a right to be disappointed when the hero, instead of doing anything of the kind, is brought merely to screw a monocle into his right eye and exclaim, "By Jove, how well you are looking this evening, Lady Trowbridge!" But a good, stirring, knock-'em down act-climax is somehow considered disreputable these days and in its place we have the kind of climax that cheats the climax. Yet Who-are-you?—Hawkshaw-the-detective! is better drama and will always be better drama than any of these current strained and lackadaisical act finishes.

34. I have just seen the eight hundred and sixth play that darkens the lights for one minute and, upon raising them agai asks me to believe that in this one minu one year has passed, that a baby has be born to the couple upon whose reconci ation the lights went down sixty secon before, that the husband who has be passionately in love with another wom has changed his mind during the br period of darkness, gone back to his w and become the bosom friend of the hu band of the other woman, and that ever one has returned from Europe with completely new and very elaborate war robe. All that I can say, and with becomi modesty, is this: that I doubtless have good an imagination as the next man, b that I'll be damned if I can do it.

35. The stage has improved in a tho sand directions, but it still asks its spect tors to work up their sympathies for baby that is plainly seen to be nothi but an elongated bag of oatmeal tied wi pink ribbons.

36. There is no clearer indication of t pervading sentimentality of the Americ people than the fact that they demand th the hero of a play always be in love.

37. To speak of morals in art is to spe of an evangelist in Paris.

38. The difference between a risq Anglo-American farce and a risqué Fren farce is simply this: in the former the pl proceeds *toward* adultery; in the latter t plot proceeds *from* adultery.

39. Many an actor has been eulogiz and come to fame because of the realis of his death scenes. Any ham can realistically. The genuine actor is the o who can *live* realistically.

40. As a critic of the American theat I am now and again taken to task by ce tain otherwise meritorious persons for wh is termed my lack of seriousness and critic dignity. As a boy, I recall having on

en a man in a top hat and Prince Albert a cooch show.

41. The ideal critic is he who approaches work of art with the intelligence of a erman, the humor of a Frenchman, and e heart of a Japanese.

42. There never lived an actor so proient in his craft that he could not learn mething from watching a child. All ildren are natural actors—save nineths of those on the stage.

43. It is held by many to be impossible r a critic personally to associate with ose whose work he is called upon to iticize. This, of course, is sheer nonsense. is not impossible. It is merely dull.

44. The theatre regards the harlot in st two lights: either she is man's spiritl and physical annihilation or his iritual and physical redemption. It seems ldly to recognize no middle ground.

45. Four French farces out of five are sed upon the theory that it is awfully nny to be caught in another man's wife's droom.

46. Psychology, in the terminology of merican journalistic criticism, is a word nployed by amiable critics in an attempt render partly clear the unintelligible rtions of bad plays written by good iends.

47. In the popular theatre, a hero is one ho believes that all women are ladies; a llain one who believes that all ladies are omen.

48. For such persons as care no longer r Ibsen in the theatre there is in the main ually no safer refuge than a modern sen theatrical production.

49. Suspense is that highly nervous sention which a playwright imparts to his audience when, in the last act of a play, the villain seems momentarily about to escape ultimate punishment at the hero's hands, thus threatening to keep the audience inside the theatre for still another three-quarters of an hour.

50. In the career of the critic of the theatre there are three more or less distinct periods: first, the period in which he passionately believes and vehemently conjures the theatre to be an art lyceum; second, the period in which he passionately hopes and vehemently prays that the theatre may be an art lyceum; and, third, the period in which he rather good-naturedly comes to the conclusion that his view of the theatre has been all wrong, and doesn't admit it.

51. The theatre lives by emotional sadism.

52. Criticism should be written not for the dramatist, the actor, the producer, or the public, but largely for itself alone. Generically an art out of an art, it achieves authenticity as an artistic entity in the degree that it stands upon its own legs.

53. The drama may be realistic in almost every department save that of love, commonly held to be the field of its most realistic enterprise. If the average love scene out of life were to be reproduced on the stage word for word, gesture for gesture and gurgle for gurgle, the audience would let out a horselaugh.

54. The Viennese writes of love at 5 P.M.; the Frenchman of love at 1 A.M.

55. The villain in an American play is that character in the play who, were he a real living person, would in all probability decline to associate with the author.

56. The average modern play has three acts. Its contact with life generally ends with the first.

57. The actor is the gigolo of dramatic art.

58. There can be no real wit where there is not also at least a measure of disillusion.

59. They talk of fine plays ruined by bad acting. Yet what is worse than a despicable play improved by good acting?

60. Even to the finest dramatic tragedy there is often an air of evangelical demagoguery that disturbs me. The tragic dramatist too often has about him a trace of the moralist and exhorter.

61. Sudermann was a Hauptmann in lace drawers.

62. I never write a serious thing that some profound idiot doesn't get up and say that I don't mean it.

63. The hero of a popular play is always seen by the audience through the heroine's eyes.

64. All really great drama is a form of scandal.

65. The drama of today is the comedy of tomorrow and the farce of the day after.

66. To object to this or that man as an official censor of the arts on the ground that he is illiterate and an ignoramus is absurd. The object of all official censorship is to make the arts safe for the illiterate and ignorant portion of the public. It requires an illiterate and ignorant man to understand such a public, and to stake out the boundaries of its tastes.

67. Of all the arts, criticism alone is made to suffer from and struggle under a burden of good manners.

68. The words theatregoer and playgoer are too commonly regarded as synonymo Often they are not. A playgoer is one w goes to the theatre with the express very definite intention of seeing a play theatregoer is more often one who goes the theatre in the same spirit that one g on an outing, that is, merely for a chan a diversion from routine. The play is least important thing that draws him the theatre.

69. The essence of music show en tainment consists largely in the feel that one is superior to the human bei providing it.

70. Censorship is birth control appl to art.

71. Has anyone, in novel, drama painting, ever failed completely who taken the sea for his subject? It is the theme that seems to resist not even second-rate artist.

72. The test of a real comedian is whet you laugh at him before he opens his mou

73. One of the most obvious and p itable pieces of commerce in professio writing is a writer's agreeable deprecat of himself, the placing of himself either a plane with his readers or, more profita still, on a plane below them. The hol than-thou note is dangerous; it makes unpopularity. Thus the current spectacl American criticism amounts to little m than an Alphonse-Gaston act in which elaborate low bowing of the two par results in a continuous collision of hea both auspiciously empty.

74. The greatest happiness is that imminent but not yet quite real achievement. To be about to succeed—t is true happiness. To have succeede that is to be in Munich, with Brig disease.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The New Humanism

R LANCELOT ANDREWES, by T. S. Eliot. $2. x 4¾; 159 pp. Garden City, L. I.: *Doubleday, Doran & Company.*

THIS little volume Mr. Eliot lets a pale d chromovitreous but none the less arching light into the pseudo-Humanism hich now enchants so many young merican college professors, with Pro- ssor Irving Babbitt serving as its Bishop nnon, Dr. Paul Elmer More as its Mrs. illebrandt, and the late Stuart P. Sher- an as its martyred Wayne B. Wheeler. hat is revealed, of course, is what every- ne unaffected by the movement knew was ere all the while, namely, a somewhat ckly and shame-faced Christian mysti- sm. The Humanist of the current model, his best, is what Mr. Eliot seems to be mself: a natural Catholic who finds it mpossible to swallow a church ruled by an alian paleographer and so compromises n one ruled (at least transiently) by a otch labor agitator. At his worst, he is hat Dr. Sherman was: a rustic Methodist mewhat flustered by what passes for arning among us, but still unable to row off the feeling that all city men are nful and will go to Hell. At one place, ith sly humor, Mr. Eliot compares Pro- ssor Babbitt to Socrates. "How far ocrates believed," he says, "and whether s legendary request of the sacrifice of a ock was merely gentlemanly behavior or ven irony, we cannot tell; but the equiva- nt would be Professor Babbitt receiving xtreme unction, and that I cannot at resent conceive." This, plainly enough, is figure of speech: its name, unless I forget y schoolbooks, is antiphrasis. I herewith redict formally that Dr. Babbitt, when his me comes, will heave his Phi Beta Kappa ey out of the window and demand the holy oils—that is, if the clergy of the Presbyterian rite administer them. For he is not only a Christian, his protestations to the contrary notwithstanding; he is also a Calvinist, though he may not know it. So are all the other hortatory pedagogues, including Dr. Robert A. Millikan, the reconciler of Einstein and the International Sunday-school Lessons. To call such denizens of the catacombs Humanists is as absurd as it would be to call Mr. Chief Justice Taft a Liberal.

Mr. Eliot began life as one of Professor Babbitt's disciples, but hard study at the British Museum convinced him that the current Humanism was full of buncombe. His present point of view, he says, "may be described as classicist in literature, royalist in politics, and Anglo-Catholic in religion." Parts of this, as he himself confesses, are vague and savor of clap-trap; it is hard, for example, to think of the author of "The Waste Land" as a genuine classicist. But on the religious side there is no reason to doubt the author's seriousness. He proves it by exhuming various sacerdotal obscurities from oblivion, and arguing gravely that they were profound thinkers—nay, even gifted stylists. The enterprise is not new; I have heard Christian Scientists maintain that even Mrs. Eddy was a sound writer. But Mr. Eliot carries it off with more than the usual grace, for he writes very effectively himself, and is full of that odd and useless learning which gives an air of persuasiveness to otherwise bald and unconvincing disputation. For one, I remain unconvinced that either Bishop Andrewes or his brother Bramhall could write, but I confess that reading about them was pleasant, and did me no harm.

It is, however, when he discusses re-

ligion *per se* that Mr. Eliot is at his best. The failure of the so-called Humanists to get rid of it plainly delights him, as his exposure of that failure must delight the more malicious sort of reader. The moment they begin to lay down their cock-sure rules as to what is virtuous and what is not, they find themselves, willy nilly, toying with a concept of the will of God, and the moment they admit that concept to their exhortations and objurgations "then some doctrine of Grace must be admitted too." The rest is a primrose path, and at the end lies a state church—maybe not the political Methodism which now afflicts the United States, but nevertheless a church. Some of the Humanists peer longingly through the area windows of Rome; others, like Mr. Eliot himself, succumb to the imperial pomps of the Anglican communion; yet others, such as Dr. Millikan, bring all their compromises to a head by embracing the arch-compromise of Unitarianism. As for Professor Babbitt, "his Humanism is, . . . to my mind, alarmingly like the very Liberal Protestant theology of the Nineteenth Century; it is, in fact, a product—a by-product—of Protestant theology in its last agonies." I can imagine no definition of the movement which would define it more precisely.

The Ambrose Bierce Mystery

LIFE OF AMBROSE BIERCE, by Walter Neale. $5. 9¼ x 5⅞; 489 pp. New York: *Walter Neale.*

Mr. Neale, who was Bierce's publisher during his last years and brought out his Collected Works, first met him in Washington in 1901, and was in constant association with him until his mysterious disappearance in 1913. The common story is that Bierce, who was then seventy-one years old, made his way to Mexico, joined Villa's rebel army, and was presently done to death, either fighting for Villa or at his hands. This story is supported by the testimony of various alleged eye-witnesses and by a mass of evidence at second-hand, but its absurdities are manifest, and Mr. Neale exposes them mercilessly. Is it reasona to believe that a man of seventy-c racked by asthma, should have been a to make his way to Villa's army in field? And is it any more reasonable believe that a man who was the per model of a military grandee, and vie the ragged Mexican rebels with conte and abomination, should have sough join them? Nay, the Mexican romanc only too plainly of nonsense all comp Even in Los Angeles, where everybody seen angels and heard the tramp of Twelve Apostles, no one believes it. theory there, doubtless bred of the fact Bierce's daughter lives in the town, is the old man died in a hospital somewh nearby—some say of his asthma and s say of simple senility. But Mr. Neale h better theory, and he presents it w great plausibility.

It is that Bierce committed suicide the Summer of 1912, rather more tha year before he disappeared, he took a into the West and visited both the Yell stone and the Grand Canyon of the C rado. He came back full of enthusiasm the canyon, and hinted broadly to N that it would be a magnificent place to More, he hinted broadly that his c course was almost run, and that he thou it would be cleaner and decenter to rem himself anon, instead of waiting fo messy death in bed. He had an autom pistol ready; he defended suicide publi he believed, and often said, that seve years was long enough to live. What co be more likely than that he finally m good his talk? A dozen corroborative cumstances support the notion. He wa great pains to put his affairs in order be he left for the West. He transferred all copyrights to a woman with whom he been living for years, and to whom, acc ing to Mr. Neale, it is possible that he secretly married. He formally preser $500 to a little girl, the daughter c friend. He made a tour of the battlefi whereon he had fought in the Civil W And then he headed for the Grand Cany

avelling by way of New Orleans, Galves-
n, San Antonio and Laredo. He also
anned to stop, he let it be known, at
igle Pass and El Paso. After that, silence.
id he plunge into Mexico, as the current
iry-tale hath it, and make his way to
illa's camp across a thousand miles of
ountain and desert—him an elderly
thmatic, and a stranger to the back of a
orse for thirty years? Or did he proceed
the Grand Canyon and blow out his
ains, as Mr. Neale believes? It seems to
e that the Neale theory is overwhelm-
gly more rational than the other.

I wish I could add that the rest of the
eale book is as sound as the chapter on
erce's exit from this world, but the plain
ct is that large parts of it are very shaky,
d that not a few portions reek with un-
nscious humor. The author starts off
ith a long and irrelevant treatise on his
vn genealogy, showing that he is on the
e hand "of the seventh generation from
aac Smith I" and on the other hand a
scendant of "Neale Vicount (*sic*) of
outances, son of Roger, who in 996 de-
ated Ethelred (the Unready) at sea when
e latter, flushed with his exploits in
umberland, endeavored to invade the
ores of Brittany in opposing Robert of
ormandy, father of Duke William." All
is is astonishing enough, but what has it
do with Bierce, who was the offspring
simple Ohio peasants? Nor is Mr. Neale
appy when he essays to pronounce critical
dgments. Here, for example, is his main
esis, solemnly announced on page 28:

> He [Bierce] is the father of critical American literature. He put forward American literature by centuries.

This is surely excessive. Bierce's critical
dgments, in point of fact, were often
lly, as when he put Longfellow above
Vhitman, and not infrequently they were
rongly colored by personal considera-
ons, as when he vastly over-praised
eorge Sterling's poem, "The Wine of
Vizardry." He was too little read to be a
ound critic of letters, and he lacked the
apacity to separate the artist from the man. Even his treatise on the art of writing, "Write it Right," is full of puerilities, for it never seems to have occurred to him that language, like literature, is a living thing, and not a mere set of rules. Writing of the trade he practiced all his life, he wrote like a somewhat saucy schoolma'm, and when another schoolma'm lifted his stuff the theft went almost undetected. His own style was extraordinarily tight and unresilient, and his fear of rhetoric often took all the life out of his ideas. His stories, despite their melodramatic effectiveness, begin to seem old-fashioned; they belong to the era before the short story ceased to be a formal intellectual exercise and became a transcript of life. The people in them simply do not live and breathe: Ring Lardner, whose manner Bierce would have detested, has done a hundred times better in that direction. They are probably read today, not as literature, but as shockers. Their appalling gruesomeness—a shining mark of Bierce himself—is what keeps them in print. Some of them deserve a better kind of immortality.

If Bierce is remembered, it will probably be for his epigrams, especially those in prose. They include some of the noblest specimens ever put into English. The wit in them is extraordinarily pungent, impudent and devastating, and in form they are helped rather than damaged by the author's highly artificial and self-conscious style. I suspect that these epigrams will be relished and quarried long after such transparent stories as "A Horseman in the Sky" and "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" descend into the schoolbooks. Certainly they will long outlast the satirical bludgeonings of nobodies that Bierce himself was so proud of. His social criticism, like his literary criticism, was often amusing but seldom profound. It had, however, the virtue of being novel in its day, and so it left its mark. Bierce was the first American to lay about him with complete gusto, charging and battering the frauds who ranged the country. The timorousness of Mark Twain was not in him; no head was

lofty enough to escape his furious thwack. Such Berserk men have been rare in our history; the normal Americano, even when he runs amuck, shows a considerable discretion. But there was no more discretion in Bierce than you will find in a runaway locomotive. Had he been a more cautious man, the professors of literature would be politer to him today.

The Fruits of Emancipation

UNDERSTANDING WOMEN, by K. A. Wieth-Knudsen. $3. 8 x 5⅜; 324 pp. New York: *Elliot Holt.*

WOMEN AND SOCIETY, by Meyrick Booth. 8s.6d. 8⅜ x 5⅜; 256 pp. London: *George Allen & Unwin.*

THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S GUIDE TO MARRIAGE AND CELIBACY, by Juanita Tanner. $3.50. 9¼ x 6⅛; 312 pp. Indianapolis: *The Bobbs-Merrill Company.*

WHY WE ARE MEN AND WOMEN, by A. L. Benedict. $2.50. 7⅜ x 4⅞; 270 pp. New York: *Allen Ross & Company.*

Two of these authors, Dr. Booth and Dr. Wieth-Knudsen, devote themselves to proving that the triumph of feminism in the Western World has brought little of solid value to the emancipated gals, and next to nothing to the rest of us. The proof is easy—almost as easy, indeed, as proving that twice two is four, or that a Prohibition agent is a scoundrel. Nevertheless, it needed to be set forth formally, for only too many persons, including a number of gifted publicists, continue to overlook it. They are still drunk upon the dreams of the long and melodramatic campaign for the suffrage. Human-like, they unconsciously assume that what was then promised has come to pass, in substance if not in totality. The truth, of course, runs in the opposite direction. The dear creatures have accomplished none of the things that they hoped for. They have not purified politics, they have not achieved any liberty that they did not have before, they have not reformed any social institution of the slightest importance, and they have not increased their own happiness. My belief is, indeed, that women in general are decidedly less happy than they were before they broke their chains, if only because they are less sec In the old days they were swathed in tection: some man had to die figh before a woman could be seriously menac But now they face the slings and arrow fate, so to speak, in the altogether, multitudes of them begin to realize h sharp those weapons may be. More wo are self-supporting and independent t ever before, and more women, I susp wish they were dead.

Dr. Booth, who is a psychologist ar highly intelligent man, gives most of space to discussing the condition of aff in his own country, England. There emancipation of the dear creatures be early and has gone to great lengths. T roar in politics and practically all of trades and professions are open to th They have every substantial right that have, and a lot more besides. But to w end? Are they contented, serene, sec happy? It must be plain enough that t are not. Increasing multitudes of them l drab, lonely and forlorn lives, unw childless, unregarded, and barely able make their livings. They are free only the sense that a man wandering alone the Sahara is free; in every other sense t are the slaves of their new liberties. Am the lower classes little more than hal them have any hope of getting husba and homes of their own; among the e cated minority, not more than a th The whole race of Englishwomen, onc rosy and joyous, becomes a race of n rotic drudges, preyed upon by mou banks both male and female.

It is commonly believed that the n riage-rate has declined in England beca there is an excess of females in the popu tion, due to the late war and the emi tion of men to the colonies, and vari reformers propose that shiploads of perfluous girls be sent after the men. Dr. Booth shows that this excess is larg imaginary; under the age of twenty-fiv scarcely exists. The trouble is that n girls under twenty-five, the time of t maximum attractiveness, go to work

ad of settling down as wives, and that the time they tire of work and begin to ok for husbands they are worn out and tempting. Going to work, for a brief ace, makes them relatively rich, for most them, as in America, get some help, if ly in shelter, from their fathers. But at same time their labor displaces the or of men, and so wages are kept down, d more men are unable to marry, and a ious circle is set up which damages all nds. Dr. Booth believes, and for very usible reasons, that the excessive unployment now afflicting England is gely due to this cause. Hundreds of ousands of young men are walking the eets because girls have grabbed their os—at wages less than a man could take th any hope of supporting a family. ue enough, some marry anyhow, and eir wives go on working, but this device obviously full of peril. Suppose all mard women tried to get jobs? Where would os enough be found? And who would eed and nurture the next generation of glishmen?

Dr. Booth's book is thoughtful and well orth reading. He believes that women, in ving to set themselves up as imitation en, have thrown away some of the very alities that made them most interesting individuals and most useful as citizens. eir profit is mainly illusory; their loss is ge and obvious, and the loss of the race no less so. Dr. Booth is by no means an ponent of emancipation; he is in favor of in principle, and believes that it will ork for good in the long run. But he sees w little most of its present fruits are orth, and he sets forth their worthlessss with great skill. Dr. Wieth-Knudsen, ho is a professor of economics in Norway t seems to be a Dane, covers much the me ground, but with less persuasiveness. ore than once he falls into absurdity—r example, when he argues that 40% of all European women are what is called cold. This nonsense is still propagated in America by gynecologists—perhaps the most ignorant class of men, when it comes to knowledge of women, in the country—but no one else takes it seriously. In Scandinavia, however, it seems to retain its old authority; at all events, Dr. Wieth-Knudsen brings it forth quite solemnly, and grounds a long and unconvincing argument upon it. He is far more interesting and instructive when he steers clear of physiology and devotes himself to purely social questions. His study has the merit of presenting a great deal of Scandinavian material, unfamiliar to English-speaking students. But he has apparently read very little of the literature of the subject in English. Even such well-known works as Havelock Ellis's "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" and the late Edward Carpenter's "Love's Coming of Age" do not appear in his bibliography.

"The Intelligent Man's Guide to Marriage and Celibacy" is apparently intended as a supplement to George Bernard Shaw's "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism." The author signs herself Juanita Whitefield Tanner and pretends to be a daughter of the John Tanner of "Man and Superman." Her book is long and chaotic. It reveals a wide reading in the subject, but no visible capacity for contributing anything of value to it. The conclusion seems to be that celibacy is safer than marriage, especially for persons who "like travel and physical danger and rash utterances." This is plainly true, but why take a book of 312 pages to prove it? Dr. Benedict's work discusses the somatic factors determining the sex of offspring and well summarizes all that is known about the matter—which is nothing. A dozen theories are examined statistically, and the fallacies in them exposed. Then the author sets forth one of his own, but he fails to offer any evidence in favor of it.

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The Rev. Herbert Parrish, D.D *lecturer on philosophy and religion at Tr College, Hartford, Conn. He is a priest i Protestant Episcopal Church, and has s churches in San Francisco, Baltimore and Brunswick, N. J.*

Henry F. Pringle *is now at work critical biography of Roosevelt.*

Charles Recht *was born in Czechoslov He came to this country at the age of thi and was graduated from the New York versity Law School in 1909. He has been co in leading radical cases during the last f years, and is now American attorney fo Soviet government. The article in this issue form part of a book dealing with cases invo constitutional rights, in which he has act counsel for the defense.*

. . . IT CONTRIBUTES TO THE PROSPERITY OF THE PEOPLE AND TO THE COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE OF LIVING

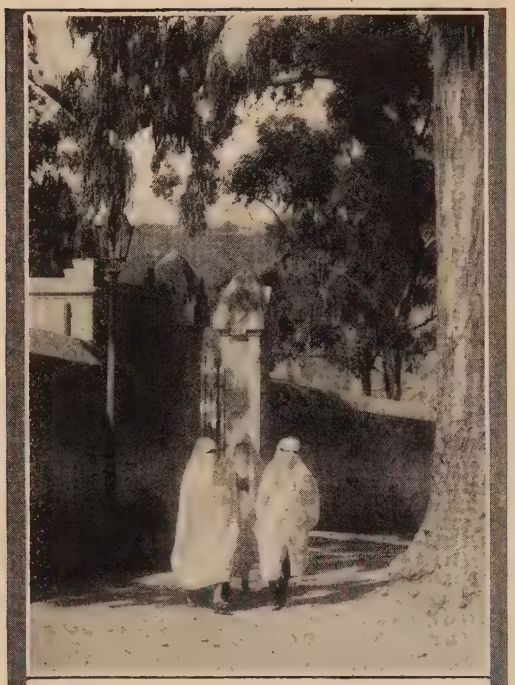
The telephone grows with the country

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE Bell System must march a pace ahead of the new civilization on this continent, a civilization of better opportunity for the average man. The telephone contributes to the prosperity of the people and adds to the comfort and convenience of living.

It is used by the many. The time and money it saves are as important to the small business as to the large. The humblest home depends on it for aid in emergency, to run errands, maintain friendships. It is the aim of the Bell System to keep telephone service so good and so cheap that it will be used universally to make life richer and better. It seeks to lead the way in social and business growth. It is raising buildings this year in more than two hundred cities, adding vast mileage to the expanding network of cable, and installing new telephones by the hundreds of thousands.

It is spending more than 550 million dollars this year—one and one-half times the cost of the Panama Canal—for new plant and service improvements. This program is part of the telephone ideal that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else. There is no standing still in the Bell System.



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JOIN the advance guard of the smart international set in North Africa, the latest playground of the Mediterranean. Barbaric color, strange rhythms, gorgeous gardens, streets packed with exotic life, motor roads that skim you through the enchantment of Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia. Flit from one smart "Transat" hotel to another . . . forty-six of them on the sparkling chain, Moorish palaces with chefs from France. Weekly Express Service via "the longest gangplank in the world" to the "*France*", the "*Paris*" or the "*Ile de France*" . . . New York to Plymouth, England, in FIVE days. French cuisine that isn't a phrase but a fact . . . a sophisticated crowd that takes caviar for granted and chic as a matter of course . . . then le Havre and the three-hour boat-train for Paris . . . overnight to Marseilles and a French Liner that docks at Algiers twenty-four hours later.

Four Mediterranean-Moroccan Cruises of the "France", leaving New York, January 11, February 12, March 15 and April 25.

French Line

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Editorial NOTES

THE awards in THE AMERICAN MERCU college graduates essay contest have given to Samuel Lipshutz of Philadelp who was graduated from the Universi Pennsylvania in June, and to Olive Bros of Withee, Wis., who was graduated Northland College, Ashland, Wis. essays will be printed in the October of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

M. L. BATEY, author of "One Americ Story," was employed until lately woolen mill at Athens, Tenn., a small t in the mountains northeast of Chattanooga, near the celebrated Dayton. He was born at Louisville, Ky., in 1909. His article is the first thing he has ever published, or, indeed, written. It is printed exactly as he wrote it, with only a few small changes. He is representative, save in his unusual articulateness, of t sands of other workers in the textile of the New South.

M. L. Batey

Among the contents of THE AMER MERCURY for October will be the follow

"Botched Cities," by Lewis Mumford.
"Deliverance," by Arthur Hanko.
"The King of Beer," by Gerald Holland.
"Keep It Exclusive," by Mildred Evans Gilm

They are Boys and Girls so short a time

See that home movies keep for you their wonderful childhood days

)R a brief today, they are your carefree children. efore you realize it, they will be men and men—living, perhaps, many miles away. Then, t will you have to bring back their wonderful dhood days?

here is so much you want to keep: Junior racing n the drive, astride his Kiddie-car; winning school letter . . . Jane pulling the ribbon of her "Jack Horner Pie;" strutting about in her first n-heeled shoes. These and other important ts in their lives are much too precious to en- t to mere memory.

you would re-create at will e priceless moments, see that make home movies of your s and girls. For surely you t to record on permanent film whole thrilling panorama of r childhood. Take movies of n in action—and in natural r, if you like; capture every ement, every change in ex- sion, the color of their eyes hair.

ou can make home movies h the Ciné-Kodak as easily you now make snapshots.

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aplest of Home Movie Cameras

You simply point it and press the lever.

When the film is exposed you either mail it to us or give it to your dealer. In a few days, it will be returned to you, and at no further cost, for the developing is included in the original price of the film. Projecting the picture in your home is as easy with the Kodascope as playing a record on the phonograph. The Ciné-Kodak takes black and white pictures with Ciné-Kodak Safety Film, both regular and panchromatic. By using Kodacolor Film and the Kodacolor Filter, Ciné-Kodak B or BB *f*. 1.9 takes beautiful pictures in full, natural color.

Deny yourself no longer the thrill of living over again your children's happy hours. Ask your Ciné-Kodak dealer for a demonstration. Also, be sure to see a projection of Kodacolor. Meanwhile mail coupon for booklet—"The Lure of Home Movies."

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THE INVESTOR

BUSINESS COMBINATIONS

By Rudolph L. Weissman

In number, in terms of monetary values, and in character, the consummation of business combinations continues at a bewildering pace. A week's notes embrace banks, food, aviation, chemicals, railway equipment, automobile bodies, elevators, alcohol, dairies, motion pictures, stores, refrigerators, floor coverings, and electric light and power enterprises.

The present movement, in contrast to that which ended around 1903, has the tacit approval of the government, of the press, and of the public. Monopoly is no longer sought, the community has been accustomed to large figures, and a new type of industrial leader has arisen who is not only expert in the manufacture and sale of commodities, but also in the technique of persuasion.

Growth is a quality of a dynamic society, but the expansion connoted by mergers and consolidations is growth by joining with outside units more than by accretion. Such combinations will, in effect, create a new economic unit. The financial upshot of the acquisition of the Beacon Oil Company by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, compared with the acquisition of the California Petroleum Company by the Texas Corporation, is entirely different.

Mass production and standardization on the one hand, and on the other, freedom from customs tariffs and prejudice have invited large-scale organization. The justification of consolidations comes under several heads. Businesses that control the making of a product in its various stages save by eliminating the profits of raw material dealers and accessory manufacturers. The International Harvester Company is an example of complete integration, since owns iron ore and coal mines, coke work furnaces, steel mills, and sisal plantation Savings in buying, and overhead a economy in manufacture, are claimed horizontal combinations, such as t Chrysler-Dodge merger, embracing co cerns manufacturing the same commodi Finally, the reduction of distribution co is stressed in circular combinations, rep sented by enterprises which separately tu out different commodities that may conveniently linked in one group.

The recently formed Standard Bran Inc., is a good illustration of this type. A other is Remington Rand, Inc., from whi office managers can buy a complete line office equipment, typewriters, files, furn ture, record supplies, adding, calculati and bookkeeping machines, and loose le systems. The big corporation also poin out its ability to maintain experiment and research divisions, to acquire capit inexpensively, and a hundred and one oth real and imaginary benefits. The dist bution combination is the last type evolve, and will grow in importance. Pu manufacturing expenses can no longer appreciably reduced in many lines. T cost of getting the product in the hands the consumer, selling and distributing, a plainly out of line. Fat layers of waste a apparent. The new way to net profits l along this path.

Combinations are by no means uniform successful. The claims made for them a not altogether supported by experien An economically sound business is son times wrecked by financial manipulatio Every kind of business has a size most co ducive to efficient operation. Bronze bu of Milton and Shakespeare cannot

Continued on page xxxviii

OTIS & CO.

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New York Stock Exchange
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Chicago Stock Exchange
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Investment Cycles

Many investors from time to time favor almost exclusively certain types of investments—either senior obligations such as bonds or debentures, or junior securities such as preferred or common stocks. Regardless of changing "fashions" in the investment field, however, sound principles demand a high degree of diversification.

Through our originations of all classes of investment securities, we can offer to our clients a completely diversified list, including Municipal Bonds of several states, Corporation Bonds, Joint Stock Land Bank Bonds, Land Trust Certificates and Preferred and Common Stocks.

We shall be glad to assist you in the proper diversification of your investment account.

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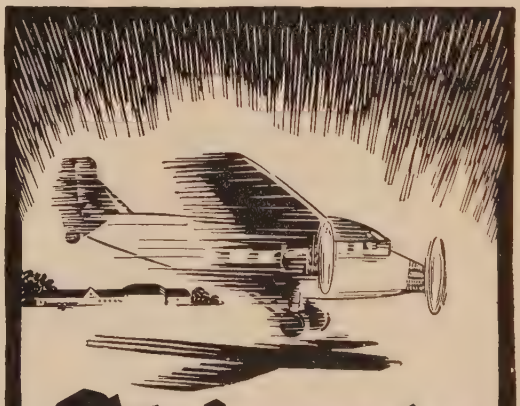


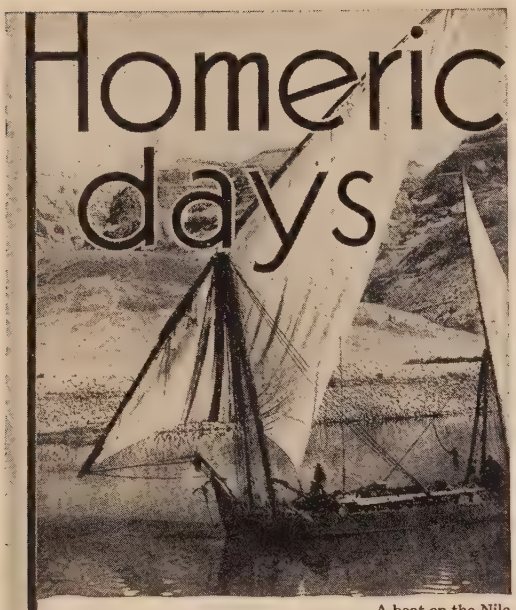
Chicago

—logical center of American aviation—has, it is said authoritatively, the best lighted municipal landing field in the United States. Two large flood lights now await installation, to supplement the huge lights which already serve. Edison Service, noteworthy because of its dependability, keeps the field brilliantly illuminated—without glare—for safe landing.

Commonwealth Edison Company
The Central Station Serving Chicago

Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 159 consecutive dividends to its stockholders. Send for 1929 Year Book. Stock is listed on The Chicago Stock Exchange.

Homeric days



A boat on the Nile

Directly before you is the Sphinx—the Pyramids. Off in the distance is Cairo. Cairo — the magnificent, the mysterious. Cairo, the ancient—the unchanged civilization of a thousand years. Bournous-clad men. Veiled women. Carnival-like Bazaars. Dark, narrow streets. Mosques, Minarets, Arabs, camels, donkeys, hawkers. A gasp, a laugh, a thrill every second. That is Cairo. And Cairo is but one of the many dazzling Arabian Night's adventures on the

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The Homeric—one of the World's foremost ships—with 115 rooms connected with private bath — the largest steamer to the Mediterranean—takes you to all the right places at the right time—14,000 miles—65 days.

Casablanca, Palma-Majorca, Barcelona, Valetta, Larnaka, Nicosia and Ajaccio are new ports added to an already wondrous itinerary. Two weeks in Egypt—the Holy Land; generous stay-over privileges. Return is via England on the Majestic, Olympic or Homeric.

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xxxvi

turned out like fountain pens. The tan of leather and the assembling of an aut bile do not lend themselves, in the sam gree, to large scale operations. Book l ing, in which the principal item of exp is labor, and the making of tinplat which raw material and plant charges over 80% of the total cost, require diff methods. Furthermore, the manage that is able in the making of tires ma totally unsuited to running a rubber tation. Although executives are relu to admit it, there are also limitations t size of a business from the administr point of view. The General Motors poration, significantly, has adopted centralization policy, whereby the c ration is segregated into separate busin of distinct classifications. Railroad offi and transportation economists do no lieve that further grouping of systems effect the large savings set forth in financial press.

I recall the testimony in the contro over the application of several carrie the formation of a system in the South The proponents of the plan had diffi in showing that the proposed grou would make possible substantial econ in the purchase and standardization o terials and supplies. Through the in gations of the Federal Trade Commis surmises have been buttressed by sp facts. The costs of individual whol bread-baking plants decrease more o continuously with increases in the vo of production. Yet, the report on " petition and Profits in Bread and F (1928) declares that "it is not clear lower production costs are characte of plants of multiple-plant compan sizes corresponding with those of s plant companies." The composition expense items in this industry facil all possible economies. Additional st

Continued on page xl

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you open the soft-cooked egg that has just been served you for breakfast and you hear a faint "cheep-cheep" . . . *be nonchalant* . . . light a MURAD.

orillard Co., Est. 1760

SOUND SLEEP EVERY NIGHT

The rustle of leaves to soothe you . . . instead of the rattle of traffic to disturb you. Here's real living. A modern hotel . . . only 28 minutes from Grand Central. In beautiful Lawrence Park. Hotel life on the highest plane for those who take time to rest. Golf privileges . . . Open all year . . . American Plan.

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The **Ambassador**

"MONARCH OF THE BOARDWALK"
ATLANTIC CITY

September!
The Delightful Month

Thousands of visitors come to the Boardwalk this month to enjoy the unsurpassed weather and summer attractions that continue long into the Fall. They like the surf bathing, the golf, fishing and sailing, and the AMBASSADOR has a distinctive way of helping to make the month supremely delightful.

Indoor Sea Water Swimming Pool

European Plan Daily Rate
$5 to $14 Single **$8 to $16 Double**
685 Rooms **685 Baths**

what a whale of a difference just a few *inches* make

YES
and what a whale of a difference just a few **cents** *make*

A definite extra price for a definite extra tobacco-goodness

fatima
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

The INVESTOR

Continued from page xxxviii

would show that the vaunted benefi combination have been much exagger

The merger or consolidation of con formerly privately owned, or of con regarding which financial results for eral years prior to the combination not been published is the hardest to j when the securities are offered to the lic. Financial abuses creep in easily. income account contains so many ad ments that it defies analysis, and the ance sheet contains nothing that will as an assurance that the capital assets not been inflated. As combinations most frequent during periods of ge business prosperity, owners of the me units hold out for top prices. A branc the chain-store field has had a conspicuo dismal record in connection with the rities that were sold in the last eigh months.

The store owners received prices w sent them in droves on long vacations agents did well, the bankers osten lost nothing, but the buyers of the se ties that were offered saw the price Class A cumulative participating con ible preference stock, etc., etc., me less than 25% of the subscription p and the end is not yet. The stores had operated with success by the indivi owners, but there was inflation at e step and when the investor was perm to share in the "extensive saving in head and operating expenses" and profits from "additional opportunitie increased business," reasonable earn could not be realized except at prices as were received in a '49 mining tow

A combination formed by the exch of securities of corporations whose f cial histories are known, unaccomp by additional financing, starts unde fairest auspices, and is likely to give th vestor the least cause for concern. Eve

Continued on page xlii

ORANGE PEKOE

Orange Pekoe is actually only a term denoting a size of tea leaf. But properly chosen Orange Pekoe makes a most delightfully fragrant cup.

Ridgways Gold Label Tea is composed entirely of carefully selected Orange Pekoe leaves from India and Ceylon.

Ridgways
GOLD LABEL
Tea

Try this tea of uncommon excellence. If your grocer can't supply you, fill in the coupon and mail with 35c in stamps to Ridgways Inc., 60 Warren St., New York City—and you will receive a full quarter pound of Gold Label Tea, postage prepaid.

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The foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training. The instruction of the Academy furnishes the essential preparation for Directing and Teaching as well as for Acting.

The training is educative and practical, developing Poise, Personality and Expressional Power, of value to those in professional life and to the layman.

Fall Term Opens October 26th

Catalog describing all Courses from
Room 255-I, CARNEGIE HALL, New York

Several unusual clubbing offers are listed on page LI.

Look at them and see for yourself how much you can save.

The INVESTOR

Continued from page xl

happiest financial marriage will, in its f
year, find obstacles in the cancellation
leases and of contracts for raw materi
and in making internal readjustments. T
dramatic quality of combinations and
colorful descriptions of the moving fact
in the daily papers do not forward a cy
cal attitude toward the forecasts of savi
and increased profits made by promote
The new enterprise will usually succeed
an inverse ratio to the money spent in s
ing its securities, and to the fervid rhet
used in presenting it.

New Financial Books

INVESTMENT POLICIES THAT PAY.
By Ray Vance. *The B. C. Forbes Publishing Comp*
$4 8½ x 5½; 291 pp. *New*

This book deserves an enthusiastic reception
will be more helpful to the investor than a wh
sheaf of volumes concerning the merits and defect
securities. Mr. Vance was formerly president of Bro
mire Economic Service, and is now the head of
investment corporation. The impressive statistical
ulations in vogue, illustrating "the hypothetical
tunes which an equally hypothetical Mr. X mi
have made, had he bought one hundred share
General Motors for a five thousand dollars which
is assumed to have had sixteen years ago," are pu
tured a bit under shrewd questioning. The author a
"How did he happen to buy General Motors inst
of United States Motors, which had equally imp
sive sponsorship, but went into bankruptcy with c
plete loss to investors? Or did he possibly have
thousand dollars and buy both? . . . I should lik
have an accurate record of his thoughts, words
actions when creditors took over control of the c
pany in 1912 or when the dividends stopped and 8
of his principal (measured by market prices) di
peared in the slump of 1920–21." Valuable chap
cover investment trusts, trading on margin, and
forces that determine security prices.

HANDBOOK OF FINANCIAL MATHEMATICS
By Justin H. Moore. *Prentice-H*
$10 7 x 5; 1216 pp. *New*

The vexing problems involved in making finan
calculations quickly and accurately are reduced
their simplest terms in Mr. Moore's manual. Am
the topics dealt with are annuities, sinking fu
amortization, bond tables and bond yields, conver
parities, etc. Useful formulæ are given wherever
sible, and a good index is provided.

Val-Ky-Ro Crisp Bread

Val-Ky-Ro
MADE ON THE SWEDISH PRINCIPLE FROM FINEST ENGLISH WHEAT
FINEST ENGLISH CRISPBREAD
BAKED AT READING ENGLAND IN SPECIALLY BUILT SWEDISH OVENS
Huntley & Palmers
Val-Ky-Ro CRISPBREAD

For The Hostess Who Likes To Surprise Her Guests

IF you seek a new and delightful way to distinguish your luncheon or dinner table, serve VAL-KY-RO, the English Crispbread.

You may be the first to offer it in your circle of friends, but assuredly you won't be the only one.

Crispbread is so refreshingly different! It has a delightful crusty consistency and a rich unusual flavor. Serve it at any meal, with butter, cheese or preserves . . . or with salads—you are sure to like it.

You will know it by the name, VAL-KY-RO, and by the bakers, Huntley & Palmers. Order a box from your grocer today.

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Atmosphere . . .

People say of the Aquitania, the Berengaria, the Mauretania—"They have atmosphere."

"Atmosphere." A charm that is responsive—rather than assertive . . . Gaiety that waits for you, but does not follow you . . . Tranquillity not intrusive—but not elusive, either . . .

Poise. A nice sense of the fitness of things. A civilized awareness of the fact that the source of amusing living is contrast . . . and that any mood palls. The mirroring, in Mid-Atlantic, of that most aristocratic life, the life of leisure in England . . . very 'country' by day, very brilliant indeed by night . . . English service, which means perfect service . . .

An atmosphere sophisticated—and simple; formal—and friendly; animated—and serene . . . An atmosphere of civilized contrasts . . . Cunard atmosphere . . . The chief charm of the big Cunarders . . .

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BERENGARIA Sept. 18 · Oct. 9 · Oct. 30

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See Your Local Agent

CUNARD . . . THE SHORTEST BRIDGE TO EUROPE

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from front advertising page xxvi

his novels and plays, a series of summaries of plots, a dictionary of the characters in them of Shaw's books and articles, another of his r speeches and letters to newspapers, another o and articles about him, and the casts of the fi formances of his plays. There are many omissi

LITERATURE

THOMAS HEYWOOD. *A Study of the Eli Drama of Everyday Life.*
By Otelia Cromwell. *The Yale Univers*
$2.50 9 x 5¾; 234 pp. *Ne*

This is a thesis presented for the doctorate and appears as No. LXXVIII of the Yale St English. It is a melancholy exemplification great waste of time and effort that goes on graduate schools of American universities. Dr well has obviously given long and hard study Elizabethan period, and her acquaintance w literature, and especially with its plays, is w sound. Moreover, she plainly has a capacity torical studies, and her arguments on contr points are always well-informed and sensible. net result of all her labor is simply the discov Heywood was a bad dramatist. He wrote plays; they dealt half realistically and half ro ally with the English people of his time; learned but dull; he loved England. That i seems downright tragic to lavish so much devo so puerile and fruitless an enterprise. But sc hundreds of dissertations of precisely the sa are turned out by the universities every year while, many of the capital problems of liter tory, and especially of American literary remain unsolved, and even unrecognized. The heavily documented and has a good index.

NOTES ON "JURGEN."
By James P. Cover. *Robert M. McBride &*
$3.50 9¼ x 6¼; 115 pp. *N*

"Jurgen," like all of Mr. Cabell's books, i dark allusions, and many of them, no doub sorely puzzled his readers. Not a few of the lie beyond the reach of scholarship, for Mr is an assiduous creator of gods and heroes. identity and history of other characters in h may be established, and this Mr. Cover has at to do. He says that the work occupied his le six years. There is a bibliography at the end, index is exhaustive.

LITERARY ETHICS.
By H. M. Paull. *E. P. Dutton &*
$3.75 8⅝ x 5⅝; 358 pp. *I*

Into this tightly-packed volume the aut poured an immense amount of curious literary

Continued on page xlvi

The Taming of the Shrew was easy
Compared to the Taming of

MODESTA

G. B. Stern's new novel

by the author of *Debonair*

Amidst the brilliant sunshine, the olive trees and the blue waters of the Italian Riviera is laid this gay romance. Under the golden spell of Italy, Laurence Ferrier falls in love with the fragile beauty of Modesta and gallantly marries her. But in the luxury of his mother's London home, this simple peasant girl suddenly becomes a grand signora with ambitions and schemes that lead her husband a merry chase. How he lures her back to her native land and instills in her the gentle virtues that become a wife makes this tale as amusing as Shakespere's famous comedy. $2.50

THREE LOVES

by Max Brod

Mayreder, a dashing Austrian ex-army officer, dallies with passion thinking it love: Dorothy, the voluptuary; Agnes, the idealist. Then one day he meets Stasha, "the woman man longs for"; bumps into her in the corridor of a Berlin hotel just as he is on his way to make a last attempt at recouping the family fortunes. A glance, a word—all is forgotten. They are off together, though a hundred complications beset them. Months of mid-summer wandering follow. Mayreder learns to live a love so intense as to be ever on the verge of conflagration. $2.50

FAREWELL TO PARADISE

by Frank Thiess

Author of *Interlude*

A touching story of the childhood romance that secretly bore to Wolf and Suzanne their first and most poignant realization of the deepest possible human love. Against their young passion, the maturer attachments of older people ironically seem pale and dull. Parents especially will be both charmed and startled by the revelations in this exquisite little romance. $2.00

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No TOOTH-BRUSH can reach where decay is most apt to start—in the tiny pits and crevices on the grinding surfaces of the teeth and along The Danger Line—where teeth and gums join. To avoid decay you must use a dentifrice that not only cleans but *protects*—Squibb's Dental Cream.

Squibb's combats the cause of decay because it is made with over fifty per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Your dentist will tell you that Milk of Magnesia is the safest, most effective antacid for oral use. When you use Squibb's, minute particles of Milk of Magnesia seep into all the remote places around the teeth. They counteract acids—thus preventing decay and infection.

You'll like Squibb's for its refreshing flavor and cleansing qualities. Above all, you'll like the protection Squibb's gives you.

Squibb's Dental Cream is safe to use at all times because it contains no astringents, nor abrasives. It's reasonably priced—40c a large tube. Copyright 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

The Priceless Ingredient of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xliv

He begins by discussing literary thefts, forge and piracies, and then proceeds to chapters on authorized abridgements and sequels, malicious p dies and burlesques, literary hoaxes, the use of li persons in fiction, the doings of literary ghosts, imbecilities of censors, and the crimes of editors publishers. No kind of roguery that flourishes in field of letters is overlooked, and in many departm the accumulation of cases seems to be almost exh tive. The author favors a standard of ethics that is high—perhaps a shade too high for a world full of

FICTION

THE WATERS OF AFRICA.
By Alfred Aloysius Horn & Ethelreda Lewis. *Simon & Sch*
$3.50 9 x 5¾; 279 pp. *New*

This miscellany, the third volume to issue f Trader Horn, is mainly given over to a naïve roma of adventure and amour in the islands east of Afr "The Chesterfields in the Earlies" by title. It is be than the author's Viking romance, but it is still so what dull. Between the chapters Mrs. Lewis pres her familiar conversations with Horn. At the end four detached conversations, one presenting a v picture of life along the Lake Chad road. The b is interesting in spots, but it is by no means as goo "Trader Horn."

JOAN KENNEDY.
By Henry Channon. *E. P. Dutton & Com*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 255 pp. *New*

Joan Vernon is to marry Hugo Vivian, but he is k in the war. Instead she marries Ralph Kennedy, w she meets when she is a nurse. Their first ma years, in England, are happy ones. Upon the d of the senior Kennedy, Ralph returns to head father's business and Joan is transplanted to El Do (Chicago). What in her own country were her natural feelings are now considered affectations. gets little sympathy from the Kennedy clan, an very unhappy.

SLEEVELESS ERRAND.
By Norah C. James. *William Morrow & Com*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 250 pp. *New*

Paula, discarded by her lover, goes to a c restaurant to think out a means of suicide. Bill land, who has just caught his wife in the arms friend, decides to end it all and comes to the restaurant, sitting at Paula's table. They spend next day and a half telling each other their histo Paula convinces Bill that his case is not hopeless so goes over the edge of a cliff alone.

Continued on page xlviii

EGG PANDERVIL

by Gerald Bullett

Few times in the post-war decade has a novel received from the press praise as high as that accorded to Gerald Bullett's new book. Several critics, indeed, have gone on record that this history of the romantic green-grocer, Egg Pandervil, is assuredly a classic. Even the name of Dickens is invoked as the writer with whom Bullett may aptly be compared. A future fame is predicted for the young Englishman. Here are some of the critical opinions:

"One of the most gracious and charming novels I have read in a long time. . . . It is wistful, Dickensian. . . . We cannot but be amused at the gallery of eccentrics who appear in the story of his life from the glorious recruiting Sergeant . . . to Algy. Algy is as meaty a sketch of a cockney Babbitt as I have read anywhere. The chief charm of Mr. Bullett's novel lies in his humane comprehension of his chief character. . . ." —*The New York World*

"Much of Gerald Bullett's story is exquisite. All of it is deeply human. *Egg Pandervil* should appeal to any intelligent person whose power of appreciation has not been dulled by a sophomoric cynicism which is so commonly mistaken for wisdom in our day. . . . Here, truly and really, is an excellent piece of work."
—*The St. Louis Post Dispatch*

"One of those books that are so intensely human, so artistically well molded, that it will undoubtedly become a classic. Spiritually, and by virtue of its great literary merits, it is closely related to Arnold Bennett's *Clayhanger*, H. G. Wells' *Kipps*, and Frank Swinnerton's *Nocturne*. . . ."
—*The Baltimore Evening Sun*

G. B. Stern writes: "*Egg Pandervil* is an intensely real book, so real that you can hardly bear its beauty and its pain and laughter. . . . His account of his hero as a shopkeeper, with his boon companions of the neighboring shops, most happily brings back to one's mind a memory of H. G. Wells in one of those moments of pure genius when he wrote *Kipps* and *Mr. Polly*."

"Its hero is at once in the happy H. G. Wells tradition of comic-pathetic little men. . . . It is a logical thing to compare the two writers, and it will be quite as logical for those who like Wells to have very kindly feelings for Mr. Bullett."
—*The New York Times*

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—*The New York Herald Tribune*

"Mr. Bullett . . . has written a novel that deserves to become a classic . . . thoroughgoing sanity and human kindness . . . has recaptured something of the immortal humor and pathos of Dickens in the construction of his characters and his incidents."
—*The Detroit News*

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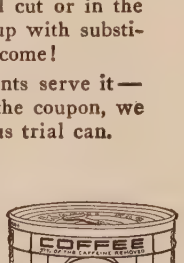

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Continued from page xlvi

LITTLE CAESAR.
By W. R. Burnett. *The Dial*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 308 pp. *New*

The story here deals with the collapse of Vettori, gang leader of Chicago's Little Italy, an rise of Rico (Cesare Bandello). Once on the th Rico rules his henchmen with an iron hand and e all the privileges of his power. He leaves Chicago one of his gang squeals on being given the third de In Toledo he sets up again in the bootlegging busi but in short order he is betrayed and shot by a p man. The tale is well written and very dramatic.

HUNKY.
By Thames Williamson. *Coward-M*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 312 pp. *New*

Jencic piles sacks of flour and sugar in a bake night for $6 a week. He sleeps most of the day, t about nothing and is content. When an automatic veyor of the sacks is installed in the shop, Jencic of a job and helpless until Krusack, the head b takes him on as a helper. Krusack is his friend adviser, and gets him his citizenship papers thr Alderman O'Brien. Krusack also takes him h introduces him to family life, and urges him fight Louie, the faithless lover of Teena, the g wants. When Louie deserts Teena, Jencic marrie and is happy.

SAND.
By Will James. *Charles Scribner's*
$2.50 8½ x 5¾; 328 pp. *New*

"Spats" Tilden, a spoiled rich man's son, is verted into a first-rate cowboy, foils the villain, and tames a wild stallion, and marries the ran lovely daughter. Mr. James's hero never seems real, but he knows his cow-country and he k horses. His forty-three drawings of bucking br are excellent.

SIX MORAL TALES FROM JULES LAFORGU
Edited by Frances Newman. *Horace Li*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 292 pp. *New*

All of these tales, with one exception, repres rewriting of such stories as those of Hamlet, Lohengrin, Perseus and Andromeda in tern Laforgue's own phenomenal imagination and an intimate reality surely not to be found i standard versions. "I think Laforgue's difficult must have realized that his Hamlet was pro and tender and charming because it was con in a brain whose wit was ripened while it wa young and gay and happy and hopeful," says Newman in her introduction. "I think his d taste must have realized that his 'Pan' is the

Continued on page l

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TREATISE ON THE GODS
by H. L. Mencken

n the monotype in Fournier, printed on all- paper, bound in flexible vellum, 160 pages. e published in October, all copies numbered, signed by the author. *$12.50*

MONKS ARE MONKS
by George Jean Nathan

n Garamond, printed on Borzoi all-rag paper, d in imported black English buckram, ped in silver foil, size 5⅛ x 9⅛ inches, 260 s. To be published August 30th, 110 copies, umbered, and signed by the author. *$10.00*

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP
by Willa Cather

Illustrated with 10 full-page drawings, end papers and many head and tail pieces by Harold von Schmidt. Set on the monotype in Poliphilus, printed on French Rives hand-made paper. The page size is 8 x 11¼ inches, the number of pages approximately 352, in a carton. To be published in October. 300 copies, all numbered, and signed by the author. *$25.00*

HANNA
by Thomas Beer

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by Katherine Anthony

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Continued from page xlviii

charming story any man has written about Pastoral Age, that his 'Perseus' is the most char story any man has ever written about the Heroic that his 'Miracle of Roses' is the most char story any man has ever written about elegant lids, and that his 'Lohengrin' is the most char story even a Frenchman has ever written abo bridal night." The book is in brilliant transl by the editor.

THE PASSION OF YANG KWEI-FEI.
By George Soulié de Morant. *Covici-*
$3 9½ x 6¼; 200 pp. *New*

The Emperor Ming Huang-ti and Yang Kwei- Jade Bracelet love each other. Jade Bracelet supernatural origin and divinely lovely, yet Emperor must have concubines as well and she i insensible to the pangs of jealousy. "If the Mas the World is so lonely, why do I see a phoenix ha and a woman's ribbon beside his bed?" she asks Emperor, in truth, is a weak character. He i sponsible, through a negligence, for the rebelli An Lu-shan, who seizes the capital and drive court into exile. In the end, at the village of Ma- his guards rebel, kill Yang Kwei-fei's brother two sisters, and the Prime Minister and co Yang Kwei-fei to hang herself. Mr. Bedford-J rhymed translations of the Chinese lyrics, apart the text, are very well done.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOUR FAMILY TREE.
By David Starr Jordan and Sarah L. Kimball.
D. Appleton & Co
$3 8 x 5⅛; 346 pp. *New*

According to the authors of this instructive almost all Americans with any English blood in are the descendants of barons, earls, dukes and k Consider, for example, John D. Rockefeller. Go nine generations and one encounters the first Go back five more and there is a duke, and, wh more, a Plantagenet. Go back two more and ther king, to wit, Edward III of England. But that i all. In the year 1070 the name of Isabel de Verma pops up, and it presently appears that she (and Jo with her) descended in six lines from Charlemagn in another line from Alfred the Great. Charlem in his turn, descended from the Greek hero, Æ who was the son of Venus, and, in the same line, Mark Antony, and Alfred descended from the Teu god Woden. Thus Mr. Rockefeller is not only and imperial, but also actually divine. But com to Dr. Jordan, the senior author of the present v he is almost a parvenu. Dr. Jordan's line goes

Continued on page lii

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THE two prize-winning college essays will appear in the October issue of

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published September 25.

The prize of $500.00 for the men was won by Samuel Lipshutz of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

The prize of $500.00 for the women was won by Olive Brossow of Northland College, Ashland, Wisconsin.

Check List of NEW BOOK

Continued from page 1

through David I, King of Scotland, to Phœnusa, of Scythia, and beyond that to Baoth "who rec Scythia as his lot upon the division by Japhet, s Noah." Chief Justice Taft, it appears, has the magnificent lineage, and so have the Hon. Hoke S of Georgia, young Teddy Roosevelt and "John Dean, A.M., for twenty years editor of the *New land Historical and Genealogical Register*." Altoge this little volume is full of astonishing things, will well repay prayerful examination. Dr. Jorda everyone knows, is an eminent ichthyologist, an spent his life studying fish: here he hauls in so the most brilliant specimens ever heard of. He i the author of "The Higher Foolishness."

LET TOMORROW COME.
By A. J. Barr. *W. W. Norton & Co*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 269 pp. *New*

Following, as it does, the writings of Tully, B Tasker and Booth, this account of life in prison the sting of novelty. Nevertheless, it is interesting has a considerable merit of its own. The author di his narrative into three parts. The first deals wit characters he encountered in jail, the second wit in a State prison, and the third, which is brief, the difficulties of a time-expired man. The aut style is nervous and vivid. Sometimes it becomes artificial, but in the main it is very effective.

THE PRIVACITY AGENT *and Other Modest Prop*
By Bernard K. Sandwell. *E. P. Dutton & Co*
$3 7⅝ x 5⅛; 224 pp. *New*

Dr. Sandwell is professor of economics at M University, and contributes frequently to the Can reviews. Like his colleague, Stephen Leacock, h a wide reputation as humorist and satirist i Dominion, but he has a great deal more to say present book is a collection of some of his po essays, all of which were first published in local m zines. Some of them, including the title one, are ures, but the rest contain good satire and effe writing. Perhaps the best of the latter are "I Sin Bathroom," "The Urgent Need for Superstiti "The Deforestation of Canadian Poetry," "On T ing What Is Not Known," "The Old Back Gard and "Holidays Ltd." Dr. Sandwell deserves t better known in the United States.

Turn to page XXXI to find

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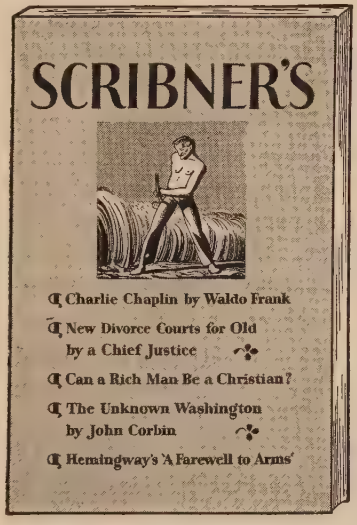
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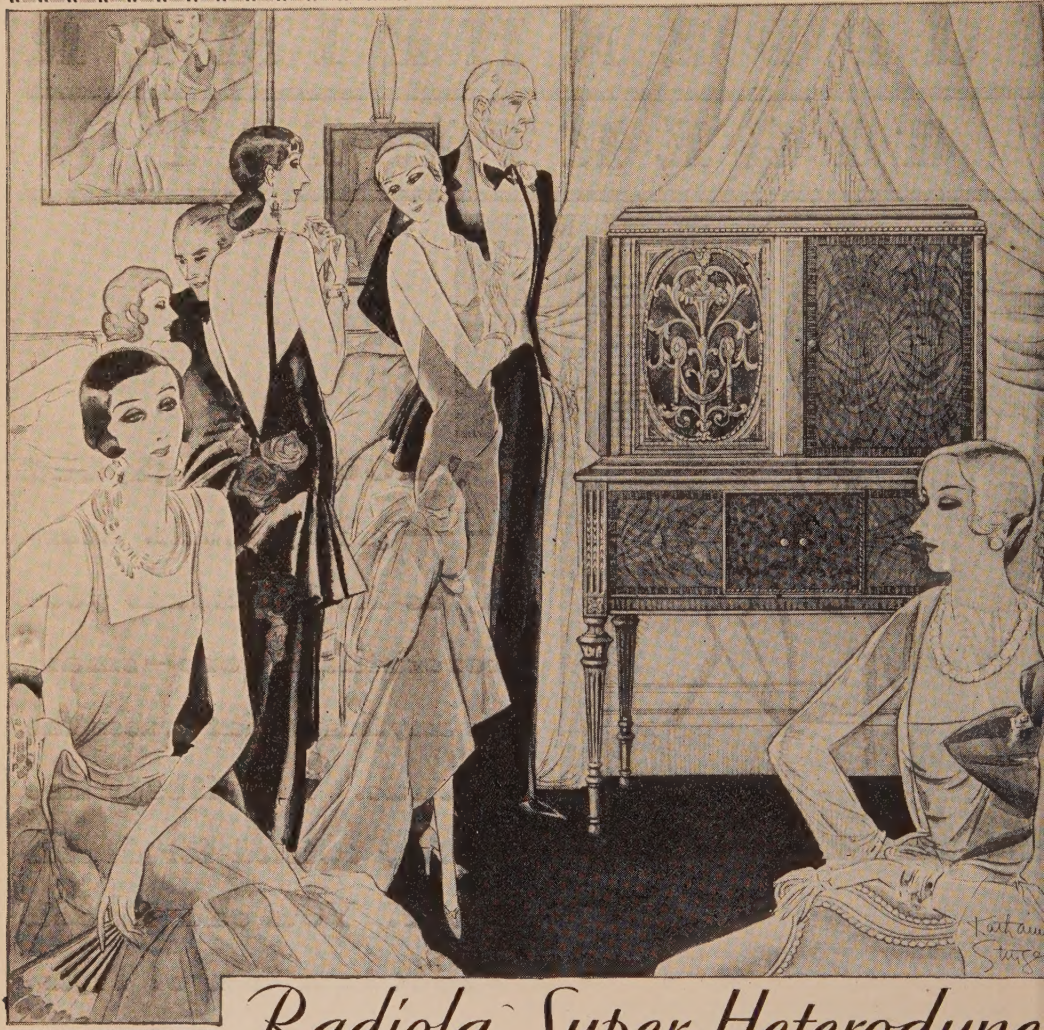

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